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## SIR ALFRED LYALL.

**A**MONG the thousands of Englishmen who have given the best part of their lives to India very few have achieved for themselves as brilliant a reputation as Alfred Lyall; and his death has deprived the King's Government of a trusted councillor whose advice on all matters connected with Indian affairs can ill be spared. It is a great loss, not only to England, but to the people of India, whom he knew with the knowledge which comes only from heartfelt sympathy and liking.

This article is not a detailed review of his life and public services, but an attempt on the part of one who served under him, and was honoured with his friendship, to show to those who did not know him personally some aspects of a many-sided and singularly attractive character.

I first met Alfred Lyall in England in the early seventies, and two or three years later, when I joined the Indian Foreign Office as a young Attaché, I found him at Calcutta in charge of the Home Office. He had already made his mark not only as an administrator of exceptional ability, but as a graceful and thoughtful writer; and he was pointed out to me as one of the most distinguished men in the Indian service. I saw little of him then, but what little I saw attracted me strongly, for though reserved, he had a very courteous and kindly manner toward younger men, and from the beginning he impressed me with the feeling, which grew upon me as years went on, that one never met him without learning something from him. He talked well, not only with quickness of uptake and happiness of phrase, but with a knowledge and originality, based on careful



thought; and none but a very dull man could fail to carry away after a conversation with him some fresh information or suggestive point of view. He had, too, a delicate sense of humour, and what is very rare, flashes of real wit; so that his society was as pleasant as it was instructive.

Not long afterwards Lyall was transferred from the Home Office to the "Political" or diplomatic branch of the service, and was given charge of the great Agency of Rajputana.

Here, among the most ancient chiefships of feudal India, he found himself thoroughly in his element. He had, when a young man, seen some service in the field, and the chivalrous traditions of the Sesodia and the Rahtor appealed to him with peculiar force. So did the romantic and poetical side of that fascinating old-world country, which was then untouched by the railway or the spirit of modern progress. Very early in his career he had shown his power of spirited versification, and his insight into the feeling of the country-side, by writing that fine poem the "Old Pindari"; and now, free from the daily drudgery of administrative or secretariat work, he was able to throw himself freely into the congenial occupation of studying the history and legends and ways of the chiefs and people about him. There is perhaps no part of India so full of interest and charm from the point of view of the poet and the thinker; and, as his published writings show, Lyall fully appreciated his opportunity.

Perhaps the best example of his work at this time is his "Rajput Chief of the Old School," suggested to him, I think, by the life and character of Maharaja Takht Singh of Jodhpore.

At Mount Abu, the beautiful and isolated hill-station which was the headquarters of his charge, I had the good fortune to join him, having been appointed by the Foreign Office as one of his assistants; and there I first served under his orders and got to know him really well. It was a pleasant time, and for me a most instructive one. I have a keen recollection, though more than thirty years have passed since then, of many hours spent in close association with him, both in the course of our daily work and in long rambles about the lake and the wooded hill-sides of our secluded home. I found him a delightful chief, and though he was my chief, a delightful companion. I have at times heard

him described as suspicious, and difficult to serve. It was said by some that he trusted the honest man too little, and the scamp too much. There was, under the charge, this foundation of truth, that he would not too easily accept the general opinion about others, or give his confidence without personal trial. And it may perhaps be admitted that the good points of the sinner appealed to him more than the righteousness of the saint. But I can only say that to me he showed the very opposite of suspicion and mistrust. I never worked under any man who put more into my hands, or treated me in all respects with more generous confidence. He was quick to perceive and resent a liberty from anyone, whether Englishman or Indian ; and anything like negligence or shirking was apt to call from him a rebuke which was all the more stinging for being quietly sarcastic ; but he had much tolerance for honest mistakes, and for opinions which differed from his own. In his dealings with Indian chiefs, and with all classes of Indians, he seemed to me not only tolerant but sympathetic to an extraordinary degree, always ready and anxious to see things from their point of view, and to judge fairly of their reasons for any course of action which conflicted with European ideals. He was proud of his country, very patriotic and proud of being an Englishman ; but it was a pride which involved no dislike or injustice to men of other races.\* On the contrary, it seemed to make him peculiarly able to understand and admire racial pride and sentiment on the part of men who were not of his blood. No one who has read his poems can fail to see how far this feeling carried him, so far sometimes that his sympathies seemed almost to have turned against his own people. I have heard men condemn strongly, for example, the words he puts into the mouth of his "Rajput rebels." But Lyall was no traitor to his own people. He was thoroughly loyal to them, and no one more keenly appreciated the good points of the English character ; but he could feel, and feel intensely, for men who had stood up bravely against us and failed.

As our fathers fought we fight ;  
But a sword and a matchlock gun,  
'Gainst the serried line of bayonets bright,  
A thousand moving like one !

That picture brought to his generous nature a feeling of pity and admiration, none of anger or triumph; and if in the misery of hopeless defeat and ruin his rebels broke into curses upon their conquerors, upon "the crafty heart and the iron hand of the treacherous English race", he was voicing only the bitterness which his insight enabled him to imagine and understand. To me, seeing him day by day, and watching his dealings with those about him, nothing seemed more honourable than his quick and warm sympathy for the chiefs and people of India. There was no "gush" about it, no weak and ignorant sentimentalism, but the broad-minded comprehension and respect of a fine and chivalrous spirit.

His consistent teaching to us younger men was not to be hasty or hard, above all never to be contemptuous, but to recognise and admire all that was admirable even in those who opposed us. His unfailing sense of humour helped him here. More than once, though he was quick-tempered, I have known him pull himself up and laugh, quietly but with keen enjoyment, at the success of some little manœuvre, some bit of diplomatic swordplay, which would have made many men seriously angry. He always saw the amusing side of it, even if a man had got under his guard and touched him.

Ripened in experience and power of thought by his two or three years of leisure and quiet study in Rajputana, Lyall was summoned by Lord Lytton in 1878 to take charge of the Foreign Office, and during the stormy time which followed he had to bear a great weight of work and responsibility. Here again, having meanwhile been recalled to the Foreign Office, I had the good fortune to serve under Lyall's orders; and throughout the Afghan War, except for a few months when I was across the border, I saw him dealing with duties very different from his peaceful work among the Rajput chiefships.

As the principal advisor of the Government of India in the conduct of Afghan affairs, Lyall added greatly to his already high reputation. The changes and chances of those days tried him severely, for he was a man of keen sensibilities, and he was, moreover, by temperament, thoughtful and cautious rather than swift to act. He could not help seeing both sides of a

question when it was first presented to him, and this very quickness of perception at times made him seem slow in coming to the point. Men who saw less often grew impatient, and were apt to accuse him of weakness and indecision of character. It was not a well-founded charge. He could make up his mind as promptly as any one if there was need for prompt action ; and when he had made it up, he was very tenacious of his purpose. But he often realised difficulties which others did not realise, and he liked to act, deliberately if possible, after the fullest consideration of all the facts. That in the end he proved himself to have been throughout remarkably far-sighted, and correct in his judgments, cannot be doubted by anyone who has studied the history of the time. It meant much labour and stress of mind, and left its mark upon him.

I have said that he was a man of keen sensibilities. Few of those who knew him only as men ordinarily know each other suspected the existence, under his reserved and at times rather cynical manner, of a very kindly heart and sensitive temperament. He had in a marked degree the English dislike of any display of emotion, yet he was himself subject to acute crises of emotional feeling. I shall never forget one morning in the autumn of '79 when news arrived of the massacre of the British Mission in Cabul. I had gone out for my early ride in the Simla woods, and on my return found a note from him asking me to come over at once to his house, "Innes's Own." I remounted and rode over as fast as I could, to be met with a sharp enquiry why I had not come sooner. He was working hard and rapidly, sending off the necessary orders and information, but his face was white and drawn, and more than once he could not refrain from an expression of pity and sorrow at the fate of our unfortunate envoy, and the brave men who had died with him. Full details had not then been received, but enough was known to leave little doubt that Cavagnari and his officers, and the faithful escort of Guides and Ghurkas, had been overwhelmed and slaughtered. Lyall felt their death as few men would have felt it ; and even to me, who had seen so much of him, the acuteness of his personal distress on their account was a surprise. He could not bear the idea that they had died with despair in their hearts, longing for the help which could not come.

In the following year occurred the defeat at Maiwand, and the

march to Kandahar ; and I saw again how the war was trying him. One evening the relieving force had, if I remember right, been out of touch with India for a day or two ; but we were expecting to hear at any moment of its having emerged near Kandahar, and were anxiously awaiting news. Lyall was more than anxious. He was depressed by a foreboding of evil, and pictured to himself another massacre in the Afghan defiles. But he bore up well. I was dining with him that night, as were several others, and he was as bright in his conversation as ever. In the middle of dinner the expected telegram came. The news was good, and he read it out. I left the table and went up to his writing-room to send off some copies of the telegram ; but two or three minutes later he joined me, and sat down in an armchair by the writing-table. It was no doubt an intense relief to him ; but he was silent, and almost as much shaken by it as if he had received news of a disaster. Though he was cool and steady in public, his highly strung nature made him suffer intense anxiety at such times, and none but those who saw him from very near knew how much courage and self-control were needed to make him go about with a smiling face and words of quiet confidence.

I have written badly if I have failed to make it understood that Lyall's acute feeling was mainly unselfish. No doubt he felt the weight of responsibility, but that was not what troubled him most. The honour of the country, and the lives of those who were facing danger for the country's sake, were far more to him than any selfish considerations.

I spent some months in Afghanistan during the war, and his thoughtfulness for us who were across the border, "fighting for your lives in the snow" as he put it, was a constant wonder to me. He had the great merit of being thoroughly loyal to his men, of always trying to foresee their troubles, and to encourage and support them. It is not a common quality. None but those who have tried, know the difference between working under a chief upon whose care and loyalty you can rely, and working under one who is selfish or careless.

The war over and the settlement in Afghanistan brought to a conclusion, Lyall soon received recognition of his good work, and was appointed to the Lieutenant-Governorship of the North-West

Provinces. Though I saw him at intervals during his tenure of that high post, I was no longer in close association with him, and cannot speak with personal knowledge of his administration. But I was on board ship with him when he finally sailed from India, and was a witness of the deep regret with which he left the country, and the people among whom he had served for more than thirty years.

From that time forward Lyall's life was one of comparative ease, giving opportunity for him to indulge his literary tastes, and to see something of the English life from which he had so long been cut off. He was still for a time officially connected with India, for he served during the next fourteen years as member of the Secretary of State's Council ; and it was well known that in that capacity his services were most valuable and his influence exceptionally great. But happily the work of the Council did not take up all his time, and we owe to this period of his life, or the years which followed it, the bulk\* of his published writings. He was already well known as a poet, and as the author of a volume of thoughtful and suggestive "*Asiatic Studies*." Now his pen was constantly at work, and some of the many results were his history of the British Dominion in India, his *Life of Warren Hastings*, his "*Tennyson*," another volume of "*Asiatic Studies*," and his memoir of Lord Dufferin. I will not attempt to enumerate or examine in detail his literary works, but it may be said without fear of contradiction that all alike give evidence of wide knowledge, and of deep and original thought, while the reserve and distinction of his style make all he wrote singularly pleasant reading.

During these closing years of a long and well-filled life Lyall made numberless friends, acquiring for himself a reputation and standing in England such as have rarely been won by an official who has spent his life abroad. His attractive conversation and personality made him welcome wherever he chose to go. He received high honours from his Government, and from the great Universities and other public bodies. It was an open secret that he might, if he had wished it, have ruled South Africa, and held other important posts. But he preferred to remain in his quiet London home, writing and thinking and enjoying the society of his friends. To the end he never lost his interest in the East and all

connected with it. He brought to bear upon recent developments in India the closest and most unprejudiced thought. The last time I saw him we sat together at a Council Meeting of the Central Asian Society, and walking homeward after it he talked with his old keenness and originality of India and its affairs. Throughout the twenty odd years after he returned to England those whom he had known in the East, whether Englishmen or Indians, received from him a kindly welcome; and to men who had been closely associated with him he was always the same, the most staunch and loyal of friends.

Now he is gone, and perhaps he has found beyond the veil some answer to the great problem which, during his life, he studied so deeply and patiently, sifting the truth from all the creeds. Perhaps at last for him "hath a whisper come of the secret, Whence and Whither?" and the gods are no longer dumb.

H. M. DURAND.

*London.*

## SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF MARK TWAIN.

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**D**URING the winter of 1895-6 Calcutta was stirred to unwonted enthusiasm by the arrival of Mark Twain, on a lecturing tour. Mr. V. Polk, Consul-General for the United States, gave a dinner party in honour of the distinguished visitor, to which my wife and I were bidden. Dr. Johnson said of Burke that no one could take shelter with him from the rain under an archway without discovering that he was an extraordinary man; and Mark Twain's personality would have attracted notice anywhere. He was of medium height, strongly but rather loosely built. His face, clean-shaven but for bushy moustaches, was lit up by piercing light-blue eyes: his noble forehead surmounted by a leonine mane of silvery hair. Mrs. Clemens was a typical New Englander of the best Puritan strain. She had the dove-like grace which characterised Quakeresses of the last generation. Her manner was unassuming, but full of quiet dignity, and conveyed an impression of a considerable reserve of moral strength. Miss Clara Clemens, the second daughter who accompanied them on the tour, resembled her mother in features and disposition. She proved herself that evening a brilliant pianist.

Mark Twain's humour was volcanic and spontaneous as a force of nature. It was pregnant with startling antithesis and similes which would have occurred to no one else. He rarely smiled, and never laughed outright: but intimates knew that something excruciating was on the stocks when they saw a tell-tale twinkle in his expressive eyes. Our talk ran on the Presidential election, which had just taken place: and thence strayed into American politics. Mark Twain said that a huge mistake was made after the War of Secession in giving the franchise to negroes before they were fit to exercise it. The white population in the Southern States



saw that, unless a determined stand were made, they would be swamped by the coloured element. Electioneering is a fine art in America ; its devices have all the ruthlessness and stratagem of warfare. In a county of Tennessee, which had an overwhelming negro majority, the legislature forbade voters to poll unless they could produce certificates of registration. Now negroes cannot resist a circus ; they will beg, borrow or steal the price of a seat. During the winter before an election, one of these shows toured through the state, and its advance posters announced that registration certificates would be accepted at the box-office as equivalent to 25 cents. The result was that not one negro in ten was qualified to vote ; and the whites secured a crushing majority. In another constituency a committee of scrutineers was appointed after an election, consisting of two whites and as many negroes. They went upstairs to a private room in the local hotel in order to count the votes. One of the whites was carrying the ballot-box, while his dusky colleague pressed behind, watching every movement. On opening the door he was greeted by feminine shrieks from within. They had mistaken the room, and hastily withdrew with many apologies. But the presumed "lady" was an agent of the Caucasian faction, and in the confusion she deftly substituted a packed ballot-box for the genuine article.

Mark Twain opined that Africans were quite capable of climbing the social ladder. Their keen sense of humour indicated considerable brain-power, which might be developed by education. Of this characteristic he gave us some amusing examples :—

An old Negro was asked whether he believed in the efficacy of prayer with regard to material wants. "I dunno about dat," was his reply, "but just afore de war, when it was mighty hard pickin' for de cullered bredren, ef I asked Goramitey to give me one of Massa Peyton's fat turkeys, no notice was taken ob de petition. But ef I prayed Him to send dis cullered brudder to fetch one of Massa Peyton's fat turkeys—de matter was tended to afore sun-up."

People in a street-car observed a Negro passenger swaying from side to side like a pendulum. Noticing their astonishment at his antics, he said :—"You know Massa Heimberger, what keeps a jeweller's shop in twenty-fust street ? Well, he sold me a watch yesterday for \$10 ; and ef I don't swing about like dis, dat watch doan't go any moah !"

A newly-married Negro was asked how he liked double harness. "Well, it's just dis way," was his reply: "While I was courtin', and knocked at de back doah, she used to say, 'Am dat you, honeysuckle?'" Now she bellow out, "Clean up dem hoofs afore you dirty my kitchen, you black moke!"

After delivering a couple of lectures to packed audiences, Mark Twain started for Darjiling, and we saw him off at Howrah, which is a Calcutta replica of London Bridge station. We could not find the carriage which the Company had placed at his disposal, and as the train was about to start, Mark Train invaded a compartment already pretty full, to the undisguised annoyance of its occupants. He told us on his return that one of them left at the first halting place, and afterwards accosted him on board the ferry steamer, in ignorance of his personality. "The stranger hoped I had had a good night's rest, and told me that he changed at Burdwan into a saloon labelled 'Mr. Clemens and party,' which he had all to himself."

At the end of March 1896 he sailed for England, leaving a blank in the lives of many newly-made friends.

In August of that year his strong family affections received a crushing blow from the death of his eldest daughter, Susy, who had inherited a portion of his genius, with her mother's sweet and sunny nature. It is doubtful whether either parent ever fully recovered from the shock. In ignorance of his bereavement I wrote to announce my impending retirement from India, and begged him to help me in raising a fund to clear a Roman Catholic convent school at Chittagong from its fringe of filthy slums. His reply, with an ominous black edging, came from 23, Tedworth Square, Chelsea, and is dated January 19th, 1897:—

We were very glad to hear from you, but sorry that you and Mrs. Skrine had been ill. No member of my family has been well since our bereavement, but they keep upon their feet, and that is something. I myself have been, and am, pretty well. I wish I could do something in that matter you speak of, but I am debarred by being still in exile. I can't work it by letter, as I am not acquainted with any rich Romanists, but if I were in America I could go and hunt some up—and would. We shall be in London a while yet, but not at the above address for very long. We think of seeking a place in the country in May, but we

may go to the Continent. We had a chartered course and we have none now. We are derelicts—and derelicts are indifferent to what may happen. I wish we could be at our own home to make you welcome: but we cannot look upon that home yet. Eighteen years of our daughter's life were spent there, and by blessed fortune she was visiting in the town when she was taken ill, and was privileged to die under the roof that had sheltered her youth, with none but familiar things before her glazing eyes, and with the same servants to minister to her that had served her as a child. The house is hallowed now, but we could not bear to see it yet. You must let us know when you come to England. With best regards from us both.

On returning to England in May 1897, we found our friends installed in a furnished house in Tedworth Square. The second Jubilee was preparing, and it came on the crest of a wave of red-hot Imperialism started by Lord Beaconsfield's Semitic imagination in 1878. Our national pride was stirred to frenzy by the Procession, with its cortège of foreign princes riding in Queen Victoria's train. Mark Twain dined with us on that memorable evening at Queen Anne's Mansions. He said that the temper of the British people reminded him of American "spread-eagleism" before the War of Secession: and quoted King Solomon's warning that "a haughty spirit cometh before a fall." My wife asked him whence he had viewed the procession? "From my back bedroom window in Tedworth Square!" "Why, I read in the papers that you were to describe it in the *New York Herald*?" "And so I did; my account was mailed twelve days ago!" I reminded him that Balzac had laid bare the innermost recesses of the feminine soul while a lad of 22, starving in a garret; for Shakespeare the world's courts and camps had no secrets, yet his social status was that of a modern music-hall artiste. I said that Mark Twain's journalistic feat was almost worthy to rank with theirs. On bidding us goodnight he remarked, "I've discovered that Englishmen are mentioned in the Bible." So imbued were we with the prevailing spirit that this anticipatory fame seemed quite natural: and we were just a little disappointed when he added, "Yes; 'the meek shall inherit the earth'!"

A few days later he dined with us again. I read him a paragraph in the *St. James's Gazette*, announcing that a national subscription

had been opened by the *New York Herald* to recoup his losses from the failure of C. C. L. Webster & Co., and stating that the Editor was willing to receive offerings from his admirers in this country. "It is very, very kind of them," replied Mark Twain, "and when I got a cable about the American scheme I was sorely tempted to endorse it. But I put the case to Mrs. Clemens, whose word, you know, is law for me: and she said at once, 'Don't take the money, Sam'; so I declined with profuse thanks."

In August 1897, the Clemens family migrated to Villa Bühlegg, Weggis, on Lake Lucerne, whence Mark Twain answered a letter informing him that I was about to visit the Russian garrisons in Central Asia.

It's my fault, I thought it was Clara's. I brought your letter to my study, in a peasant's house, down on the Lake shore, to answer it myself, and it was presently hidden under a snow-storm of manuscript. Clara and her mother write almost all my letters for me, so I knew somebody was to blame when your other epistle came yesterday morning. And so it turned out—but Clara cleared herself. She and her mother write my letters, not because I can't do it myself, but because they have found out that I cannot keep such duties in mind when I am engrossed in work. Under my MSS. along with your letters, I found one from another special friend of mine, which I put in my pocket in London five months ago proposing to answer it myself. I will do so now, but much time of grace would have been saved if I had trusted it to surer hands.

I can take those cigars you offer to my heart, don't you doubt it; and it is just like your good spirit to offer me the chance. And in the matter of the Jaeger underwear, either you or some other friend in London put me on that lay, and I am now wearing it. I believe it is the most comfortable and serviceable underclothing I have tried yet. It comes very handy here, on the Rigi side, where we have a raw day every little while. I am submerged in work again—nine hours a day, seven days a week—and yet am well content. I have begun four books, and by shifting from one to another of them, according to the impulse of the day, I shall expect them to keep me entertained and recreated for the next three or four years. There are five of them, in fact, but two are not for publication in my lifetime. We shall reach Vienna a month or more ahead of you, and you must be sure to let me know the date when you arrive, so that we can foregather. If I were as young as

you, I would like to go on that grand trip. But you will write a book about it, and I can have that. I salute you warmly, and Clara joins her salutations to mine.

One of the books then on the anvil was "The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg." He sent me a presentation copy, inscribed "To F. H. Skrine," immediately over the title, as though I were responsible for the decadence of Hadleyburg morality! I also possessed a copy of *More Tramps Abroad* with a longer autograph inscription, until some bibliomaniac relieved me of it.

A fortnight later I mentioned having met some American sportsmen in the Highlands who pronounced the word "trait" as "tray," adding that I had always heard the final "t" sounded by English tongues. His reply from Weggis reveals the corroding grief which was evoked by the recurrence of August.

The cigars have come, and they give me a noble relief and vacation from the Swiss article. Thank you ever so much. I do not know, now, what I wrote you, but whatever it was, be charitable—for there was no August day in which I was in my right mind—and there will never be one, perhaps, in which I shall be sane. It is our terrible month: a whole month of awful anniversaries. On the 5th day, a year ago, our Susy was to have sailed for England: on the 4th we got a cablegram saying she was delayed till the 12th; on the 7th another, admitting that she was (very slightly) ill; on the 15th my wife sailed from Southampton to nurse and fetch her: but reached New York only to cry over her corpse. Then came the funeral, then the return across the ocean to me. August is gone now, and we are adjusting ourselves again and regaining our sanitation, I hope. We leave this September 19th, and shall reach Vienna at the end of the month, I suppose. Please consult with the judicious and the competent and tell me how many of them enunciate the final *t* in *tratt*. It is claimed to be customary in England to pronounce it *tray*. I never happened to hear this myself.

On learning the date of my flying visit to Vienna, he wrote, from the Hotel Metropole in that city, November 3rd, 1897:—

This is good luck, I was beginning to be afraid you were not coming—no, that you had come and gone silently away, like Long-fellow's Arab. In the confusion of packing, travel, new quarters, and gout, I lost your address—had a long hunt for it when I got well, but failed to find it. So I did not know how to reach you. But it's all right now, You'd better come to this hotel—excellent it is with plenty of

room. And you must dine in our apartment just with the family, alone. November 9th at 7-30.

On reaching Vienna I called at the Hôtel Métropole, and was ushered into Mark Twain's bedroom, to which he was confined by a severe cold. The saying "no man is a hero to his valet" could hardly have applied to him, for his splendid head showed to great advantage on the pillow. At dinner the same evening we discussed the Austrians, whom Mark Twain thought a kindly, but sluggish-minded people, eager to warm both hands at the fire of material life, and dragooned into obeying their Kaiser and Church. He spoke with some complacency of the attentions paid him by all classes of Viennese society, and said that the slumbrous capital of Austria was more favourable to literary work than London or New York.

After his return to England in 1899, Mark Twain renewed his relations with ourselves. He had been known to resent crude attempts to draw him out with some asperity, but was always ready to pour his rich store of humour into tactful ears. On one occasion I asked him to fix his own day for one of these symposia. "Well, I'll come and swap lies with you on Wednesday, if that will suit," was his reply. It was our earnest desire to bring him into touch with Sir W. W. Hunter of *Indian Gazetteer* fame, who was a kindred spirit. After several failures, a little party was arranged for January 24th, 1900, which is thus described at p. 477 of my *Life of Sir William Wilson Hunter*.

Next day he (Hunter) spent the morning in his workroom, labouring at the "History of British India" and, after writing ten or twelve pages did his last piece of literary work. It was a review for *The Times* of Lord Northbrook's "Manual of Devotion for Natives of India." Then, without a moment's rest, he hurried to London on a bitterly cold day, to dine with us and meet Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Clemens, Mr. Frankfort Moore, and others. We saw at once that he was not himself. His features were of an ashen grey, and, though his conversation was full of sympathy and life, there were periods of abstractedness which we had never seen before. But despite our uneasiness, we observed with pleasure that two men who, each in his own province, had reached the highest distinction, foregathered at our board; and the impression left on the great American humourist by this glimpse of Hunter did honour to the hearts of both.

It was poor Hunter's last dinner-party. Exactly a fortnight later he fell a victim to influenza. In announcing his death to Mark Twain I told him that "The Innocents Abroad" was probably the last book that Hunter read; for it was left open on his library table at Cumnor when he started on that fatal journey to London. He assured me, in reply that "he was grateful for the opportunity to shake the hand and look into the kind eyes of that great, and gifted, and noble man." (Letter of February 26th, 1900.)

During the next eighteen months Mark Twain dined with us repeatedly, sometimes alone, at others with his wife and daughters: Miss Joan Clemens, the younger of them, differed widely from her gentle sister. She had a large share of the paternal enthusiasm for right, and hatred of injustice. I remember assisting her in a crusade against the cruelty with which London van-drivers sometimes treated their horses. Miss Joan's sudden death from apoplexy in November last was her father's "sorrow's crown of sorrow."

It was always possible to start Mark Twain on a string of anecdotes by telling him something unusually funny, which he was eager to cap. Many of them have appeared in print, but I do not recollect reading either of the following:—

Fifty years ago an old farmer and his wife, Brown by name, were living near Hartford in Connecticut. Above their kitchen mantelpiece an eighteenth century blunderbuss had hung since the British war of 1812. One of their grandsons came to spend Christmas with the Browns, and teased the old folk out of their lives to be allowed to let it off. One morning after breakfast, Brown said, "Now Tommy, you shall have a great treat: I'm going to fire off that gun." So saying, he took it down, poured a quantity of powder into the pan, cocked it, and thrust the barrel out of the window. Mrs. Brown hurried up, and stood looking over his shoulder, while Tommy danced about the kitchen in high glee. Brown shut his eyes, and pulled the trigger. There was a fearful explosion: and both the old people fell senseless. From the fact that two of Mrs. Brown's front teeth were found embedded in her husband's skull it was conjectured that he stepped back with some celerity. Would you believe it? The only remark Tommy made when reproached with causing his grandfather's death was, "I thought she'd kick some!"

A pressman whom I knew in California was terribly extravagant. He earned a big income but spent it all, and more, on euchre. At last his possessions were reduced to a gold watch, which his father had made

him swear never to part with. He took it to the pawnshop intending to have a good time with the proceeds and then blow his brains out. But he noticed that the pawnbroker tested the gold by applying acid to a particular part of the case, near the handle, and then let him have \$40. So the artful scoundrel bought half a dozen rolled gold watches, and got a working jeweller to insert a scrap of the real article on the very spot where it would be tested. He managed to pawn them for \$25 each, and went on repeating the process, until he realized quite a little fortune, which was judiciously invested in oil. That man is now a millionaire and a pillar of the local Baptist church.

After sojourning a while at Wellington Court, Knightsbridge, the Clemens family removed to Dollis Hill, on the north-western fringe of London, formerly well known as the residence of William Ewart Gladstone. Here we were invited to dine on the very last night of their stay in England. We drove through rural surroundings from the station to the house, which stood in rather extensive grounds; and were welcomed in the porch by dear Mark Twain, his wife and daughter Joan, all of whom, alas! have joined the great majority. The hall and groundfloor rooms were full of portmanteaus and packing-cases; and the meal reminded me of those hurried repasts which we used to consume in India, while elephants and bullock-carts were shifting our movable home to another camping-ground. Mark Twain was in great form. For the first time within my recollection he discussed his own works, avowing a preference for "Huckleberry Finn." I ventured to assert that "The Innocents Abroad" would rival "Don Quixote" in longevity. One could take up either book and read a few pages for the hundredth time with unflagging zest. It was characteristic of all works of genius that they "grew on one." After musing awhile, Mark Twain said, "Perhaps you're right: but it won't matter much to you or me whether we are remembered or forgotten in 2002." He was unusually prodigal of stories at this, our last trysting place: and I cannot refrain from repeating the best of them.

In the fall of 1890, I stood on the quay of a port in Florida, while a steamer was loading for New York. You, perhaps, know that the State is a sort of Riviera for New Englanders. Consumptive people flock there to escape the northern winter, and die like flies. Their corpses are generally sent home for burial in the family vault, either



embalmed, or headed up in a cask of spirits. Ashore there was a little squeaky-voiced clerk, tallying cargo as it was swung by a steam-crane into the hold, while one of the mates aboard repeated his description of each package. This is what I heard:—

Boy-clerk ( pipingly ), " One case bananas."

Mate ( very gruffly ), " One case bananas."

Boy-clerk, " One crate oranges."

Mate, " One crate oranges."

Boy-clerk, " One pickled Yankee."

Mate, " One pickled Yankee."

Boy-clerk, " One tinned ditto."

Mate, " One tinned ditto."

We had told the cabman who brought us from the station to return in ample time for the last train to London. As the hour approached without his appearance, we resolved to start on foot. Mark Twain insisted on accompanying us, and taking our respective arms, he sallied forth into the darkness. Half way down the hill we met the fly, and halted. One of its acetylene lamps shot forth a tunnel of light, which framed the dear old man's noble features and his mass of silver hair. " What a picture this would make ! " I said, as he bade us an affectionate farewell.

I had a final glimpse of him in 1907, when he came to England in order to receive the D. C. L. degree. Brown's Hotel, Dover Street, where he occupied a handsome suite, was swarming with press-men, autograph-hunters, and others desirous of an interview. Mark Twain did not keep me long waiting, and received me with all his old warmth of feeling. He said that the welcome given him by the people of England was simply " astounding." He had no idea that he was so universally popular on this side of the Atlantic : and was especially flattered by the Oxford degree. I cut short my visit, as he was harrassed by a multitude of callers, and on taking leave, ventured to say a few words of sympathy with the cruel bereavement he had suffered in his wife's death in 1904. " Yes," he said, mournfully, seizing my hand, " I have lost my sheet anchor, and I'm drifting towards a lee-shore." We never met again.

I reckon it the greatest privilege of my life that Samuel Langhorne Clemens should have honoured me with his friendship.

Of such as he, survivors who knew and loved them may say in words whose poignant terseness defies translation : " Eheu, quantò minus est cum aliis versari quam meminisse tui !"

FRANCIS H. SKRINE.

*London.*

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## UNFORGOTTEN.

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I found the Persian rose and kiss'd the leaves  
That crown'd you once a queen of fantasies,  
When Philomel that night within the nest  
Sat silent while you sang and thought it best  
Your plaintive notes—like hers the lost to speech—  
Thrill'd through the heart—a music none could teach,  
Now memory echoes back—the song of each !

The Minaret stands fair against the sky,  
Faint blue outlines its marble tracery,  
The pathway is the same, but not to me,  
Yet living buds adorn that scented tree.  
There is another spot with roses set,  
Where sweeps a strain of passionate regret.  
Ah ! would you say to both—forget ! forget !

How vain the thought ! The nightingale still sings  
The throes of love, its sweet and bitter things,  
Between tall palms the pale stars shine again,  
Beyond is Paradise without life's pain,  
In fadeless gardens, with a soul refresh'd  
You walk along, a silent timid guest—  
Here sorrow is confusion—there 'tis blest !

VIOLET DE MALORTIE.

*Oxford.*

## LOYALTY TO THE BRITISH RAJ.

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"Loyauté n'a honte,"

"**L**OYALTY is a word too often used to designate a sentiment worthy only of valets, advertising tradesmen, and writers of claptrap articles," says Sir Leslie Stephen. An essay on "Loyalty to the British Raj" may perhaps excite such a contempt, but the peculiar crisis that events have now reached in India would not only invite an almost ostentatious expression of loyalty, but also necessitate a careful consideration of the responsibilities of Indian citizens, to strengthen the conviction of loyal minds.

There is no touch of servility in loyalty—it is a duty fully reconcilable with a sense of one's own personal dignity. The greatest of men have believed in the value of political subordination. Violence and lawlessness, rebellions and revolutions, are the curse of mankind. Murder and anarchism embitter the relations of parties, while the greatest of revolutions end in dismal failure. Childish minds may exult over the execution of King Charles I. as a glorious event in history, but really it was the most unhappy event to the people of England. Reaction set in, and history records how the work of the Puritan Revolution was completely undone and Charles II., a contemptible specimen of humanity, was welcomed as King with the loudest acclamation. Rebellion was never the way to progress. Years of peaceful development have wrought the excellent constitution of England to-day with

That sober freedom out of which there springs

Our loyal passion for our temperate Kings.

The story of the British occupation of India is at once wonderful and significant. It is a novel fact in the history of the world and it signifies a remarkable aspect of British activity in the continent

of India. As Professor Seeley says, their acquisition of India was made "blindly," and yet the nature of their work in India does credit to them and lays deep obligations on the part of the citizens of India. The benefits of British rule are a commonplace subject to dwell upon, but none the less are they true and numerous. The humanitarian influence of British civilisation, the introduction of English education and the common blessing of law and order are all due to the British occupation of India. An effective demonstration of the truth of all this will be obtained by reflecting upon the probable condition of India, if to-morrow the British should leave the country. There are enemies to the well-being of India, both within and without it, that would have free play in the absence of the strong arm of the British.

There are dangers to be faced from the very nature of the country. The question of the Native States that occupy more than a third of the whole territory, and are nearly eight hundred in number, would be too hard a nut to crack. Before the establishment of British rule, the Native States, themselves often the seats of chaos, maintained endless dissensions among themselves. The British have not only insisted on the good government of those States but also effectively prevented quarrels among them. When once the suzerainty of the British is removed, each of these would try to extend its power. Wars would be waged on one another and the country wasted in bloodshed and ruin. Nor would the subjects of British India find the rule of these potentates quite palatable. Except in a few cases, the ways of Native States are dictated by crude beliefs and checked by persistent conservatism. The citizen of British India, accustomed to an impersonal and impartial form of government, would hardly be reconciled with the personal rule of princes, not rarely characterised by corruption. The same sentiments that have preserved their very existence may be said to account for the backward nature of their machinery of government. The intrigues of rival parties are notorious in the courts of princes. The civil wars which they occasion are no small evil to the country. It must be remembered that the British have been mainly responsible in preventing the activity of such baneful influences.

One great aspect of British rule in India that is apt to be lost sight of is the defence of the frontiers. Countless invasions have

poured in from the north-western corner. Most of them have been distinguished for merciless slaughter and indiscriminate destruction. The mountain barriers have always nourished unruly people who would not scruple to do anything to disturb the quiet of the country. Recognising these dangers, the British Raj has ever bestowed its special attention on the guarding of the frontiers, and the military forces that are stationed in those quarters display a splendid organisation which has never failed to summarily curb the turbulent forces that have from time to time made their appearance. The Russian fear has once for all been removed and the Afghans and Pathans are held in check. The British Government is able to do this, because the resources of a vast empire are at its back. In the absence of the British, then, the frontier question would be too difficult to grapple with and India's security and peace would be in as much peril as in the days of old.

Perhaps the simplest of the dangers that might be expected to await India in the disappearance of the strong arm of Britain, is from the European States. Each of these Western States has showed itself keen in the appropriation of the treasures of the East, and with their characteristic energy, Germany and France, Belgium and Holland, would all try to share in the spoils of helpless India.

If India dreams of a republican federation, there is too poor material to work with. The variety of faiths followed in the country has long been a barrier to political union. The numberless sections in the Hindus themselves are as much responsible for division as the warlike Mussalmans and the Anglicised Parsees. For the advanced Indian, who has drunk deep at the fountains of western culture, the orthodox Brahmin is as difficult to get on with as the ignorant man of the masses.

Democracy is for those that deserve it. It is the rightful possession of a people who have self-respect, a supreme respect for law, and a mind to conceive of changes to better the present states; those are among the qualities that a people must possess to deserve a free Government. It has to be noted that they are conspicuously absent in the case of the average Indian. The rule of absolute sovereigns and the presence of an exacting priesthood have favoured a life which is little better than slavery. Individual liberty was not appreciated under the ideal sovereigns in India, and hence the extreme docility

of temper, bordering on stupidity, that the Indian generally exhibits. Another grave vice is his poor conception of justice. Perhaps because he was ever familiar with despotism he never understood the glory of obedience to the laws of the country. Influenced by his religion to a certain extent, he did not grasp the right meaning of goodness. Neither did he know that to do nothing is to do ill, nor did he appreciate the prompt hand of justice attempting to end ignominy by severe chastisement of the base.

As Mr. W. W. Fowler, the historian, puts it, "It is not given to every people to develop the art of governing itself; it would seem to need a peculiar type of character to produce this result—a type in which intellectual quickness is not too strongly tempered by reverence for ancient usage and for ancient social distinctions." This type is exactly wanting in India; whether it is the climate that is to blame or whether it is due to some other cause, conservatism, if not slothfulness, is the profound vice of the Indian. The brown-skinned Brahmin who shuns manual labour and sits contentedly with his half-filled belly in front of his house, idly talking away or murmuring some sacred hymns while his fingers slowly spin out the "sacred thread," is the haunting ghost of India's ruin. If her sons do not shake off this sluggishness and carry out in practice the most sacred of all doctrines, the doctrine of work, preached by her own prophet, the divine Krishna, emancipation will never come. By the example of the West they must realise the perennial nobility of work and thank Carlyle for his inspiring gospel.

This enumeration of the shortcomings of Indians is not meant by way of condemnation. Doubtless, signs of progress are manifest, but it will take a long time before reform is really effectual. The purification of the innate workings of man's mind necessarily takes time and the moral regeneration of an entire people is not to be dreamt of in the near future.

If India is grateful to England for one reason more than another, it is that the British have been responsible for the creation of an Indian nation. An Indian nation had never existed before. The whole continent of India had never before been brought under one rule. Asoka may have ruled a vast empire as well as Akbar and Aurangzeb. But neither in the extent, nor in the

nature of their rule, can they approach the British empire in India. To-day the people of India from the remotest corners feel a common interest under a common rule. The habit of forming a single political whole constitutes a sure element of nationality. It is no exaggeration to remark that the whole of India is now steeped in the language and habits of the English. India is to have in English a common language for the first time in her history. Knowing then, that to the British Raj India owes her nationality, has she not reason to be grateful to her—to be faithful and loyal to her British rulers ?

An Indian nation has been created but by no means has it been fully created. Its completion must be a matter of time, and in the East changes come about only after a long time. Every citizen of India would thus perceive that the continuance of the British Raj is of all things the most desirable for the welfare of India and also that the least expression of lack of faith to the Government would indicate a most imprudent and ruinous step in the interests of the country.

Let us now consider if that duty which the Indians bear towards the British Raj, has been discharged till now and if it will continue to be discharged in the future. Great men of the ruling nation have from time to time fully testified to the loyalty of the people of India. That Indians are peace-loving is well known. That the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857 was put down by the faithful conduct of other Indian sèpoys proves the deep-rooted loyalty of India towards England. The recent anarchist activity of some thoughtless men has been condemned throughout the country, and it is hoped that it is dead and gone. Revolutionary ideas are foreign to the gentle nature of India's sons, and peace should be her watchword.

Writing on loyalty to the British Raj, the responsibilities of only one section of the country—the ruled, have been referred to till now. But loyalty concerns the rulers as well as the ruled. It is as much the duty of those who hold in their hands the reins of administration to strive to do good and be sympathetic in a thousand ways to their subjects, as it is the obligation of the true citizen to be obedient and faithful to constituted authority. In

times when India was worn out with endless dissensions and was suffering from all the evil consequences of a weak and inefficient Government, the energy of Englishmen quickly gained power in the country. They were "English in heart and in limb, strong with the strength of the race, to command, to obey." Their power of organisation, ready courage and political insight easily secured a dominion for them in India. But what was theirs to win was not theirs to oppress. They realised so much, and though in the early years their conduct was not wholly honourable, they gradually introduced reforms into the country both to secure peace and to make their own position more worthy. They understood that any Government worth the name must exist for those that are ruled, and made honest attempts to better the condition of the people under them. English historians are fond of instituting comparisons between the British empire in India and the Roman empire of old. The British empire has the greater claim to glory for its unrivalled organisation and efficiency. But the historian of real vision will not be content with this glory. The Roman empire crumbled, and the British empire must also end one day. If that day is to be deferred, the task devolves on the British—a task which, if successfully performed, will be the grandest and the noblest that ever fell to the lot of any nation.

Speaking of the benefits of British rule, the Grand Old Man of India says: "The greatest and the most valued of all benefits are the most solemn pledges of the Act of 1833, and the Queen's Proclamations of 1858, 1877, and 1887, which, if faithfully and conscientiously fulfilled, will be Britain's highest gain and glory and India's greatest blessing and benefit." Even after 1887, His late Majesty King Edward VII. the Peacemaker, sent a gracious message to the princes and peoples of India which, by its large-hearted expressions, drew the subjects in British India closer to the English throne. His Majesty King George V.—long may he live!—has already won the gratitude of India by his famous Guildhall speech full of deep sympathy.

An enumeration of the possible improvements in the Government of India is not easy. It may be that the



removal of the Arms Act would improve the physical tone of the people, that a better recognition of Indian merit would substantially better their intellect, that a more liberal policy would restore their industries, and that a more economical machinery of Government would reduce their poverty. The analogy of the British constitution will, as has been pointed out in the beginning of this paper, show that constitutional agitation is the way to progress. While the loyalty of the country is firmly assured on the basis of the numerous benefits already derived, agitation in its proper sphere will be for the good of the country.

This is perhaps not the place to suggest the ways and means whereby in the minds of the English rulers in India, a spirit of sympathy towards their subjects may be fostered. A venerable old Englishman, long in India, said some time ago at a meeting, on being complimented on his sympathetic attitude towards the people of this country, that he would be ungrateful if he did not love the people whose salt he had been eating these many years. This was a dutiful soul, and such an example should inspire every Englishman in India.

When harmony of feeling is sought for between two races of men, the true bond would lie in a mutual respect for the intellect and morals of the other. Such a bond may be discovered between the English and the Indians. That the English possess intellectual and moral qualities which must command the respect of India goes without saying. On the other hand also, the intellectual capabilities of Indians are generally recognised by Englishmen, and there are also virtues in the Indian which must be admired. The selfish materialism of the West, frightfully operative in their domestic circles, is absent in the Indian. The simple habits of the Indian might yet check the wasteful luxuries and the reckless extravagance of the West. The total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, the pride of every Brahmin who has not been corrupted by the West, might serve as a moral lesson to the whole world. The calmness of his judgment, when it does not fall into slothfulness, is remarkable, and the delicacy of his mind, when it has not degenerated into wasteful sentimentality, might charm any man.

"Loyalty to the British Raj" involves the destinies of two nations, and one must rest content with sending his necessarily feeble prayer for loyalty, obedience, harmony, and peace, and patient expectation of that

Far-off divine event,  
To which the whole creation moves.

R. KRISHNASWAMI.

*Madras.*

THE BOY SCOUTS.

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**A**N inspiration that crystallises into a reality is of rare occurrence, but the magnificent idea of General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the famous defender of Mafeking, is an accomplished fact. A few years ago who could have dreamed that all over England, both in town and in country, the boys of to-day, who will be the men of to-morrow, should band themselves together in this wonderful organisation, not in tens of thousands, but in hundreds of thousands? Everywhere one sees these lads in their neat and serviceable uniforms, going about in large or small bodies, and endeavouring to train themselves to be useful citizens in every sense of the word. Are we a decadent race? If so, it was a great conception to revivify the stock by working on the chips of the old block. I am in charge of the Boy Scouts of Shanklin in the beautiful Isle of Wight; and a great and serious responsibility I feel this charge to be. But when one looks at this rising generation, composed of bright and high-spirited boys, of all classes, "duke's son, cook's son, son of a hundred earls," full of eagerness to learn all that Scout Law can teach them, one hesitates to believe in the decadence of the race. Scouts have nothing to do with political parties. They belong to no special religious denomination. Their bond is patriotism, love of their country, desire for its true greatness. Nor is the movement a military one. Incidentally there is of course drill, so that patrols and troops can "move to the right in fours," and not straggle about as a mob. But any idea of enlisting scouts with the view to their necessarily becoming either regulars or territorials is carefully avoided. Parents have a prejudice against what they term "militarism."

Before he becomes a scout, a boy must take the scout's oath, thus :

"On my honour I promise that I will do my best—

1. To do my duty to God and the King.
2. To help other people at all times.
3. To obey the Scout Law."

The Scout's motto is "Be prepared," which means that a scout is always to be in a state of readiness in mind and body to do his *duty*.

This is a summary of the Scout Law. The Law is too long to give in full.

1. A scout's honour is to be trusted. If a scout says "On my honour it is so," that means that it *is* so, just as if he had taken a most solemn oath.

Similarly, if a scout officer says to a scout, "I trust you on your honour to do this," the scout is bound to carry out the order to the very best of his ability, and to let nothing interfere with his doing so.

2. A scout is loyal to the King, and to his officers, and to his parents, his country and his employers. He must stick to them through thick and thin against anyone who is their enemy or who even talks badly of them.

3. A scout's duty is to be useful and to help others, even if he gives up his own pleasure, or comfort, or safety to do it. He must be prepared at any time to save life, or to help injured persons. And he must try his best to do a good turn to somebody every day.

4. A scout is a friend to all, and a brother to every other scout, no matter to what social class the other belongs.

5. A scout is courteous: that is, he is polite to all—but especially to women and children, and old people and invalids, cripples, etc. And he must not take any reward for being helpful or courteous.

6. A scout is a friend to animals.

7. A scout obeys orders of his parents, patrol leader, or scout master without question.

8. A scout smiles and whistles under all circumstances.

Scouts never "grouse" at hardships, nor whine at each other, nor swear when put out.

The above rules represent the spirit that is inculcated into the boys. But the number of special things that they have to learn is quite astonishing. It is still more astonishing how well they learn them.

A scout on joining the organisation is termed a "tenderfoot." Before making his promise he must pass the following tests :—

Know the Scout's laws and signs, and salute.

Know the composition of the Union Jack and the right way to fly it.

Tie the following knots : reef, sheet bend, clove hitch, bow line, fisherman's, sheep shank.

He then takes the scout's oath, and is entitled to wear the button-hole badge.

The next step is to become a second-class scout. For this there are many tests, including—

1. At least one month's service as a "tenderfoot."
2. Elementary first-aid and bandaging.
3. Signalling, with semaphore, or Morse alphabet.
4. Track half a mile in 25 minutes.
5. Lay and light a fire, using not more than two matches.
6. Cook some food.
7. Have at least sixpence in a savings bank.
8. Know the sixteen principal points of the compass.

To become a first-class scout there are the following tests :—

1. Swim 50 yards, unless a doctor certifies that bathing is dangerous to the boy's health.
2. Send a message in semaphore or Morse alphabet, sixteen letters per minute.
3. Go on foot alone to a point 7 miles away, and return again ; and then write a report about it.
4. Show the proper means of saving life in any two of the following accidents : fire, drowning, runaway carriage, sewer gas, etc.
5. Read a map correctly, and draw a rough sketch map of the neighbourhood.
6. Bring a "tenderfoot" trained by himself in the points required for a "tenderfoot."

Next come tests for badges. The idea underlying the award of the badges is to offer to the young scout continued inducements for further improving himself. There are no less than forty badges. A few of these may be mentioned.

*Ambulance Badge.*

A scout must pass satisfactory tests as follows :—

- Fireman's lift.
- Improvise a stretcher. Fling a life-line.
- Show the position of the main arteries.
- Demonstrate to stop bleeding from vein, artery, internal.
- Improvise splints and bind fractured limb.
- Bandage a given injury.
- Have general knowledge of laws of health and sanitation.

*Seaman's Badge.*

- Tie eight knots rapidly in the dark.
- Fling a rope coil.
- Row a boat single-handed.
- Box the compass. Read a chart.
- State direction by the stars and sun.
- Weather wisdom, and knowledge of tides.
- Sew and darn a shirt and trousers.
- Knowledge of different international flags and rigs of sailing vessels.

*Cycling Badge.*

The scout must sign a certificate that he owns a bicycle in good working order, which he is willing to use for the service of the Government in case of emergency, such as national defence, carrying despatches, etc. He must be able to repair punctures, etc., and read a map, and repeat correctly a verbal message.

*Electrician's Badge.*

Must make simple electro-magnet, repair blown fuses and broken electrical connections; have a knowledge of the method of rescue and resuscitation of persons suffering from shock; elementary knowledge of the action of simple battery cells and the working of electric bells and telephones.

There are badges, amongst others, for Blacksmith, Clerk, Cook, Farmer, Fireman, Interpreter, Naturalist, Pathfinder, Photographer, Star-man and Woodman.

From all this it will be seen that scouting is not merely play or amusement, but that it consists in very arduous tests and duties. At the same time every care is taken to make the training as interesting and enjoyable as possible. In the summer most of the work is done out of doors. In the long winter evenings instruction is given indoors. A great deal of latitude is allowed to the scout master. Besides instruction there are many manly games which the boys can play both indoors and out of doors. General Baden-Powell, who is known as the Chief Scout, has published a book on scouting games.

The organisation is built up upon "patrols." A patrol consists of six or eight scouts. One of these is selected to be "patrol-leader" and he is responsible for his own boys.

Two things are of the utmost importance in every district where there are scouts.

One is to get a room lent for certain nights in the week, or hired, as a club for the scouts. It has to be well lit and well ventilated, and supplied with interesting illustrated books and magazines. The scouts themselves do the cleaning, patrol-leaders being responsible for the cleanliness and good order of the room. The boys manage their own club affairs.

The other is camping out in the summer. This above all things appeals to the boy, and is the opportunity in which to teach him self-reliance and resourcefulness, besides giving him health and development. The Chief Scout gives us plenty of instruction for camps based upon his own experience. Some people, he tells us, talk of "roughing it" in camp. These people are generally tender-feet; an old backwoodsman doesn't rough it, he knows how to look after himself, and to make himself comfortable by a hundred little dodges. For instance, if there are no tents, he doesn't sit down to shiver and grouse, but at once sets to work to rig up a shelter or hut for himself. He lights a camp fire and makes himself a comfortable mattress of ferns or straw. The Chief Scout has given us a time-table for a day in camp.

6-30 a. m.—Turn out, air bedding, coffee and biscuit.

7 to 7-30—Parade for prayers and physical exercise.

7-30—Stow tents and wash.

8-0—Breakfast.

9-0—Scouting practice.

11-0—Scouting games.

And so on, to 9-30 p. m., when it is a case of lights out. In a few days scouts become accustomed to living in the open ; they learn how to put up tents or huts, how to lay and light a fire, how to cut up and cook their food, how to tie logs together to make bridges and rafters, how to find the way by night as well by day in a strange country.

I will conclude by describing how we spent last Easter Monday. I with the Shanklin Boy Scouts went by train to Alverstone. Each of us carried his food in a haversack, together with a small bottle of water. From Alverstone we marched to a farm where we met scouts from Ventnor, Brading, and other places. There we learnt that scouts from Ryde and Newport were in hidden positions somewhere on Mersley Down ; and we had to track them out and locate them. Our opponents were known to have scouts out watching for us ; and we had to observe the utmost secrecy, creeping along behind bushes and hedges, and taking advantage of all possible cover. We did not go all in one body ; but different patrols went different ways, using their own discretion. But all were in communication with each other whether by signals or messengers. In the course of a couple of hours our scouts had succeeded in locating the greater number of the adverse party. By this time we were on the top of the downs. The weather was glorious, almost too hot, and the view over land and sea most beautiful. Then we sat down on the grass to our alfresco lunch. By four o'clock we were back at Shanklin ; and after an interval for the boys to get their tea in their own homes we again met for a grand Rally and Display. A kind gentleman had given us the use of his field ; and by a charge of sixpence entrance money we made over five pounds, a nice little sum wherewith to purchase tents for camping. The programme commenced with the Scout's War Dance and chorus. Then there was an exhibition of signalling, a message by flags coming up from the beach that a boat had capsized, and three persons were apparently drowned. These victims of the accident were speedily restored to life by the system of artificial respiration which the older scouts had been taught. Then we had a little open-air play called " Kidnapped " in which the scouts valiantly overcame two ferocious tramps who



had stolen a farmer's child; and brought back the child to its sorrowing parents. There were various instances of how scouts do good turns to people in need of help; and we finished up by singing songs and choruses round a camp fire. Altogether it was a most successful and enjoyable day.

The subject of the Boy Scouts is a vast one; and the limitations of space prevent me from doing more than give the merest sketch of this wonderful movement. Perhaps another day I may write something more about it.

EDMUND.C. COX.

*Shanklin.*

## EDUCATION AND CRIME.

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IT is a favourite maxim of mine that the rigidity of the moral code is generally accompanied with the laxity of principles. The strict disciplinarian must have been often aghast at the colossal failure of his programme. The miser father has often had to curse his stars for having been "blessed" with a spendthrift son. The learned father has often left sons who are impenetrable dunces. The argus-eyed husband has been often appalled at the news that he has driven his wife into becoming a veritable wanton. Indeed, men are so made that whenever we have tried to perform more than we ought, we have always performed less.

The Brahmanical hierarchy has been long piquing itself upon its high moral ideals, but the recent Tinnevely incident has proved beyond all controversy that it has little or no cause to sneer at the queer connotation which Dr. Johnson attached to the term "patriotism," viz., that it is the last resort of a scoundrel. Recent happenings have shewn that some of us are lacking in moral stamina and are too dull of comprehension to revise and rationalise the various dogmas bequeathed to us by chuckle-headed priests from heavy antiquity; that we are so far from being inherently tender-hearted that in the presence of enormities that ought to make our very viscera crawl, we do nothing more dynamic than sigh!

Now, the scriptural precept "*By their fruits ye shall know them,*" is a test which is commonly infallible when applied to any sphere of human activity. And, if other nations find that we are living mentally in a Sleepy Hollow, unable to perceive the signs of the times; that our religion has no hold upon life; that all our talk about loyalty is the veriest babble to cover insincerity and hollowness of heart—I think the prospect will be infinitely less cheering than we are willing to admit. I have absolutely no sympathy with those who prate so loudly of our political wisdom and the desirability of self-government, of India for the Indians; it is a sad commentary on our retrospective imagination not to visualise the utter failure of the Syrians and Egyptians, the

Greeks and Turks, when they tried to regenerate themselves by shaking off the yoke of nations wiser than themselves. In view of these facts, it is a pressing need of all true lovers of India to make it clear wherein the true significance of loyalty consists. This involves in the first place the setting forth in popular lectures and classes the necessity of high ideals, clearness of judgment to determine between good and evil ; taste or appreciation of the good, and finally, a will, both strong and good. If these virtues are properly inculcated, we may rest assured that resistance to evil propensities would be no more of an effort than the oak's resistance of the zephyr.

There are people who cast all the blame on our neglect of moral education in schools and colleges, and the consequent want of what Dr. Harris calls "moral insight" among our boys. They argue thus: Of all the benign influences that can be brought to bear on the formation of character, moral education in schools is the most potent, the most subtle, the most far-reaching. Events have proved that our most dangerous criminals are those who are well-educated. We educate the mind, but not the heart. As the potter moulds the clay, as the gardener trains the vine, so it is for us to improve our future moral destiny. Strong as may be our inherited tendencies, they are not as strong as are the redemptive thoughts and habits which it is the privilege and duty of the public school to impress upon those we hold within our keeping.

Alas ! for the diseases of a " world lying in wickedness," in heart-sickness and atrophy, quite another alcahest is needed—a long, painful course of medicine and regimen, surgery and physic, not yet specified, or indicated ! There are some centrifugal tendencies which counteract the beneficial influences of a sound system of education, viz., heredity, home environment and general environment. We frequently come in contact with people who revel in the old adage, "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," and give free scope to low animal propensities, heedless of the consequences. Another potent influence is the home-influence. Where this is good, the child breathes an atmosphere, pure and undefiled. Froebel points out that to counteract evil tendencies derived from degenerate parental character, the child should be taught to starve them by cultivating their opposites. Emerson has truly remarked that "by conversation with that which is in itself excellent, magnanimous, lowly and just, the lover comes to a warmer love of these nobilities, and a quicker apprehension of them. Then, he passes from loving them in one to loving them in all ; and so is the one beautiful soul only the door through which he enters to the society of all true and

pure souls." The third factor is general environment. By general environment, I mean, the sanitary surroundings in which children are reared. Huxley has pointed out that where sanitation is neglected, or thwarted by vagaries of superstition, stunted development, disease, and moral degradation cannot but accumulate at compound interest.

These are some obstacles in the way of a better era. With regard to our present educational methods, it may be suggested that some uniform system of English text-books should be enforced in schools. Whatever may be urged in extenuation of the use of various "readers," we cannot resist the conclusion that they contain absolutely nothing concerning high ideals in an appealing way. We cannot too deeply regret the disuse of such books as Chamber's *Moral Class Book*, Lee-Warner's *Citizen of India*, Blackie's *Self-Culture*, and others. They contain those *minima* of belief which are common to all religions, and without which any creed would become meaningless or would sink into a colourless sentimentalism, tending to ultimate scepticism. Another deficiency which I note is the low repute in which the teaching-staff is held, partly due to the "starvation-wages" they receive and partly to the profession being regarded as a "dumping-ground" by all those who find other avenues closed to them, and the Educational Department requiring no other qualification than some smattering knowledge of English grammar. The vernacular schools are full of such "rabble rout" who bring nothing to their profession except their desire to join it in conjunction with a host of other occupations. I have frequently noticed the inattention of these young instructors—their apparent dislike for their work, their negligence in passing over omissions and errors, their gross mistakes in putting questions and correcting the errors, their irreverent, familiar or passionate remarks upon the religious lessons, if any—thus rendering their influence positively detrimental to the moral character, while it is assuredly of no great benefit to the intellectual improvement of the schools. Newman has pithily remarked as follows:—

"Now, please, let me bring out what I want to say while I am full of it. I say, then, the personal influence of the teacher is able in some sort to dispense with an academical system, but that the system cannot in any sort dispense with personal influence. With influence there is life, without it there is none; if influence is deprived of its due position, it will not by those means be got rid of, it will only break out irregularly, dangerously. An academical system without the personal influence of teachers upon pupils is an Arctic winter; it will create an ice-bound, petri-

fied, cast-iron University, and nothing else. . . . I have experienced a state of things in which teachers were cut off from the taught as by an insurmountable barrier, when neither party entered into the thoughts of the other; when each lived by and in itself; when the tutor was supposed to fulfil his duty if he trotted on like a squirrel in his cage, if at a certain hour he was in a certain room, or in hall, or in chapel, as it might be; and the pupil did his duty too if he was careful to meet his tutor in that same room, or hall or chapel, at the same certain hour; and when neither the one nor the other dreamed of seeing each other out of lecture, out of chapel, out of academical gown. I have known places where a stiff manner, a pompous voice, coldness and condescension were the teacher's attributes, and where he neither knew nor wished to know, and avowed he did not wish to know, the private irregularities of the youths committed to his charge."

This state of things is inevitable when we commit our rising generation to the care of "men who cannot write a common letter without blunders, men who do not know whether the earth is a sphere or a cube, men who do not know whether Jerusalem is in Asia or America. And to such men, men to whom none of us would entrust the key of his cellar, we have entrusted the mind of the rising generation, and with the mind of the rising generation the freedom, the happiness, the glory of our country." Well has Plutarch remarked of such men that they are more careful of their shoes than of their feet, that rate their wealth above their children. I sincerely hope that measures may be taken to save us from these riff-raff individuals,

"Such as the suitors of Penelope,  
Or worthless courtiers of Alcinous."

If we turn our eyes to the buildings in which instruction is imparted, we would still be more shocked in most cases. All manner of odd and unsuitable buildings are pressed into the service at a terrible sacrifice of ventilation and cleanliness. "We know what such a school too often is—a room crusted with filth, without light, without air, with a heap of fuel in one corner and a brood of chickens in another." Many are conducted in dwelling-houses, some in disused factories where the children can hardly see even in the day-time. These make-shift "schools" have by courtesy, and by courtesy only, the name of school applied to them, and to the operations pursued in them the application of the term "teaching" is also by courtesy applied.

These shortcomings of our system are reflected in the poverty of the educational results which are obtained. The general impression

left upon my mind by what I have witnessed is not very cheering, and after every possible allowance for many excellent schools, and for the progress which has been made, and is still being made, I cannot resist the conclusion that some of our schools are "as bad as bad could be, ill-fed, ill-kept and ill-dressed." Honeycombed with these deficiencies, need we wonder that our youths lack moral stamina, display a fatal want of imagination and not infrequently discover irresistible principles of decay playing havoc with their vitality, both moral and physical ?

Were I a preacher, I would teach my followers the true lesson of experience, render them more tender to others from a realisation of their own weakness, more keenly sensitive to the beauty still left to them from having seen so much pass away, more earnest in the cause of good from a consciousness of too frequent failure, and, if possible, more hopeful for the future even from the unsatisfied yearnings of the past. To the already aged, I would say : True, it is your portion to guide the erring steps of youth, but do not always bid him to bend his eyes on the earth beneath his feet, lest he see not the heavenly landscape beyond, while his eyesight is yet strong enough to appreciate the beauty and immensity of the far distance. And to the young, I would ever say : Onward, your course is onward. See that you linger not, and look not back. You are pure ; keep your hearts undefiled. You are strong, protect the weak. You are loving, love the good. You are religious, worship the beautiful and the true. Pray that, in acquiring the wisdom of the serpent, you barter not for it the harmlessness of the dove. Trust much, love much, and aspire always. And, remember that an old and withered heart is never so sad a thing as when its loathsome presence makes a whited sepulchre of a youthful breast.

KESHAVLAL L. OZA.

*Veraval.*

## EDITH COLERIDGE.

[*Daughter of Sara and Henry Coleridge and granddaughter of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Died January 24, 1911.*]

"Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,  
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence,"

—*King Henry VI. Part I. Act II.*

PERHAPS the first consolation that came to Miss Coleridge's friends when they were grief-stricken by the news of her sudden death was the thought of the "sweet enlargement," now experienced by her ample spirit.

From personal miseries she required no dismissal. Her share in the sadness of the world was mainly that which her wide and varied sympathies appropriated. She lived her life in consonance with her character and tastes; her large heart gave the hospitality of her interest to a large number of friends and acquaintances; her trained and cultivated intellect unlocked spacious halls of literature for her; her educated taste and discrimination enabled her to read with such selective ability that she seemed to find more time than ordinary persons for acquainting herself with all that is best in the literature of diverse languages. Her equable temper and cheerful courtesy drew to her those who could appreciate her and were within approximate reach of her standards, and these attractive qualities empowered her to influence others less well-equipped intellectually, socially and morally than herself. These characteristics and the width of her interest and variety of her pursuits, gave youthfulness to her life and serenity and mellowness to her age.

"Those whom the gods love die young" is eternally true. The heart of the poet and lover of mankind holds the secret of perpetual youth. Miss Coleridge lived beyond man's allotted span of three

score years and ten—yet she died young. There was no contraction of peevishness and self-concentration, no atrophy of the muscles of the mind, no obtrusion of bodily infirmities. Doubtless she felt the limitations that cramp those who sit in the gate of old age, but she did not allow her sense of them to irk others or excite the anxiety of those who loved her. Miss Coleridge's grandfather wrote in one of his poems that man has three friends in this life : " Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death." The last-named friend dealt gently with this gentle lady. He laid his finger so lightly on her heart that she felt no pain or consciousness of who it was that touched her. It freed her from all trammels of impending weakness and gave her the sweet enlargement for which her soul was ready.

The fact that this dismissal by kind death has made Miss Coleridge's article on Henry Vaughan published below her last contribution to literature cannot fail to give that article pathos and peculiar interest, enhanced by the fact that she rejoiced to make the acquaintance of this Review and expressed her gratification in sending the fruit of her brain to India.

JEAN ROBERTS.

*Oxford.*

## HENRY VAUGHAN, "THE SILURIST." \*

*Author of "Silex Scintillans."* †

(BY THE LATE MISS EDITH COLERIDGE.)

IT was remarked, by an acute critic of the last generation, that the Religious Poetry of the seventeenth century was really *about religion*, whereas that of the nineteenth often consisted merely of descriptions of natural scenery, or reflections on human life with a spiritual application brought in at the end. And this may be partly the reason why the works of Herbert and Vaughan and others of that earlier period have never been widely popular. People in general are not interested in the subject ; and therefore the poems which treat of it, are either altogether neglected, or condemned as "mystical" and unintelligible. But it is always

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\* So called because he lived in the country of the ancient tribe of the Silures.



possible that these indifferent readers may begin to look at things from a new point of view ; and that, in that case, the doctrines of Christianity and the thoughts and feelings of Christians, may be studied with more comprehension, because with more sympathy. So, to one who has only attended the night services of a Church when it is lighted from within, the painted windows appear merely as dark patches, covered with dim tracery of indistinguishable shapes. But let such an one enter the same church on a bright morning, when the eastern sun is shining through the stained glass, and he will see that it is not only glorious in itself, "an illumination of all gems," but that, when reflected on the floor, it can lay even the "stones with fair colours."

"Silex Scintillans"—Sparks from the Flintstone—sparks of Divine love, struck from a heart which his sensitive conscience made him consider "hard," and by a mighty Hand using the hammer of pain and grief. For the poet not only suffered much from sickness, of a wearing though not dangerous kind, but was tried by many personal sorrows, the death of a beloved brother, and of other dear friends. In these troubles he found consolation in the composition of "Sacred Poems and Pious Ejaculations," framed after the model of the Hymn of that "holy and blessed man Mr. George Herbert," to whom, under God, Vaughan ascribed his conversion.

Exquisite refinement and delicacy of perception and imagination, sweetness rather than strength, and tenderness rather than passion, these are the characteristics of Vaughan's muse. He is neither *quaint*, like Herbert, nor is he *grotesque*, like Quarles, whose ludicrous similes are sometimes too much for the gravity of a modern reader ; \*

\* This is the way Quarles versifies Canticle VII. 11 :—

"Come, come, my dear, and let us both retire,  
And whiff the dainties of these fragrant fields."

In another place he expresses the deceitfulness of things earthly, by exclaiming :—

"O ! What a *crocodilian* world is this !"

But it would not be fair to the fervent, though sometimes injudicious, Quarles not to give a specimen of his higher strain :—

"There shines no sun by day, no moon by night,  
The palace glory is the palace-light ;  
There is no time to measure motion by,  
There time is swallowed in eternity."

—Quarles' *Emblems*, Book V. 14.

nor is he *mellifluous*, like Crashaw, whose native exuberance of emotional utterance was undoubtedly increased by his admiration for the Italian poet Marino. Vaughan was saved from the excess, not only by the reserve of the Northern temperament, but by the sobriety of the English Church of which he was a faithful member; and perhaps, also, by an instinctive dread of the inevitable reaction. With Crashaw, it is "roses, roses, all the way." The emblem of the white "Swan of Usk" might rather be the lily.

But he is occasionally *homely*, and expresses himself in a way which would have been considered below the level of the "poetic diction" so dear to the artificial writers of a later age. For instance, he uses the word "sip," the associations of which are certainly more domestic than poetical. A "sip" denotes such a measure of grace as is sufficient for the soul's needs, but not commensurate with its desires. Again, he speaks of himself (in the character of a Christian) as "the ass," an animal which to the European mind (though not to the Eastern mind) suggests the notion of dulness and obstinacy rather than of meekness and submission.

Now for a literary connoisseur to alter a single word or phrase of these compositions, would be manifestly absurd, because he studies them as a part of the history of the art of poetry. But for those by whom they may be read in a sympathetic and not a critical spirit, as aids to devout meditation, for them it is surely permissible to exchange an uncouth expression for one that does not offend the taste or distract the attention by a painful sense of incongruity.

"The Silurist" has however a favourite word, which occurs as frequently as *woven* or *interwoven* does in Shelley, and which is both beautiful and characteristic. That word is *white*.

#### TEARS.

O when my God, my Glory, brings  
 His white and holy train  
 Unto those clear and living springs  
 Where comes no stain,  
 Where all is light, and flowers, and fruit,  
 And joy and rest,  
 Make me amongst them, 'tis my suit,  
 The last one and the least.

And when they all are fed, and have  
 Drunk of Thy living stream—  
 Bid Thy poor (slave),\* with tears I crave,  
 Drink after them.

Thy love claims highest thanks, my sin  
 The lowest pitch :  
 But if he pays, who loves much, then  
 Thou hast made beggars rich.

\*[The word enclosed in brackets is, in the original, "ass."]

The two following poems, from which extracts are given here,  
 contain lovely thoughts on passages of the Gospel narrative.

THE NIGHT.

ST. JOHN, III. 2.

Through that pure virgin-shrine,  
 That sacred veil drawn o'er Thy glorious noon,  
 That men might look and live ; as glow-worms shine  
 And face the moon,  
 Wise Nicodemus saw such light  
 As made him know his God by night.

Most blest believer he !  
 Who in that land of darkness and blind eyes  
 Thy long-expected wings could see  
 When Thou didst rise ;  
 And, what can never more be done,  
 Did at midnight speak with the Sun !

"Dear night ! this world's defeat !  
 \*The stop to busy fools ; care's check and curb ;  
 The day of spirits ; my soul's calm retreat  
 Which none disturb !  
 Christ's\* progress, and His prayer-time ;  
 The hours to which high Heaven doth chime.

God's silent, searching flight,  
 When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and all  
 His locks are wet with the clear drops of night ;  
 His still, soft call ;  
 His knocking-time ; the soul's dumb watch  
 When spirits their fair kindred catch.

There is in God, some say,  
 A deep, but dazzling darkness; as men here  
 Say it is late and dusky because they  
     See not all clear—  
 O for that night! where I in Him  
 Might live invisible and dim!

## THE DWELLING-PLACE.

ST. JOHN, I. 38.

What happy, secret fountain  
 Fair shade or mountain,  
 Whose undiscovered virgin glory  
 Boasts it this day, though not in story,  
 Was then Thy dwelling?

My dear, dear God! I do not know  
 What lodged Thee then, nor where, nor how;  
 But I am sure Thou dost now come  
 Oft to a narrow, homely room,  
 Where Thou, too, hast but the least part;  
 My God, I mean my sinful heart.

The beautiful poem, entitled "The Favour," expresses the happiness of a sense of nearness to God,

O Thy bright looks! Thy glance of love  
 Shown, and but shown me, from above!  
 Rare looks! that can dispense such joy  
 As without wooing wins the coy,  
 And makes him mourn and pine and die,  
 Like a starved eaglet, for Thine eye,  
 Some kind herbs here, though low and far,  
 Watch for and know their loving star.  
 O let no star compare with Thee,  
 Nor any herb out-duty me!  
 So shall my nights and mornings be  
 Thy time to shine, and mine to see.

As a contrast to this, there is a mournful strain describing a season of despondency and spiritual desertion, not unconnected perhaps with the depression produced by illness. This partial dependence on bodily conditions need cause no misgiving in the

thoughtful mind. It is no secret to any of us that we have "the treasure in earthen vessels." And towards the end the poet rises out of the mists of sadness into the clear light of faith.

BEGGING.

Ah, do not go ! Thou know'st I'll die !  
 My spring and fall are in Thy book !  
 Or, if Thou goest, do not deny  
 To lend me, though from far, one look !  
 My sips long since have made Thee strange,  
 A very stranger unto me ;  
 No morning-meetings, since this change,  
 Nor evening-walks have I with Thee.  
 Why is my God thus slow and cold,  
 When I am most, most sick and sad ?  
 Well fare those blessed days of old,  
 When Thou didst hear the weeping Lad ! \*

O do not Thou do as I did,  
 Do not despise a love-sick heart !  
 What though some clouds defiance bid,  
 Thy Sun must shine in every part.  
 Though I have spoiled, O spoil not Thou !  
 Hate not Thine own dear gift and token !  
 Poor birds sing best, and prettiest show,  
 When their nest is fallen and broken,  
 Dear Lord ! restore Thy ancient peace,  
 Thy quickening friendship, man's bright wealth !  
 \* And if thou wilt not give me ease  
 From sickness, give my spirit health !

The "gift" means his talent for sacred poetry, and the "token," the book which contained the fruits of it. That this is the true interpretation appears from the lines in his "Dedication" —

My dear Redeemer ! the world's light,  
 And life too, and my heart's delight !

I nothing have to give to Thee,  
 But this Thy own gift, given to me.

Refuse it not ; for now Thy token  
Can tell Thee where a heart is broken.

THE SEED GROWING SECRETLY.

ST. MARK, IV. 26.

If this world's friends might see but once  
What some poor man may often feel,  
Glory and gold and crowns and thrones  
They would soon quit, and learn to kneel.

My dew, my dew ! my early love,  
My soul's bright food, Thy absence kills !  
Hover not long, eternal Dove !  
Life without Thee is loose and spills.

Something I had which long ago  
Did learn to suck and sip and taste ;  
But now grown sickly, sad and slow,  
Doth fret and wrangle, pine and waste.

For Thy eternal, living wells  
None stained or withered shall come near ;  
A fresh immortal green there dwells,  
And spotless white is all the wear.

Dear, secret greenness ! nursed below  
Tempests and storms and winter-nights !  
Vex not, that but One sees thee grow ;  
That One made all these lesser lights.

What needs a conscience calm and bright  
Within itself an outward test ?  
Who breaks his glass to take more light  
Makes way for storms into his rest.

Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch  
At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb ;  
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch,  
Till the white-winged Reapers come !

Those "Reapers" came for the saintly poet on April 23rd, 1695, at his house in Newton-by-Usk, near Skethrock, in Brecknockshire; and this is the epitaph which he desired to have placed on his tomb—

SERVUS INUTILIS.  
PECCATOR MAXIMUS,  
HIC JACEO.  
GLORIA ! MISERERE.

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## FLOWER MYTHS.

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### XII.—LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

From sacred groves of "the golden Fleece,"  
Shy nymphs who shunned the gaze of men,  
Descending through the woods of Greece .  
Sought shelter in a lonely glen.  
  
Rude shepherds once on Ida's side  
Who spied their haunt, pursued them there,  
As home they fled at eventide  
With bows unstrung and streaming hair.  
  
Fleet-footed, from the chase returned  
( When woods grow dark, with daylight done ! )  
And redly still behind them burned  
The last dull glow of the sunken sun !  
  
Near loomed the sinuous mountain way  
O'erhung by rock and stunted tree,  
While all the vale in shadow lay,  
And outward slept the purple sea.  
  
Then all to Dian prayed, her power  
Might hide them safe from mortal sight,  
Who changed each huntress to a flower  
With bell-shaped petals ivory white.

Five sister blossoms on one stem  
 That droop their graceful heads below  
 A sheaf of leaves that shelter them  
 When rough winds through the valley blow.

And their pursuers, doomed to roam  
 For aye beneath mount Ida's height,  
 In vain might seek their lofty home  
 Chased down by angered winds at night !

Where forests rear an inky crown  
 Pine-needed to the violet sky,  
 And eager zephyrs breathing down  
 Pass where the perfumed valleys lie

So when high shines the silver horn  
 Of Cynthia, Goddess of the chase,  
 And short-drawn panting breaths are borne  
 At evening to their hiding place,

The blossoms shake their tiny bells  
 Accordant with the mystic sound  
 As Zephyrus blows them from the Fells  
 Dreams of their ancient hunting ground !

MARGARET EAGLES SWAYNE.

*France.*



## THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.

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### A CRITICAL SURVEY.

**E**IGHT years spent in various States of Western Europe, during which time the practice of mixing freely with all classes of people, has been followed, while persistent attention has been paid to the journalistic output of the countries visited, ought to enable a man, whose mind has been directed from early youth to the larger political problems of the past and of to-day, to form conclusions, not altogether lacking in value, upon the existing trend of international issues.

Be that as it may. It may be said at once that the most casual observer, the most sciolistic student of the international situation, can scarcely fail to recognise the fact, that we are living in times of rapid flux and change. The immediate past has prepared us for an eventful, possibly for a tragic future, but in any case for a future full of drama and anxious potentialities for good and evil.

The outstanding notes of the times in which we live may be expressed in the words unrest and discontent; in impatience and defiance of, and indeed in open rebellion against, all constituted authority, whether in the realm of the home or the State; whether in the sphere of things moral or things political.

For all practical purposes the French in modern times may be said to have been the protagonists in this psychic evolution; for although the upheaval resulting from the collapse of the feudal system began in England a century and a half earlier, yet the French revolution, "the glorious revolution," as it is quaintly and somewhat humourlessly styled in France to this day, may be regarded as the *fons et origo* of those developments of unrest and discontent so prevalent all over Europe at the moment.\* Moreover, it can be truly said that the symptoms of

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\* Naturally in citing the French Revolution, the causes leading to it are included.

this moral *malaise* have been most noticeable in the country of the disease's origin, from the days of its genesis onwards; while at the time of writing, in no country, not even in England, are its indications more marked than they are in France itself.

As a matter of symmetry and as a matter of convenience, since one must begin somewhere, it will be well then, to take France as our starting point in this investigation: France, to whom Europe owes so much, and to whom civilised humanity looks so confidently for further gifts in the realms of art and invention.

Will these gifts be forthcoming? This serious question obtrudes itself when we calmly survey the existing condition of France. For to be frank and to be just, it must be allowed that her condition to-day is one that cannot but fill her warmest friends with profound uneasiness. Suffering so severely as she has in the past from the crimes and defaults of her temporal and spiritual masters, she would seem to have arrived at, or very near, the point of indifference and defiance, which amounts to the absolute negation of all authority in church and state. Authority is to be spurned as a thing unclean, as a survival of the days of darkness from which the French have painfully emerged; and as such is to be regarded as wholly unworthy of acceptance by the latter-day children of light.

To base this abstract assertion on concrete fact is only too easy. Nowhere—the tendency is general and is far too noticeable in the Anglo-Saxon world, especially in the American branch of it—do children shew less regard for the status and seniority of their parents; while throughout the country, the servant acts not merely as if he were in every respect the equal of his master or mistress; he assumes the airs of a superior conferring a favour by consenting to do work and to receive pay for it. Since the serious strikes among the agriculturists of 1906, the industrial life of France has been gravely disturbed by a series of disputes between employers and employed. In two instances, the post office strike and the railway strike of last year, the State itself was involved. Lawlessness of a dangerously aggressive kind characterised most of these disturbances. France found in M. Briand a strong and fearless man, to whose firm and courageous conduct in dealing with the railway strike of 1910, she owes the suppression of the attempt to paralyse the trade and social intercourse of the country; for had the programme and designs of the anarchists, who were really responsible for the lamentable condition of affairs, prevailed, the social and commercial life of France would have been brought to a complete

standstill. Mark the result. Having found their man—and such men as M. Briand are rare enough in the Republic to-day, where trucklers to disorder and shameless time-servers are everywhere found at the helm—the nation, as a whole, had neither the wit nor the courage to keep him. So soon as the menace from which he delivered them ceased to weigh on their affrighted imaginations, the French sent their deliverer about his business.

In the forefront of the picture we have then the spectacle of ineptitude and worse at the head of affairs. The scant regard for authority which characterises Frenchmen to-day, shows itself on every occasion when an exciting cause exists, of which the shameful scenes of riot and devastation in the Champagne district are among the latest symptoms ; while the unhappy disturbances associated with the enforcement of the Public Property Act, as applied to the artistic and archæological treasures of the churches, are fresh in every one's memory.

To continue the sketch : in the middle distance stand the disquieting revelations of public and private corruption. All the offices of State, nearly all in any case—the servants of the War Office are among the most flagrant delinquents—have been proved to have been guilty of grave improprieties. Important documents have been abstracted and sold to the foreigner, and defalcations in public moneys have been shewn to have been carried on almost openly and unblushingly. Contractors, artists and others employed in executing public works have been required repeatedly to give receipts for sums of money far in excess of the amounts they have actually received. The police, too, has been pilloried, especially the detective force, even to the extent of being proved to have been accessories to and aiders in crimes involving murder. Concurrently almost every month brings some fresh exposure of swindles, great and small, whereby a credulous public has been, and is being, filched of its substance. The additional fact must be recorded that domestic crimes of the utmost ferocity, and horrible tragedies having the lust of gain as their motive, appear to be on the increase. The journals of France are full of the details of these atrocities. It may be questioned whether any country, even Italy itself, has a worse criminal record.

Meanwhile, all France is consumed by the ambition to get its rising male generation into the public services, which are scandalously overmanned as the result of providing posts for such applicants as it may be to the interest of those in power to "placate." The vitals of the country are eaten into by this vast and growing horde of place-holders, who being, as a rule, and of a necessity, in the receipt of incomes

inadequate to their legitimate, to their minimum needs, become, as occasion serves, pilferers and extortioners. The methods of Tammany, unhappily becoming far more common in our own country than they formerly were, have spread themselves all over France, breeding discontent and resentment everywhere. Finally, militant socialism and anarchism, thinly veiled or not veiled at all, rear their heads defiant and practically unchecked.

It is the old story. The institutions of France, such as remain, are being strained to breaking point under the disruptive pressure of a restless and unprincipled democracy, into whose hands almost unlimited power has been given. It is often maintained, on the principle that what (to use a homely phrase) is good for the goose is good for the gander, that the ancient nations of Europe cannot do wrong to follow in the wake of the vigorous young nations of the New World and Oceania, where manhood suffrage is, roughly speaking, the accepted fact of political life. But apart from the consideration that in America, in any case, the power of the democracy is kept in check by the Senate, a factor in the American constitution of exceeding force and cogency, the consideration that the United States is essentially a new country destroys the parallel. You cannot put new wine into old bottles; and it is unquestionable—it seems so to be to the present writer in any event—that France has lost immeasurably in prestige and in stability in divorcing herself so completely from her past, uprooting her history, her glorious traditions, her unequalled associations, sinking the finer elements of her social and political life in the common pot of an extremely ordinary, not to say unsavoury ragout, compounded of the odds and ends of philosophic and demagogic teaching and propaganda. The tawdriness and vulgarity of France under the Republic fills with sadness and regret the lover of France as she existed in the days when she produced giants in the realm of arms and arts, in the senate chamber and the courts of her Kings; when as a nation she was stately, dignified, almost sublime in her magnificence and opulence; magnificence and opulence in a spiritual, intellectual and material sense. An acute thinker, Mr. Jules Roche, writing some years ago in “*La République Française*” said, in the course of an able article entitled “*La Faillite de l’Etat*”; “*Tandis que la France s’est ainsi peu à peu dépecée, brisée en près de six cents morceaux sans lieu supérieur, et que s’est formée la nouvelle féodalité des Grands Vassaux sans Roi, dix fois plus tyranniques, avides, arrogants, égoïstes que le furent jamais aucun Bozou, aucun Alain, aucun Charles le Téméraire, deux autres féodalités sont nées, grandissent rapidement, menaçant de rivaliser avec la première,*

alourdissant déjà singulièrement le joug qui pèse sur le pays lui-même ; l'une, c'est la féodalité des fonctionnaires ; l'autre, celle des syndicats." These sentences are quoted because they succinctly sum up the facts of the case ; and because here we have in the vernacular a sample of the kind of thing that is constantly being written and spoken in France. More recently, within the last few months in fact, M. Jules Delafosse, deputy for one of the departments of Brittany, writing in the "*Echo de Paris*," animadverts dolefully on the mischiefs and disasters which have come, and will come upon France and England, as the penalty of allowing the direction of these nations' affairs and destinies to pass out of the hands of the rightful, and on a scientific basis, only competent rulers of the people, into those of an ignorant proletariat ; men necessarily taking short and selfish views of most public issues, and quite unable to rise to a due appreciation of the enormous international problems, they, by their votes, decide.

M. Delafosse's remarks bring us conveniently, and by natural transition, to the consideration of the immediate status, in relation to itself and to these international problems, of the British Empire. It is a commonplace to-day, the dictum is accepted by most thinking persons abroad, that the fortunes of France and England are so inextricably interwoven with each other, that France and England, as sovereign powers, stand or fall together.

It is a fact, though not obvious perhaps at first sight, that we—the French and English—have always been interdependent. This was even true, in a sense, in the days of the Plantagenet kings ; days when, with brief intermissions, we were constantly at each other's throats. It was true in the days of the Napoleonic wars : it is true in quite another sense to-day. For it was true in the past because in those Homeric contests we were creating and conserving those Homeric qualities which have given us the lead throughout the later Christian era, since the Spanish and Portuguese dominion waned, and the puissant republics which flourished in the Gulf of Genoa and Adriatic Sea slipped into the realms of the past. To-day, when we sorely need those Homeric qualities to enable us to cope with the designs of a growing power, which seems to threaten the integrity, the very existence of the one and the other, it is the question of questions as to whether those qualities are still existent.

Let us consider the position of England internally, and of the British Empire internally, before we proceed to the examination of

their position in reference to the outside world, the position, that is to say, of the British Empire as an ally or as an enemy.

From many of the maladies, political maladies be it said, that have overtaken France (the resultant in the case of France mainly of the grave evils the Revolution brought in its train), England erstwhile was free. She enjoyed a constitution, a form of Government which, being the envy of the world, came to be, as time went on, the model of free government for all mankind, and especially for the numerous States founded by the people going forth from these islands. To-day the protagonist of free institutions, the State which has supplied the exemplar for the whole world is in grave danger of becoming a leader in the very opposite direction; for if no halt be cried, if some violent check be not put upon our downward progress, England, in any case, will become the first and foremost among those nations which have chosen the path leading inevitably to destruction; in other words, the path which leads to the supremacy of pure and unadulterated democracy, where the uninformed vote of the masses, of the ignorant masses swayed by the demagogue and political charlatan, played upon by the dreamer of dreams, good and evil, becomes dominant in the land. Rarely before in the history of our country have men, aspiring to fill the highest offices of State, descended to the methods of vulgar and unprincipled abuse of the cultured and governing classes, fanning the jealousy, inciting the cupidity and magnifying the inherited prejudices of the masses, which methods in these latter days have carried more than one politician to the goal of his ambition. The dangerous extension of the franchise which has resulted in giving an equal voice to men who, by reason of their limited education (using that word in its wider sense) and by the facts of their daily existence and environment, are incapable, as a class, of forming sane judgments upon the greater national problems, with that accorded to men who by hereditary transmission and by their placement in the world, possess, as a rule, true and safe political instincts—(exceptions one way or the other do not affect the issue—is fraught with disastrous consequences, and may well involve the empire in irreparable ruin. We might take a lesson from Belgium, let it be said, in this matter; for under the electoral system obtaining in that and in some other countries, extra fitness confers additional votal prerogatives. The modern system obtaining in our country is free government reduced to an absurdity, since issues are determined not by the inherent justice of causes, but of chance, arbitrary and wholly unscientific factors.

Too often, under this fortuitous system, or lack of system, of government, the aggregate of ignorance becomes the arbiter of the fate of nations; the success of the winning factions being based on no higher sanction than that which gives victory to the player in such a game as say, *rouge et noir*, or secures the prize in a tombola contest. Obviously, under this system, the chances of wrong prevailing over right are immeasurably greater in favour of wrong. The levelling of the people to a uniform plane, in a social as well as a political sense, was the aim of the revolutionaries of 1789-92. They succeeded in freeing France from certain grave abuses inherent in the unfettered power of the nobility and clergy; but in so doing they succeeded in transferring all the vices of these classes to the bulk of the people. In sober fact, the successful assertion of the "rights of the people," has in practice meant nothing so much as endowing the people with the right to do wrong. They have taken the vices, but they could not assimilate the virtues of their superiors. And in England we are travelling briskly along the same road. To-day France is a land inhabited only by *soi-disant* Monsieurs and Mesdames; though it is amusing to note that while the chiffonier and poissonnière are exceedingly careful to address each other by those old-world titles of respect, formerly accorded to persons of quality, they are now more and more inclined to drop their use when they are addressing their social superiors. "Social superiors" they do not accept. "Jack is as good as his master and a good deal better," roughly expresses their sentiments and convictions. This indeed is the attitude of the people not only in France, but in several countries coterminous with it, and it is rapidly being adopted by our own people. The obliteration of all class distinctions is a sure harbinger of the decay of a people; since with their obliteration society is destroyed and the nation is reduced to the dead level of mediocrity. Under such a system it is always the vices that spread, and not the virtues. Thus we see all over Europe, especially in Western Europe, the breakdown of one after another safeguard erected to preserve the social fabric from destruction. The latitudinarianism and lax morality of a certain section of the aristocracy, which in France had come to be a crying evil at the end of the eighteenth century, are now adopted, and are commonly enough defended on quasi-scientific grounds, by the people at large. The sanctity of marriage, the purity of women, the dignity of the home and its responsibilities, the rearing and care of children, everything that gave sweetness and stability to the family and State, go by the board, and give place to a

saturnalia of hideous license and go-as-you-please indifference and self-indulgence of which the end can only be misery and disaster.

Rome, in its ascendancy, accorded high honour to the heads of large families. In Western Europe, and especially in France (England is rapidly coming into line with France), the finger of scorn is pointed at him who hath his quiver full. And for this reason, as for so many other reasons, England and France are in danger of being brought low by nations who have not yet turned their backs so resolutely on nature's unconquerable love of fecundity.

Reference has been made to the weakening of France and England in an internal sense, because the mischiefs nearest home are obviously the parents of mischiefs further afield; in other words, no nation can be strong in relation to its neighbours which is undergoing a weakening process internally. The policy, or rather lack of policy of the modern rulers of England in regard to external matters, is, of course, merely the reflex of the internal weakening in high purpose and sober effort which characterises our national life to-day. The persistent refusal of Englishmen to bear their part as individuals in the defence of their country, a responsibility assumed, and on the whole cheerfully assumed, by the rest of Europe; the indifference of another section, and, for practical purposes of the majority of the nation, to such great and vital questions as the supremacy of our navy, and the conservation of our colonies, are what might be expected from a people in whom the canker of insensibility to the higher things, the worship of ease and comfort, the envy of the rich by the poor, and the flattery of the poor by the rich, have become prevailing pre-occupations.

On the lowest grounds, the desire to be left alone in the enjoyment of a "good time," how blind and mad it is! How wanting in wisdom, since the persistent refusal to look the facts of national existence in the face, and to recognise that if we would preserve our freedom and all those things we more than ever prize, we must make certain sacrifices; that we must put our house at home in order, and see that it is defended from attack from without; in a word, that we must stand as a strong man armed, seeing that watchful enemies are taking note of our sloth and weakness, and that now, as ever before in history, the spoils of the earth will fall to the strong and vigilant, who will to-day no more allow the weak and negligent to enjoy their possessions unchallenged than such were allowed immunity from attack in the past. From the dawn of history, (unwritten history attests the same truth), this has been the rule. It is the rule to-day.



The unhappy delusions which English folk cherish in regard to the hard, dry, cruel, if you will, facts of existence, are shewn again in their refusal to make what they conceive would be sacrifices—a purely imaginary assumption—in order to bring the British race, the world over, into the ringed fence of an all-British defensive alliance ; a consummation which cannot be effected without making certain changes and concessions in our fiscal arrangements as affecting respectively the oversea dominions and alien nations, to the advantage of the former and the detriment of the latter. Into all such patriotic and far-seeing suggestions the demon of party politics obtrudes itself ; phrases become shibboleths, and the political vision of persons, otherwise clear-sighted, grows blurred and obscured, so that they are quite unable to see what to dispassionate foreigners, for example, is as plain as the proverbial pike-staff. Some one has truly said that there is nothing a certain section of our people more “ heartily detest than a colony. It is a bitter affront to their parochialism.” And so our countrymen continue to neglect the great problems involved in what made the greatness of their country in the past, and those which must be solved anew if that greatness is to be conserved in the future. Listening to the clap-trap oratory and inflammatory rhetoric of tub-thumping demagogues, who counsel them to destroy the constitution laboriously built up throughout the best part of a millennium with the same light-hearted indifference as they would smash an offending earwig, they are persuaded to cut capers under high heaven, which are making them the laughing-stock of Europe, the despair of their friends, the merry butt of their enemies.

Refusing to adopt those obvious measures for the relief of unemployment at home which are ready to our hands—those obvious measures which by excluding or taxing the produce of the foreigner would bring countless looms and factories, and better still ploughs and furrows, now lying idle, into activity and would give occasion for many more to enter the field of industry—more and more taxes are being imposed on our people to relieve distress and suffering, the greater portion of which has been artificially created and owes its existence to our obstinate adherence to a fiscal system which cannot be made to work to our advantage under the conditions of trade obtaining in all other civilised countries. We refuse to penalise the foreigner, and finding ourselves unable or unwilling to bear the strain of so one-sided a system of taxation, go to him cap-in-hand, virtually begging him to have pity on an unoffending nation, which, needing money for social reforms, is not able to afford the

expenditure necessary to secure itself against the designs of the very nation we supplicate to stay the hand of its warlike preparations! Could imbecility go further; could dignity be more bankrupt; could humour be more lifeless?

And yet we have the pages of history ever before us to teach us the fate of those nations who refuse to guard and feed their possessions. The end of it comes in many ways; but in none so often as the inability to feed the people. For centuries past it has been accepted as an axiom by all parties in the State that the greatness of England rests on sea power, as the greatness of Athens rested in the past. The Romans never fully learnt the lesson that if they would conserve their greatness they must be dominant in the Mediterranean. The ever-recurring Carthaginian wars are a standing commentary on this ineptitude on their part. To-day, as has been remarked before, we are in the same position in regard to Germany, as Rome was in regard to ancient Carthage. Hamburg is 400 miles from Newcastle, and from Hamburg or Emden, 100,000 men or more could be embarked in 30 hours. We are asleep to this possibility. supine, sceptical and unconcerned. Have we forgotten, (it would seem so), what happened to us in 1667, when the same system of starving and neglecting our fleet obtained, as obtains to-day? Our ships were kept in dock and our men on shore for economy's sake. The money was spent in indulgences which look worse when set down in cold print, though it may be questioned whether they were really more wasteful and unproductive than is much of the futile expenditure on so-called social improvements of our own times. Then, in the days of the "Merry Monarch," who had a trick, like his successors of our time, of selling us to the foreigner, we were rudely awakened by a certain Dutchman named De Ruyter, who created a diversion for sensation-loving London, by sailing up the Medway, sinking and burning our ships *en route*, the sound of his "popguns" tickling the ears of the wits at Whitehall.

We have started on the axiom, accepted generally to-day, that as things now are, England and France must stand or fall together. As to Russia, it is futile to so much as speculate on what would be her attitude in the case of an attack by Germany and her allies upon either or both powers. Russia is certainly making some progress toward rehabilitation as a sovereign power—the processes of internal expansion of which the comparative success of her first essay in popular government may be taken as among many reassuring symptoms, will doubtless be followed in due season by a more vigorous attempt to

recreate the navy lost in the war with Japan. For the moment Russia desires peace; and although it is clear that in certain eventualities she would come to the aid of France, it by no means follows that France could count upon her help positively in the event of Germany making another unprovoked attack upon her. Financial reasons might hold her in check; while the reasons she has for wishing to avoid a conflict with Germany are weighty and numerous. No doubt, so far as sympathy goes, Russia, like Spain, would go whole-heartedly with France: but something will be added in regard to Russia's attitude later.

In the coming conflict the position of Italy is exceedingly interesting and important, for the military value of Italy is far greater than many persons suppose. Again, so far as sympathy goes, no one who knows Italy and the Italians, will maintain that King Victor Emmanuel's people have any kind of private or public, social, commercial or political sympathy with Germany. They detest the Germans as tourists and visitors, and they fear them politically; their ultimate designs in the Mediterranean being by no means unknown to them. At the time the Triple Alliance was concluded, Italy entertained grave apprehensions as to the intentions of France. Now, owing to a series of *rapprochements* between the French and Italians, these fears have entirely disappeared. There remains some internal ill-feeling, and especially in Southern France, owing to the individual rivalry of the Italians, who, being far more industrious, restful, contented and adaptable than the French, are able in France, as they are throughout Switzerland, to compete successfully with the native-born workman in his own labour market. Nevertheless, as things are, it does not seem likely, it seems hardly possible, that the Italians will be ranged against the French, willingly in any case.

Be that as it may, Italy has always a warm corner in her heart for England and the English. She has not forgotten how ardently we sympathised with her in her struggle for freedom, and how cordially we hailed the success of her efforts. She has not forgotten that Englishmen have always been foremost among the admirers of her country, her literature, her art and her splendid past: that we have proclaimed unceasingly the manifold beauties and unrivalled historical and archæological monuments of the peninsula. Italians love and cherish this beauty and romance, and the unrestrained, whole-hearted admiration of English folk has appealed to their finer sensibilities. Again, notwithstanding that we are, arbitrarily perhaps, regarded as a Teutonic people, and the Italians are classed arbitrarily again, with the Latin races, the fact

remains that no two people seem to have a better intuitive understanding of each other's points of view, in small matters—and these count far beyond their face value—and in great. So that in practice no two people the world over are able to associate on intimate terms with less friction and a greater measure of reciprocal pleasure and advantage, than are the Italians and the English. Therefore it may be asserted that the Italians, as a people, would deplore nothing more than to be obliged, by the exigencies of high politics, to take sides against us in a European war; and it may be doubted whether any government, assuming for the sake of the argument that any government should deem itself impelled to this course, would carry the nation with it, should it take sides against us. The exact terms of the Triple Alliance are the letter *x*; but it is fairly certain, roughly speaking, that this alliance is for defence and not for offence; and although the participation of France with us might complicate the issue, it may be gravely questioned whether an unprovoked attack on England (and any attack would in the nature of things be unprovoked), would or could carry Italy with it. However, that issue is on the lap of the gods, and while the Triple Alliance exists it is impossible, in view of unknown conditions, to say what Italy's action would be. Moreover, Italy has no love for Austria and little more for Germany. She profits by German visitors, but she does not forget, though she dissembles her feelings, that the Germans treat the natives of Italy as inferior people. Again, although Irredentism is a sleeping movement, it is by no means dead; and it may be taken for certain that Italy does not relish the rôle of being made to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for Austro-Germany.

A quarter of a century ago it might have been postulated that in such a war as we are considering, Holland, at the lowest, would have sympathised with England, and indeed if not from love, from what was then considered self-interest, would have ranged herself on our side. But the promptings of race feelings are doing their work. Further, the sedulous efforts of a neighbouring power, backed up by material means, have completed the detachment of Holland from England. Holland to-day has apparently become persuaded that her interests are to be found in association with the premier Germanic power. Symptoms of this change of feeling and policy are numerous and pertinent. One outstanding portent of the future may be recalled to memory—the proposal, apparently in abeyance for the moment, to fortify Flushing, which in German or pro-German hands would mean the closing of the Scheldt to our ships and the barring of the communica-

tions of Belgium with the sea, so that, Antwerp, the city of ancient treasure and modern wealth, the coveted prize upon which Germany's eyes have long been fixed, would fall as ripe fruit into her lap. In this connection Holland's jealousy of Antwerp is a factor of some significance.

And Belgium, what of her? Belgium possesses a large German-speaking population, for Flemish is merely a German dialect—patois perhaps might be said—as, to be frank, is Dutch and as are the Germanic dialects of Switzerland. Therefore Belgium, with Holland and Switzerland, was greatly perturbed during the South African war. The cruel policy of perfidious Albion in crushing a small and weak Germanic people alienated Belgium's sympathies, though she is not slow to appreciate facts at their actual worth, and these outraged feelings have been placated since she sees that to-day the conquerors are the suppressed, and the conquered are the ascendant factors in the political and social life of South Africa. Furthermore, however, our unacceptable and outspoken criticism of Belgian methods in the Congo and the tardiness of our Government in recognising Belgium's annexation of that Colony, have constituted fresh occasion for Belgium's alienation from England. In Belgium itself, the view has been artfully disseminated that our criticism and our refusal to recognise Belgium's status in the Congo, have cunning greed and calculating self-seeking as their motive—in brief that, having secret knowledge of the existence of large and profitable gold-bearing areas within the boundaries of the Congo State, we are scheming to produce a condition of affairs which will enable us to step in and possess them in the same manner as we have possessed ourselves, by subterranean methods, of the goldfields of the Transvaal! In the face of such fallacies as the foregoing, wild, extravagant and incredible as they seem to level-headed Englishmen, yet demonstrably reasonable and true as they appear to the prejudiced and blinded foreigner, argument is dumb.

The outstanding fact remains that Belgium looks supinely on, while Germany prepares to construct two strategical railways to her frontier, which, when completed, will enable the latter country to overrun Belgium before military help (echo asks, what help?) could arrive from England; and that having encouraged certain officers of the mercantile marine to equip themselves in France and England as naval officers (the men-of-war were to be built in England and purchased by Belgium), she has allowed the project itself to lapse. In these and in many other ways Belgium in recent years has shown how blind and indifferent she is to the patent signs that her independence is menaced.

One finds, too, in conversation with Danes, and some of the highest eminence, that they too have fallen strangely under the spell of what can only be described as a species of hypnotism. In common with so many of our countrymen they refuse to look ugly facts full in the face, refuse to believe what they do not wish to believe, and imagine that the pathetic, but ineffectual subterfuge of the ostrich, when pursued by his enemies, will suffice for their protection. It is not suggested that in Denmark this fatal cowardice has gone so far as it has in England, where it would seem any device whereby the country may escape the obligation to put itself in the position to hold its own, is hailed hectically as the way out. The recent absurd conclusions to which a large section of our people jumped in regard to a talked-about royal alliance, the result of which, had it been accomplished, must have been a gain for Germany, since it would have given the Empire an additional fulcrum for the attainment of its ends, is a symptom of this unhappy national *faiblesse*. To return to Scandinavia: in regard to the other powers of this group, Norway and Sweden, their main pre-occupation, their gravest apprehension, has always been from the direction of Russia. Norway and Sweden, deeming themselves freed, for the time, from menace in that quarter, do not consider themselves greatly concerned in European politics or problems; though it may be agreeable as being a crumb of comfort, where such morsels are far to seek, to take note that in both these countries, especially in Norway, lively prepossessions in favour of England still obtain.

As to Switzerland, it must be borne in upon any political student who has lived among her people, that so far as the national sentiment goes in that country, things are not what they were. As touching England, the like causes which led to the alienation of feeling in other Continental States have operated in the Confederation. The wholly one-sided and injudicial statement of the causes that led to the South African war, did its work. The wave of sympathy which spread over Europe during that war, carried with it the smaller nations. These not unnaturally experience a sentiment of comradeship when any of their number—as the Boer republics were somewhat quaintly regarded as being—comes into armed conflict with a first-class power. Then again, Switzerland has become hopelessly commercialised. The Swiss still love their beautiful country ardently; still cherish the memory of all those conflicts of the past during which they won and retained their independence. But they love something better still—gold, and the material benefits it confers. And by a strange psychologic twist, instead

of being grateful to England as being the pioneer nation in the movement which has converted their country into the pleasure-ground of Europe, they owe us a grudge for having demanded and shown a willingness to pay for the luxury and comfort at present existing throughout the country. In their reflective moments the Swiss recognise that the weakening of the national spirit has been the direct outcome of the preference for the good things of this world to the joys of the simple life, and we are credited with having initiated and sustained the movements which produced this result. It is the old story. The tempted who have fallen vent their spleen on the tempters. The Swiss have allowed their country to become a huge network of railways and hotels, the smallest hamlet has at least its pension; they have allowed their loveliest spots to be desecrated, and a veneer of cosmopolitan elegance to be super-imposed upon the rugged area of their hills and dales—mountains and valleys should be said; they have permitted their meadows to be placarded with hideous poster-becovered screens, their cherished inaccessibilities of the past to become the happy hunting grounds of the vulgar rich and the name-scribbling cockney; so that to-day they can scarcely call their own their own. The lament goes up that they have sold their country for a mess of pottage. In a large, self-contained country like Italy, possessing an industrial population engaged in numerous activities, it was possible to cater for the needs of the foreigner dwelling among the Italians or visiting them in passing, without materially altering the trend of the national life, super-imposing upon it an extraneous coating. It has not been possible to do the same in a small land-bound country like Switzerland. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!*

To-day, moreover, the social and in a growing measure the commercial ascendancy of the Briton in Switzerland has given place to the predominance of the German. It has recently been shown that out of the three and three-quarter millions, the total population of Switzerland, nearly one-sixth are foreigners, and of these a large number are Germans. For instance, although the fact is disguised as far as may be, nearly all the hotel-keepers and their staffs are German; often the hall porter is the only native in the employ of a Swiss hotel. So that the money spent in Switzerland goes largely into German pockets. Again, Professor Godefroy, writing in "*La Liberté*," a journal dating from Fribourg, has set forth a careful calculation of the number of visitors who come to Switzerland annually, giving the total at over two millions and the sum of money which they spend in the country as amounting

to twenty millions each year. Of these visitors the Germans head the list, constituting 40 per cent. of the whole, while the English, until quite recently greatly in the majority over all other nationalities, now amount to no more than 17 per cent. of the aggregate.

What has happened in Switzerland is happening from end to end of the Riviera. The resorts formerly affected almost exclusively by the English are now invaded by Teutonic hordes, who moreover are securing permanent hold on the country, for they purchase land, properties and businesses on a lavish scale; thereby acquiring, by easy stages, the rights and privileges of the native by that subtle process of acquisition, which, when the land of barbarous or semi-civilised countries are concerned, is described as the "peaceful penetration" of a country.

But in Switzerland Germany has not been content to rely solely upon methods of this kind—methods of progressive conquest at the hands of the private citizen, who becomes often, in active co-operation with the authorities at Berlin, the advance-guard of a future army of invasion. It was not alone for the love of the beautiful eyes of the Swiss, not merely the desire to participate in an enterprise promising material gain, that Germany subscribed a considerable portion of the money necessary for the construction of the St. Gothard Railway. For now, the Swiss having decided some time since to nationalise all their railways, it is discovered that Germany claims, in virtue of having been granted the most-favoured-nation treatment in regard to the railway in question, that she is entitled to a like consideration on all the lines built and to be built, throughout the Confederation. It is not necessary to set forth in detail the arguments by which this amazing demand is supported. Suffice it to say that the Swiss see in it, and not without reason, a distinct attempt to infringe their independence as a sovereign nation; and for us, we may see in it one of the many evidences of Germany's restless ambition, and in these days, German ambitions are apt to become realisations. Germany aspires to make herself, and unceasingly works to that end, mistress of Western and Central Europe. Step by step she advances, watchfully, patiently, unerringly. This attitude has been nowhere more apparent than in Turkey. The bewildered Ottomans, cajoled, bullied, first by one power and then by another, made the catspaw of Europe, have, or had, come to believe that "Codlin was their friend and not Short," though in the stress and turmoil of the Near Eastern Question, the further uncertainties introduced by the rise of the Young Turk party and the recrudescence of Russian pretensions as protector of the Balkan provinces, it would want a rash man to



predict what will be Turkey's attitude when Greek meets Greek, or in other words, in the coming conflict between Anglo-Saxon and Teuton.

This conflict has been spoken of as if it were a certainty. Obviously nothing that belongs to futurity, not even the mutations and revolutions of the solar system, can be properly spoken about as certain. Factors hidden in the womb of time may exist which may turn from their courses those tendencies and forces which at this moment are certainly approaching each other with increased momentum ; so that all who look on must perceive a collision to be inevitable. Even at the moment when the German press, acting according to instructions, is endeavouring to throw more poppy-pollen in the eyes of our countrymen, in the matter of the strength of the German navy, and in regard to the arbitration treaties pending between England and America, to which Germany, not to be outdone by France, pretends to wish to become a party, the cloven hoof of Germany's ambition obtrudes itself anew, and is plainly discernible in the constant suggestions that in return for German acquiescence in the permanent occupation of Fez by France, Germany should be granted the northern littoral of Morocco and a good slice of the hinterland !

To leave side issues, the question which above all others obtrudes itself is : " Will England stand alone when the legions arrayed against her open the attack ? Will France stand alone if the attack, in the first instance, should be directed against her ? " Once again be it said that for the purposes of the argument, France and England must be assumed to stand or fall together. As things have now developed it is difficult to see how it can be otherwise. Enough has perhaps been said as to the external and internal conditions of both nations to indicate what sort of fight they are likely to make. The defects of our home defence are pointed out daily, hourly it may be said, by Lord Roberts and many other army leaders ; for it must be remembered that Lord Wolseley has spoken as emphatically of these defects as has his successor in the command of the army. The National Service League, in season and out of season, underlines and punctuates these warnings. The Imperial Maritime League performs the same office for the navy ; while the press—that portion of it which puts patriotism before party—energetically backs up the efforts of these two organisations. It has been shown recently that in 1914 the Germans will have 21 first-class battle-ships to face 21 of our own in the North Sea ; while in the Mediterranean our naval force will be the equal, and no more, of that of Austria and Italy. Any aid the nascent fleets of the Dominions can by that time give, will be required manifestly elsewhere ; for it is only too

certain that in too many regards, in cruisers, destroyers and other equipments of naval warfare, we are falling behind, and indeed have already fallen behind the German outfit.

. But all the horrid facts of the case—the refusal of the Government to raise the loan necessary to bring back to us the supremacy we have lost or are about to lose; the utter breakdown of the voluntary system acknowledged by no less a person than Lord Esher, involving as it does in all probability our inability to meet a determined invasion of our shores, and implying the impossibility of sending an adequate expeditionary force abroad to aid our potential allies, France and Belgium; the absence of any reserve of food in our country, practically dependent for its food supply on the foreigner; the lax and inefficient policing of the seas and the trade routes which are the arteries of our very being: these, and countless other defaults, limitations and disabilities in our defensive and offensive armour, must by this time be known to the most indifferent of our indifferent countrymen.

Happily in France signs are not wanting that the nation is awaking to the necessity of preparing itself for war. At the last general election the French Navy League (*La Ligue Maritime Française*) made an energetic attempt to rouse Frenchmen with the cry, “*Sans Marine de Guerre puissante, pas d'influence extérieure, pas de sécurité pour nos colonies, pas de revêtement, et risque famine en temps de guerre.*” The return of M. Delcassé to power has already borne fruit, and the mistakes in the administration of the navy which had involved the nation in huge charges, but not in the provision of an effective instrument of naval warfare, are being rectified as quickly as possible. It may be questioned why, with the equivalent of £160,000,000 in liquid assets, in specie that is to say, locked up in her reserve war chest, France does not expend some of this wealth in hastening the pace, in bringing her obsolete or ineffective fleet up to date. But that by the way. It is asserted on good authority that the strategical railway from Malmedy to Stavelot, which the Germans are constructing, is to be answered by France in the construction of a line from Sedan to Bertrix, which will enable her to meet a German invasion of Belgium as soon as it is attempted. All these are points of importance in weighing the worth of France in the coming struggle, and may be set against those contra-points some of which have been enumerated already. The horrid doubt obtrudes itself again and again, however, as to how far France remains sound at the core. A nation that harbours 60,000 native spies in its midst, ready to sell secrets and information to friend and foe,

is not in that condition of national health its best friends would wish for it.

Thus far an endeavour has been made to draw in outline, in a manner necessarily somewhat sketchy, since condensation imposes its limitations, the main facts as touching the social and political, the spiritual and material, condition of those states which may, in whole or in part, find themselves opposed to the Germanic nations, Germany and Austria, or compelled to make common cause with them when the standard is raised in that great war, that Armageddon, the issue of which, if the hopes and ambitions Germany cherishes should be gratified, will secure the elimination of Great Britain, the power to be finally removed from her path, and as the corollary thereof, give her the mastery of the hegemony of Europe. It is hardly necessary to do more than briefly indicate, to recall to memory that is to say (for the facts have been published over and over again during recent years, what is Germany's equipment for this enterprise. She possesses an army of over four millions of men, the best trained men in existence. Of these over one million could be instantly mobilised. Her fleet is rapidly becoming the equal of the finest fleet in the world. She has eight docks available in war for the reparation of injured vessels, and fourteen docks, either finished or well on the way to being finished, for the building of first-class battleships. The *matériel* and *personnel* of her navy are in an excellent condition of efficiency. In the sinews of war—money—she wants nothing, since, thanks to her enlightened fiscal policy and to the magnificent advances she has made in industrial and commercial activities, Germany, since 1870, has become rich and self-contained. Professor Ballod has shewn that the wealth of German subjects has increased by £2,500,000,000 within the 20th century. That is one fact only among scores that might be instanced as evidences of Germany's solvent and prosperous condition. Suffice it to say that the fallacy, which would be comic were it not full of possibilities so tragic for those who cherish it, that Germany either need be or will be deterred from the prosecution of her designs by any question of finance, should be dismissed at once as an exploded myth by any but those who are preparing themselves wilfully for a rude awakening. Germany's geographical position as the centre of Europe gives her great advantages now she is so strong internally. These advantages are tempered, it is true, by the weak point that she has Russia on her flank. But then Russia may neither be willing nor able, and it would certainly seem, in view of recent developments, as if

both possibilities came exceedingly near probabilities, to attack Germany; while it may be questioned whether Germany is not arriving at that point of absolute superiority which will enable her to take calmly and fearlessly into her reckoning, the contingency, the certainty even, of Russia's active hostility.

We now turn to another confident prognostic on the part of those who would have our countrymen believe that those among us who are endeavouring to induce the British Empire to rise to the occasion, to see and to face the menace to its supremacy, its independence, its existence even, are so many busybodies and alarmists. It is confidently presaged by such that internal troubles, fomented mainly by the socialist party in Germany, will nullify all the fond dreams and calculations of the Prussian war-party and cause them "to gang alee." It was foretold that the last general election in Germany would result in an enormous accession in the socialist strength. It did not. In certain quarters it is now confidently anticipated that at the next election the socialists will secure 40 per cent. of the seats in the Reichstag. That remains to be seen. But let it be so. The German socialist is a very different person from the majority of his English would-be imitators. He is a patriot first and a socialist afterwards. He has a keen eye to the main chance. He has taken note of the fact that under the system he cannot approve, the working classes of his country have advanced in comfort and in well-being generally, by leaps and bounds. He is proud of the fine figure Germany now cuts in Europe and beyond; and he is not going to agitate for the changes he hopes to achieve hereafter at a moment when by doing so he would jeopardise this hardly-won material advancement, and render the spoils to be claimed when his theories can be put into practice, attenuated and vanished quantities. He is not going to throw away the results of the wars of 1864, 1866 and 1870, when he perceives that their final fruition is to be gathered after the war of 191—.

With the rest of his nation, and unlike our socialists, he knows the value of colonies: he knows the value of ships and overseas commerce and of the ironclads that protect both. In a word he is a sentimentalist only when his actual interests are not jeopardised by the indulgence of sentimentality; whereas the British socialist is a sentimentalist *au fond*, and if the honour, dignity and prosperity of his country are to be sacrificed as the price of the assertion of his sentimentality, so much the better.

That is the situation in a nutshell. These are the facts; hard, dry

facts : set forth dispassionately and without any kind of adventitious colouring.

If we are to face them—if we are to come through the terrible test of our fitness to continue to be the premier people of the world—we need men at the helm and not a congeries of dalliers and dreamers ; the despair of their country's well-wishers, the butt and plaything of their country's enemies. With the alien in heart and conduct firmly planted in the seats of authority, the hour of the nation's betrayal into the hands of the enemy cannot be far distant. The Government seemingly is a Government of caretakers for Germany. Can it be that Germany will soon be the man in possession ?

JAMES STANLEY LITTLE.

*Bruges, Belgium.*

## RASILI :

### THE STORY OF A VILLAGE GIRL.

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#### CHAPTER III.

**N**EXT morning, before sunrise, father and daughter tied up in a little bundle all that was left to them: a razai in tatters, a pair of well-worn dhoties and a couple of coloured saris and kurtas. A brass lotah, an iron pan, and a rope for drawing water from the well, completed their travelling outfit.

Their bundle was ready, still Rama Charan fumbled about in the house, in an aimless manner; Rasili sat on the door-sill and wept. Rama Charan looked at her, heaved a deep sigh and resolutely took his little bundle, which lay on the floor in the centre of the hut, and flinging it over his shoulder walked out without looking back. Rasili got up, bade good-bye to the bare walls where she had spent so many happy days, and followed him.

Their home which they were now leaving consisted of a low mud-built hut, so buried in the ground, that the banking made of earth and dung almost swallowed it and encroached on the small courtyard, enclosed by tumble-down walls. The hut was roofed by a thatch, which had sagged in many places, and threatened at any moment to fall down. But for Rasili and her father, it stood for home with all its inexpressible attraction and sweetness. Its uneven smoke-begrimed walls spoke of loving associations. It was here that both father and daughter had opened their eyes to the first smile of the sun. It was here that they had lived and loved. Rasili had known no other place which she could call her own, all her joy had ebbed and flowed within the four walls of the courtyard. It was here she had spent many happy hours, beating her little drum and singing village songs, simple and sweet in sentiment, and yet awakening all the unfulfilled longings of the human heart. And now to-da they were leaving this home, the centre of all that had been

good and dear to them, perhaps for ever. All sorrows, all troubles that they had known, were forgotten; for every tear they remembered a thousand smiles, for every little pain a thousand joys. How they wished they could stay, how they yearned to find that peace, that comfort, that happiness which had been theirs before.

Schopenhauer misread life when he said that the only positive factor in life is pain. 'Ask these waifs leaving their home, driven by hunger, and they will tell you of the joy, the gladness they have known. He too must have felt, he too must have known, how soon, how quickly, all suffering is forgotten in the swelling tide of happiness, as it softly spreads over and sweeps away all pain, all suffering in its uninterrupted flow. Life, like a river stream, often dashes against pointed rocks and bursts into tearful spray, only to reunite and flow with imprisoned sunbeams cradled in the bosom of eternal peace of the universe. Who can say life is pain, who can say life is no more than this? Is not pain an unwelcome intruder, an interruption, something accidental and external which obtrudes like mist before the sun, momentarily clouds life and then vanishes, leaving the glorious possibilities of life all the brighter? Ask Rasili and her father why they are sad in leaving their home; if Schopenhauer were right, they were only leaving one painful spot for another. They will tell you how their little home was made bright for them by invisible wefts of light and colour, and gave them moments of delicious joy. Who can weigh the inner happiness which is found in the soul of all living creation? There they stand somewhere in the muddy, sandy track and fondly look back on their "Home," casting one last, loving, lingering look at the old familiar scenes. The father steadies himself and turns away, the girl follows him without saying a word; a thousand thoughts rise in their mind. Who can fathom depths of human misery and joy? They leave the village in great distress and yet over it all bursts the dawn of a new morning turning the skies rosy. They trudge on the road to Puranpur, the nearest town and the headquarters of the district.

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The road to Puranpur was a mere zig-zag track, which passed through bare, dreary lands, where, in the clouds of dust, the ghosts seemed to be celebrating Holi, overjoyed at the misery of poor mortals who suffered in silence. They walked on slowly but steadily for some hours, till about noon they reached a village and sat down

to rest under a large peepal tree which formed an umbrella over a large masonry-built well.

Rama Charan unloosened his lotah and its string and drew water from the well and washed himself and helped his daughter to wash her hands and feet. Then they sat down to have their little meal of roasted gram which the old woman had given them the evening before. It was almost her all, which she collected by begging from door to door for the whole day. They ate it slowly and finished their meal by drinking jugs of water.

Being weary they laid themselves to rest, and in a moment they were fast asleep. But they were not allowed to rest undisturbed; the vigilant village chaukidar had spied them and woke Rama Charan by touching him with the end of his bare toe. Rama Charan sat up, rubbed his eyes and opening them, found himself surrounded by a group of men with the chaukidar standing over his head.

"Who are you?" enquired the "Keystone" of the British Empire in India, "who is this young woman with you?"

"He has abducted her," said one.

"She is a pretty girl," said another.

"What is the price of your youth?" sang out a third.

"Only sixteen or seventeen years of age," said the son of the Patwari quoting an Urdu couplet. "It is the time for days of youthful promise and nights of realised fruit."

"I suspected from the beginning that there was something wrong in the matter," quoth the chaukidar, looking round for approval. "I have not worked all these years with the police for nothing."

"Whoever she is," said the first man, "she is a beauty."

"Sir," said Rama Charan, who quivered with anger. "I am a villager like you. She is my daughter."

The villagers drew back a little ashamed, but the chaukidar was still unmoved.

"Your daughter! Is she?" he exclaimed, "I have heard many such stories. You cannot take me in, I am not so raw. If she is your daughter, where are you taking her? Are you taking her to the house of her bridegroom?"

At this sally they all laughed.

"She is decked like a bride," said one.

"Why not accept me as your son-in-law?" said another.

Rama Charan was in a great rage. His first impulse was to fall on the mocking group and teach them a lesson. Was this the treat-



ment which was the due of a woman and a stranger? He knew these things were common enough and in his own village it would have been just the same. He said nothing but thought much, and continued to gaze towards the ground. He was ashamed of himself, remembering when he too had cracked jokes at the expense of some helpless woman who happened to pass through the village.

As for poor Rasili, she wished the earth would open and swallow her and thus protect her from the looks of her fellow-beings. Rama Charan waited in silence while the men went on talking and making fun of him. At last in utter despair he took his little bundle, motioned Rasili to get up and made a move to start, but there stood the chaukidar, the keeper of the peace, in front of him obstructing his path.

"I cannot let you go," said he, "you must satisfy me that the woman with you is your daughter."

"I have told you already," said Rama Charan, "she is my daughter, and that is enough. What can you get by giving a poor weary stranger all this trouble?"

"Trouble indeed!" said the chaukidar, "I must take you to the police station and you will see what a warm reception they give you. They are gallant enough to welcome a young woman."

At the mention of the police station, a shiver passed through the body of Rama Charan and he stood there utterly broken down. Fortunately just at the very moment came Nandoo Shah, the village moneylender. He was worth many lakhs and was going about visiting villages, collecting his debts and renewing his bonds. The villagers made way for him. The chaukidar fell back and salaamed him as he jumped down from his tat. He was not much unlike the poor villagers themselves; he wore a kurta, a dhotie that could not have cost him more than Rs. 3 and that was all; his tat was worth no more than Rs. 15, and yet he was owner of several villages and had an income of several thousands a year from his investments.

"Bhai Rama Charan, what are you doing here?" he said, turning to the poor barber.

"I am going to Puranpur," said Rama Charan, with some relief, "I may find some work and earn my bread."

"These are bad times," said Nandoo Shah with a groan. "Go, my friend, and may God bless you."

"Rama Rama, Bhai, Rama Rama," said the chaukidar. "You can go your way. I did not know you were known to Nandoo Shah."

Our village is in the same state as yours; those you see about you are sons of rich men; for them there is no famine,"

"You must pay my debt," said Nandoo Shah turning to the chaukidar. "I will accept no excuses, you get your pay regularly."

Rama Charan salaamed Nandoo Shah and at once started on his way to Puranpur with his daughter.

Towards evening they reached Puranpur, a small town, though the principal one of the district. It was all so new to Rasili; just when she was approaching the city, a railway train puffed past her and she gazed at it in astonishment, wondering how such a long train of carriages could be driven by smoke. Everything was different from what she had been used to, the sandy track had given place to a metalled road, the fields about the city were laid out in gardens and were smiling with verdure. In place of a few rambling thatched huts familiar to her in her village, there were well-built houses, packed closely and extending as far as the eye could see. The roads were blocked by strings of carts carrying grain from the city, while ekkas and carriages rattled along at a great speed. Crowds of what appeared to Rasili well-dressed people walked about as if they had nothing to do. She held on to her father and gazed at everything in great wonder. The street through which her father led her was narrow and crowded, but it had a prosperous look, with its sweetmeat stalls ranged on both sides with their load of sweets and swarms of flies. She felt as if in wonderland; there was no sign of scarcity here, the grain famine seemed to affect only those who produced the grain. They who did not labour to produce it, lived in better houses and better places. She walked after her father very much puzzled and held a corner of his shirt lest she might be lost.

Rama Charan led her to a public Dharma Shalla, where he had often stayed before. It was a large quadrangle building with rooms on all sides and a small door opening on the street. In the courtyard stood a temple of Shiva, with a large bell, and a well near by. It had been built and endowed with an income of several thousand rupees a year by a rich banker, for the entertainment of poor travellers, who could not find shelter elsewhere. During the lifetime of the banker, weary travellers were given rest and food, but since his death, the keeper of the Dharma Shalla had got himself entered as a proprietor. However, he kept a show of entertaining the poor. He too had gone the way of all mankind, and his son having taken to the gay life of the town, could spare nothing for the charity. He kept the Dharma Shalla open, and employed a Brahman to receive such people as could pay for their

lodgings by suitable offerings at the shrine. The reception which Rasili and her father received was therefore anything but warm.

"Who are you?" shouted the keeper, a well-fed, sleek, old, oily Brahman. "This is no place for such as you."

"Maharaj," said Rama Charan bowing, in great humility "I touch your feet, we are weary travellers and seek shelter for the night."

"Go to the sarai," said the keeper closing his eyes. "This is no place for paupers."

"Maharaj," said Rama Charan, "have pity upon us. Pray do not send us away into the streets."

"If I were to feel for every poor man that comes, I would be ruined," he grumbled.

"We are tired, we are hungry," pleaded Rasili, who was completely broken and weary, "give us shelter for the night and we will go away to-morrow."

"Who are you?" said the Brahman looking up.

"I am his daughter," said Rasili, casting such a beseeching look at him.

"I am no stranger to you, Maharaj," said Rama Charan. "I have often come and stayed here, with the Mukhiajee of my village."

"What is your name?" asked the keeper, who was looking at Rasili with great admiration.

"I am Rama Charan, barber of Piagpur."

"We are poor," pleaded Rasili again. "We have been driven by hunger from our home. My mother is dead and we are homeless."

The keeper could not resist her pleadings, he was conquered.

"You can stay," he muttered, rising. "I will show you a room. What can I do? The Dharma Shalla is besieged from morning to evening by paupers." Thus saying he led them to a room.

"May God bless you, Maharaj," said Rama Charan, as Rasili sank on the floor. "It is so good, so kind of you to give us shelter: may your abode be in the heaven of Indra."

"Things must be very bad in your part of the country?" asked the Brahman.

"It is terrible, Maharaj," answered Rama Charan, "for days and days we have not known a full meal."

"Is it really so bad?" said the Brahman. "Even here, I have no peace, I pass the whole day driving away the paupers. Wait; I will send you some food."

The fat old man moved away, and in about two hours' time he sent them platefuls of rice and vegetables. After many days they had a full meal and then laid themselves down on the bare ground to sleep. Nature gave them delicious dreamless sleep, sweeter far than the sleep of rich people disturbed by a thousand dreams.

Next morning Rama Charan rose early ; he felt refreshed after his morning bath, and leaving Rasili in her little room, he went out to seek work.

The keeper came to her room and sat down beside her. In his youth, like other Brahman boys, he had lived a free gay life, and even now in his old age, his heart was young. He liked to talk to women, in his old, old manner, and after a little time he began :

"Your face is like the moon when it is at its zenith. I am wondering how you came to be born in the house of poor Rama Charan."

Rasili made no reply ; the man was old enough to be her grandfather.

"What incomparable eyes!" continued the keeper in honest admiration, "It seems as if the light of the sun has found shelter in lotuses floating in a limpid lake."

Rasili drew her blue saree over her face and turned aside.

"You have veiled your face ; it seems as if a blue cloud has floated before the moon and eclipsed it. Why hide your face from me, daughter ? Never make such pretences before holy men, it angers the gods."

"Maharaj," said Rasili, in a tremulous voice which was shaken by the beating of her heart. "I am a poor village maiden and cannot understand the meaning of your learned words."

"What music ! how sweet thy voice is !" said the old Brahman, who was struggling to keep himself awake, as the opium and hemp which he had taken in the morning were asserting their influence. It was all in vain—in a moment he was dosing with his eyes closed, his head sunk on his knees. Rasili looked at him and burst into a musical little laugh.

"This is no time for laughing," said the old man opening his eyes. "It is thy magical eyes, thy enchanting presence, which have put me under a spell. I am an athlete and in my youth, no one got better of me in wrestling matches."

"Now Maharaj !" said Rasili, who was beginning to get amused, "you had better wrestle with opium and hemp and win your victories under their influence."

"Silly girl! Hemp is divine, it rests in the hair of Shiva, it is the real elixir of life and opens the door . . . ." He could not complete the sentence and dosed off again.

He had lived like this from his youth. In the beginning he led a gay life, but slowly opium sapped away all his strength, and since then he dosed away the rest of his life. His day began with a pill of opium and jugfuls of ground hemp which had been kept in dhatura leaves, and he repeated the dose in the afternoon. There was no time when he was not under its influence.

Rasili was greatly amused. There sat before her the Brahmin, his paunch overlapping everything, while his smooth sleek face rested on his breast and his eyes were closed.

"Maharaj! Maharaj!" she said waking him up. "You are feeling sleepy, go and lie down in your room."

"Sleepy! Am I?" said Prem Nath. "I never sleep. I close my eyes and awake into another world. I never, never, get any sleep," and he dosed off again. Rasili left him where he was, went out and sat in the courtyard laughing at Prem Nath.

Rama Charan spent the whole morning in looking for work. Wherever he went he was repulsed. The men who seemed to be rolling in gold, were too poor to afford a day's work to the poor half-starved man,

"What can you do?" said a rich fat Bunia as he sat weighing a bar of gold. "A mere skeleton like you is of no use to me."

The rich man forgot that his own paunch had grown at the expense of such men as the one whom he now called a mere bundle of bones; he forgot that it was the farmer and the poor village drudge who supplied him not only with food but all the luxuries of his life.

"I am a barber, Sahib," said Rama Charan. "I can clean your plate, shave your head, pare your nails and shampoo your legs."

"A barber! Go away. I have never allowed myself to be touched by a barber. I will have to bathe if you touch me. Rama! Rama!" he added. "What is the world coming to? People now allow barbers to clean their plate."

Rama Charan walked up to another shop where rupees were perpetually jingling. It consisted only of a small dark room and had a large safe in the centre which seemed to fill the whole place. Around it sat three well-clad, well-groomed bankers, with long open account-books, and bags of silver which they were all time counting.

"Salam, Sahib," said Rama Charan.

"What do you want?" enquired the head man closing his bag of silver and assuming a defensive attitude.

"I want half a seer of flour," said the poor villager. "I am a barber and can do any work."

"You a barber!" said the man. "You have not got even a bag of razors. Go to your village and use your razor in mowing the grass on the heads of the rustics."

"I am very poor, Maharaj, I am homeless, I am a stranger here, for God's sake do give me some work."

"One would be ruined in a day," said the Mahajan, "if one were to give employment to all the poor homeless strangers that come. However, I always give a kauri (shell) to any one that comes, here is one for you. It costs me half a rupee a day." He threw him a kauri and turned to his bag and busied himself in counting the money, the magic coin which seems to possess the power of life and death. After a while he looked up and saw Rama Charan still standing in front of the shop.

"Go away," he cried, "otherwise I shall hand you over to the police. I cannot allow you to hang about my place."

"Have mercy upon me," pleaded Rama Charan. "You will acquire merit by helping me."

"I have given a thousand rupees for the Goushala (cow-house)," said the Mahajan. He once had a windfall and made a lakh of rupees; he then gave one thousand rupees for the protection of cows. He was so proud of this that he mentioned it a thousand times during the day.

"You save hungry cows," said Rama Charan, "but human life is nothing to you."

"Lall Chand," cried the Mahajan turning to his durvan (door-keeper), "take this man by the neck and chuck him out."

Before Lall Chand could execute his master's commands Rama Charan had walked away. He left all the shops and walked to the house of a neighbouring zamindar. The zamindar was ready for a shoot, a pack of dogs was in attendance, while an innumerable body of followers, picturesquely dressed, were bustling about.

"What do you want?" enquired Rama Singh, as Rama Charan fell prostrate before him crying for help.

"Sahib," said Rama Charan rising and trembling all over. "I am a poor man, and have left my home as I was starving. For God's sake give me some work."

"What can you do?" asked one.

"There is no place here," said another. "Look at the army of men who find employment here."

"We don't want the police to come and hold an inquest on your body," quoth a jovial fellow.

"I want food, Sahib," said Rama Charan, "nothing but food. I too was once strong and healthy, but I have been starving and now I am what I am."

"You were once perhaps a Kikar Singh," said one.

"No, I was not Kikar Singh," said Rama Charan angrily. "But I could lick a man like you, in two minutes."

"Bravo," said Rama Singh. "The man has spirit, give him two annas." The pice were paid to him and he returned home. Rasili ran to welcome him and they both walked back to their room. Rama Charan was tired and laid himself down for rest. It was terribly hot; the pucca flooring of the house seemed to be burning like fire. But Rama Charan soon sat up, for the keeper, who had just finished his afternoon dose of hemp and opium, became awake for the time being and gave them roasted gram to eat.

"Have you found some work?" enquired Rasili.

"I have found nothing to do, no work, no money. In spite of all the wealth that one sees, the people seem to be very poor in spirit.

"No work!" said Rasili heaving a deep sigh. "May God help us."

"There were men who seemed to be rolling in riches," said he, "their hands are playing all the time with gold and silver and yet they could only spare a shell. We in the villages, though we seldom have money, never grudge a man a day's food."

"What will become of us?" said Rasili in despair.

"I will go round again," said Rama Charan, "I wish I were strong and could work as a common labourer."

"Father, you are weak," said Rasili with solicitude. "Who could endure what you have passed through.!"

"I am living for your sake," said the weary man, "otherwise life has nothing to offer me."

Rasili made no reply but burst into tears. Rama Charan wiped her tears and offered her consolation. Then he went out and brought two annas' worth of Burma rice and they cooked it and had their meal.

*(To be continued.)*

JOGENDRA SINGH.

*Kheri Dist., Oudh.*

## EDITORIAL NOTE.

Ever since Western nations sought to establish their power and spread their civilisation in Asia, they have avowed the possession of a message to deliver to the Orientals. Life looks sordid without a mission. A nation that cared only to convey merchandise or exchange commodities would be, like the ancient Phœnicians, a "nation of pedlars." Along with commodities, it must carry a message at least to the effect that the comforts of life are worth enjoying, worth paying for, worth the time and energy, the brain power and perseverance, bestowed upon producing them. No nation, if it wishes to command any respect, ought to emerge from its home and go to another part of the globe without a philosophy, if not a complete civilisation. That truth has been realised by the Western people. They come not to the East merely with cloth and cutlery, not even with mere steam engines, telephones, and aeroplanes ; they bring with them their literature and their philosophy. When Indians go to the West, albeit without any power, but only with the curiosity of students, shall they not take a message with them ? Are they to go about like rustics who visit a city, and be content to look at the marvels of civilisation with silent open-mouthed astonishment, and recount to their countrymen all that they have seen in Vilayat's fairyland ? The simplest rustic has a message for the erudite scholar. Did not the philosopher admit after hearing the shepherd ?—

Pride often guides the author's pen,  
 Books as affected are as men :  
 But he who studies Nature's laws  
 From certain truth his maxims draws ;  
 And those, without our schools, suffice  
 To make men moral, good, and wise.



The people of India have not only studied Nature's laws, but can boast of books as "affected" as any in the world. Affectation is not wanting in them ; yet about the life and thought of the East there is a simplicity for which a Rousseau might very well sigh. .

Europeans are now more or less familiar with the wisdom of the East. The fact is that they have ransacked Eastern literature and popularised among Orientals themselves what would at one time have remained the property of a few Pandits. The wisdom of the East is known ; many Europeans expound it as ably and as attractively as any Indian, and, indeed, not unoften Indians find the Western interpretations highly suggestive. To recommend the teachings as a message is a duty which many educated Indians, who are proud of the wisdom of their ancestors, would patriotically undertake. Between knowing and doing is a vast gulf. The Eastern preacher would ask the people of the West to reduce to the practice of their daily lives those features of Eastern ideals which they may be intellectually inclined to admire. The value of the message lies in its fitness to be converted into practice. The Christian Commonwealth Company, Limited—a characteristic association of the West, as the name indicates—has published in pamphlet form the Mystical Message of the East to the West delivered some time ago by Professor Vaswani of this presidency. To Mr. Vaswani the most urgent need of the West seems to be "soul-rest." He has been led to think that "Western civilisation makes for power and progress, but not for peace of soul, and he asks : " Is the life of Europe immersed in streams of excitement ? Is it true that the West is smitten with sordid ambitions, feverish struggles, cut-throat competition, efforts of multi-millionaires to have more and more ? Is it true that you feel oppressed by the rapid acceleration of externalism ? " If all this be true, the Professor suggests the remedy. It is to develop a "contemplative attitude to life." To a contemplative nation are promised repose in the place of worry ; strength in the place of struggle ; and even the problem of social democracy, it seems, will be solved. Admittedly there have been mystics in Europe in the past. Quietism has been preached there and has been much discussed by a certain class of thinkers. But the gospel of contemplation has made very little impression on society as a whole. Indeed, some philosophers have given the reason why mysticism would not flourish in the West.

You can contemplate under a warm sun ; you must work in a cold climate. That would appear to be the secret of the difference between tropical philosophy and the restlessness of the temperate zone.

More than fifty years ago an English writer made a study of mysticism, acknowledged the services which it had rendered to Europe, and at the same time pointed out its dangers. "It has exposed pretence," he wrote : "it has demanded thoroughness. It has sought, amidst surrounding formalism, what was deemed the highest form of spirituality. Its strain has been sometimes of a mood so high as to create a soul within the ribs of death." As late as in the seventeenth century mysticism in Europe retained a form which reminds one of the austerities of the Indian Sadhus, and of the famous teaching that the truly emancipated individual is equally indifferent to heat and cold, to pleasure and pain, to good and evil. In order to suppress her Self Madame Guyon went through a discipline which the most severe Indian asceticism could not surpass : "Every day she took the discipline with scourges pointed with iron. She tore her flesh with brambles, thorns, and nettles. Her rest was almost destroyed by the pain she endured. She forced herself to eat what was most nauseous to her ; she often put wormwood in her mouth, and put coloquintida in her food, and when she walked she placed stones in her shoes. If a tooth ached she would bear it without seeking a remedy ; when it ached no longer, she would go and have it extracted." What was the ultimate result of this suppression of Self ? Madame Guyon thought that she had reached a stage of spiritual perfection which transcended the ecstatic mood, and which was nothing less than union with the Divine. "My spirit" she said, "disenthralled from selfishness, became united with and lost in God, its Sovereign, who attracted it more and more to Himself. And this was so much the case that I could seem to see and know God only, and not myself. O happy poverty, happy loss, happy nothing, which gives no less than God Himself in His own immensity, —no more circumscribed to the limited manner of the creation, but always drawing it out of that to plunge it wholly into His Divine Essence." Has any Indian sage or saint avowed a higher experience or described it in more glowing language ? How did the West generally receive the message ? Vaughan seems to have expressed

the general sense of his \*countrymen when he wrote: "We should thank the teacher who bids us to resign ourselves, to be nothing, to wait, to trust. But it is to be feared that such lessons will have the greatest charm for those who need them least—for pensive, retiring contemplatists, who ought rather to be driven out to action and usefulness. It seems to me better to watch against, and suppress as they arise, our selfish tendencies and tempers—our envy, pride, indifference, hate, covetousness—than to be always nervously trying to catch that Proteus, Self, in the abstract."

Science contemplates, no less than metaphysics. Contemplation is ever the precursor of progress and action. The inventor of the steam engine contemplated long and deeply. Edison gets so often absent-minded through contemplation that once at a polling station he forgot his own name and could not give it to the polling officer until a friend who recognised him accosted him by his name. Mathematicians constantly lose themselves in the problems on which their thought is concentrated. All deep thinkers, whether they are occupied with a problem of physics, of social philosophy, or political economy, have their moments of absorption into the subject of their contemplation. Madame Guyon contemplated her God. Edison meditates upon some means of adding to the convenience and comfort of mankind. Is the one kind of contemplation more conducive to the peace of soul than the other? Until the goal aimed at is reached, there would seem to be discontent in both cases, and when the goal is attained and the problem solved, joy follows in the one case as in the other. The language of the Indian saints is as often marked by a dissatisfied longing as by a consciousness of realised and permanent peace. How long shall I stand at Thy door and call out? Why hast Thou hidden Thy face from me?—these sentiments or their equivalents are as common in Indian hymnody as an expression of delight at having obtained the desired vision. The peace which the quietist finds would appear to be the reward of a long and arduous struggle. The *tapas* of former times was a laborious process; the discipline of the European mystic might have ultimately led to peace, but in itself it was the very opposite of peace. It often happens that in contrasting Eastern quietism with Western restlessness, we

place the literature of the West by the side of the actual workaday life of the West. The result cannot be otherwise than misleading. Compare the mill-hand of Western India with the mill-hand of Lancashire, the Indian priest with the European clergyman, the Indian merchant with the American millionaire, the Indian Kunbi with the British farmer, and we understand how far the Oriental enjoys peace and what kind of peace he enjoys. The Indian mill-hand turns out less work than his brother in England ; if he works longer, his ways are more leisurely. He may spend more time in *bhajan*, and he may drink less than the British operative. What is the difference due to ? Does the Indian operative enjoy more peace of soul ? Does he contemplate more, and if so, what does he contemplate about, and when ? Is his *bhajan* the cause or the effect of his love of peace and leisure ? If the British operative spent a little more time in contemplation, would he be less vigorous and restless ? We doubt if these questions can be answered easily. Do Indian merchants devote more time to a contemplation of the unseen than English or American millionaires ? Do they enjoy more peace of mind ? If the Indian merchant were to be less religious, would he make more money ? What would be the effect of a contemplative attitude to life on the energy and enterprise of British merchants ?

The message of the West is practically the poet's well known Psalm of Life. Tell me not in mournful numbers, he sings, that life is but an empty dream. The philosophic error attributed to the East is that Nature is a veil that hides the face of God, and the Rev. Mr. Lloyd Thomas, in enunciating the message of the West, tells Professor Vaswani's countrymen that Nature is a manifestation of God. The Professor rightly contends that over and over again in the Hindu books it is said that the world is a revelation of the Infinite Energy. The fact is that the two statements which are contrasted are really two sides of the same truth, equally recognised in the West as well as in the East. The Indian teaching is that as long as a man is ignorant of the reality which underlies the phenomenal universe, his ignorance acts as a veil which hides the face of the in-dwelling Spirit from him ; as soon as man acquires a knowledge of the reality, the universe presents itself to him as nothing more than a manifestation of the Spirit. Whether, therefore, Nature

is a veil or a manifestation to man depends upon his state of mind, on the progress which he has made in the apprehension of the world around him. No one can misunderstand the teaching of the East who has read in the Bhagavadgita the famous sentences: "I the sapidity in waters ; I the radiance in sun and moon; the word of power in all the Vedas; sound in ether, and virility in men; the pure fragrance of earths and the brilliance of fire am I; the life in all beings am I; and the austerity in ascetics." The Eastern psalm of life is less inspiring than that of the West, not because of the theory of Maya, but because of the doctrine that a soul which is under the sway of desire is not emancipated, and is liable to go through the round of births. As Oldenburg has said " life begins and passes away in India, as the plant blooms and withers, subject to the dull rule of the laws of Nature ; and the laws of Nature can produce nothing but typical forms. Only where the breath of freedom floats are there proud forces of manhood unfettered, which enable one to become and dare to become something individual, like himself alone." If the West were to suppress individuality and self, life would be as dull there as in the East, whether Nature be a veil or manifestation. It was long ago perceived by Indian thinkers that society would come to a standstill if a motive force of action like desire were suppressed. The stronger the individuality, the more active a life. If the warrior did not care for the laurels of the battlefield, if the ruler looked down upon the triumphs of good government and the gratitude of his subjects, if the trader did not care for large profits, if the agriculturist was satisfied with a poor harvest, how could society prosper ? On the other hand, a certain school of philosophy taught that, as long as the individual soul was not divested of all desire, even as the Universal Spirit was free from it, the separation from the Divine must continue, and birth must follow after birth without any hope of emancipation. The dilemma was solved by Krishna's recommendation to Arjuna that the duties enjoined by the Shastras and other laws obligatory on a member of society should not be shirked, but at the same time these duties must be discharged without any " desire for the fruit of action." The solution reads very well on paper, and sounds very logical. Modern Hindus maintain that the Gita preaches a gospel of action, and if Hindus are less active

than Europeans, and if they have not developed their faculty for organisation for charity and public good, the blame should not be laid at the door of their philosophy, but elsewhere. The West must teach the art of organisation to Orientals, but a discussion of philosophy does not convey the necessary instruction. If East and West must exchange their ideals of peace of soul and activity in life, they must study the practice of the nations, and decide what may be adopted and what rejected. Abstract philosophy will not help.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

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A shadow temporarily fell last month upon the sunshine that had spread through the land ever since Their Majesties' forthcoming Durbar in India was announced. For some time the behaviour of the monsoon caused considerable anxiety. Certain parts of the country have received rain slightly in excess of the normal quality. But in others the crops have well-nigh withered. In Bombay the continual absence of rain during the greater part of July caused so much anxiety that the orthodox sections of the various communities offered special prayers to Heaven for the reappearance of the monsoon. It is probable that the monsoon will re-establish itself in the beginning of August ; but if it does not, the outlook for the agriculturist, the labouring classes, for Government as well as the people, will be rather serious, and the most auspicious event of the year will be marred by a consciousness of a great public misfortune. However, there is time to hope that the cycle of good years upon which the Government has calculated, trusting in some mysterious law of meteorological continuity which has not yet been demonstrated, will not be interrupted by a period which is to become memorable in other ways.



Ever since the acute manifestation of unrest just about the time when Lord Morley assumed charge of the India Office, and Lord Minto of the Viceroyalty of India, the policy of the Government has been much discussed in England as well as in India. Concession has been contrasted to repression, and a combination of the two has in some quarters been interpreted as a sign of weakness and indecision. It is admitted that one section, by far the largest, of the educated community is, for the time being at least, satisfied with the recent constitutional reforms, and therefore the situation is said to have considerably improved. But in the mysterious depths of Indian society, penetrated not even by the criminal investigation department, there seem to be working forces which occasionally cause a violent shock to the public sentiment. The very fact that the police are not able to localise these centres of mysterious and

dangerous activity may be accepted as a proof that they are sporadic. Yet their existence cannot be contemplated with complacency, and must detract from the assurance that the situation is improving. How to deal with the unknown and irreconcilable enemies of peace is a perplexing question. Nothing succeeds like success, it is said ; and nothing fails like failure. Of late the responsibility for the continuance of anarchism has in some quarters been thrown upon the law courts, which construe the laws of evidence strictly, and upon the executive Government, which now and then shows leniency to young offenders. It is not easy to follow how the relation of cause and effect is established between impartiality and leniency on the one hand, and the continuance of irreconcilability on the other. There is nothing to show that the hope of getting scot-free, through the leniency of Government and high standards of proof required by the courts, ever operates on the minds of the young men who risk their lives and their liberty in taking the lives of others. Mr. Montagu, therefore, must have spoken sincerely, and not merely by way of supporting the Government and the law courts, when he said in his speech on the Indian budget, that the courts cannot be deflected one jot from that strict justice which has won them the respect of all sections of the community, nor the executive from clemency when they consider it advisable. The Under-Secretary of State, however, did not mention whether the Government was considering any plan, hitherto untried, of dealing with better success, if possible, with anarchism. It is well known that the Government is considering the expediency of repealing the exemption clauses of the Arms Act, and requiring a license in all cases where a person wishes to possess himself of a pistol or a revolver. It seems to be believed that the weapons used by the anarchists may in many cases be traced to a lawful source. This is denied by some persons, and how exactly the anarchists obtain their firearms remains to this day a mystery.



Whatever the effect of the constitutional reforms on the attitude of the people may have been, the Secretary of State seems to have at last come to the conclusion that for a long time to come no further modification of the system of Government can be attempted. The concessions already granted are not inconsiderable, and in the first place their operation on the general course of administration will have to be carefully watched. Then again, the impediments cast in the way of progress by the heterogeneous character of the population are plain at every step. Almost every question of importance appears to have a Hindu side and a Muhammadan side. One would have thought that all sections of the community would welcome a rapid diffusion of primary education. But even here there are many Muhammadans who cannot see eye to eye with Hindus. The rapid extension of education may



necessitate compulsion to secure attendance and taxation to meet the cost. Compulsion is more distasteful to Muhammadans than to Hindus, at least to Hindus of means, and on the taxing local bodies the Muhammadans feel that they are not adequately represented. Then again, the Muhammadans are interested in the spread of Urdu, and facilities do not at present exist for the teaching of that language. Therefore many a Muhammadan seems to feel that the time has not yet come to make education compulsory and to secure the sinews by fresh taxation. The depressed classes of Hindu society would welcome the spread of education by any and every means, but they have their own differences with the higher classes. Lastly, political privileges are a luxury under a good Government ; to divert the energies of the people from economic effort, from the advancement of agriculture and commerce, to political struggles which are not necessary for their welfare, but would only gratify sentiment, is to forget the primary object of all government. Mr. Montagu has rightly advised Indian patriots to be satisfied for the present with the political privileges that have been granted to them, and to apply their energies to the promotion of the social, material and moral welfare of the country.



The Secretary of State has shown some interest in the social questions that await solution in India by inquiring whether the provisions of the Penal Code which are directed against prostitution are fully taken advantage of and whether further legislation is necessary to help the cause of purity. Legislation seems to be necessary in Madras to prevent the adoption of minor girls as daughters by prostitutes. Moreover, the Secretary of State's inquiry does not go far enough. The disposal of minor girls as concubines is as immoral a practice as their initiation in the trade of prostitutes. Indians are nowadays as alive to the necessity of social legislation as Government. The Hon. Mr. Basu's Bill for introducing civil marriages among Hindus, Muhammadans and others, has met with considerable opposition from the orthodox, and to some extent from reformers also for a different reason. If unnecessary dust is not raised in the course of the controversy, one may clearly see the way to the attainment of Mr. Basu's objects without injuring the susceptibilities of the orthodox. Mr. Basu or some one else may very well initiate the necessary legislation in the cause of purity.

## BOOK NOTICES.

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**"A Journalist's Pilgrimage."**—The work of a literary man or a journalist touches life at so many points that the memories of such are almost always of more general interest than those of other professional people—the lawyer, the physician or the actor usually moving within a more immediate and limited circle. Very interesting as conjuring up a vanished social state is the recently issued "*Pilgrimage of My Life*" by Thomas Catling (John Murray: London), till lately the Editor of *Lloyd's News*, and for many years a prominent figure in the picturesque and often tragic panorama of Fleet St. With its lessons of promptitude, pluck and resource, it may be of peculiar value to Young India, now entering so largely on journalistic fields.

In his introductory "Apology," Mr. Catling tells us that he has striven to avoid the vanity of autobiography, but found that "the vital changes affecting the national, political and social life of the people during the past seventy years could only be presented with the right perspective through the medium of individual experience." He has certainly avoided this "vanity of autobiography"—possibly to our loss, for one could wish that he had told us more of his own intimate impressions and views. But in the endeavour to avoid the snare of this "vanity," one often falls into an unexpected trap. For, by the observant, genuine autobiography is best traced in the revelation of what has clung to a man's memory—and of what he has done and has felt temperamentally forced to do. Thus, despite his modesty, Mr. Catling stands revealed as a kindly, courageous, diligent personality, swift to seize all opportunities for good—even for saying a pleasant word about some who sorely need to be viewed from a charitable standpoint!

Mr. Catling, who was born in 1838, belonged by birth to simple homely people. Yet his lines fell in sunny places, for his father kept a garden for "profit" near the ancient university town of Cambridge. So Mr. Catling is one more instance of the character and culture which have issued from that productive (not merely distributive) "middle class," which in Britain is being gradually squeezed out of existence by present-day "policies" and "economics"—a class whose members being often more careful for credit and honour than for gain, rarely made fortunes, seldom even competencies, but contributed to its country's welfare more than its proportionate quota of "bairdly chieles an' clever hizzies."

In Mr. Catling's young days, life in all classes was much "harder" than it is now. The very kindling of fires or lighting up of rooms involved skill and effort. Possibly such conditions also *evolved* skill and effort! The undue multiplication of mechanical appliances tends to reduce human beings to automata, who fulfil their being by merely pulling a string or pressing a button! When comfort depended wholly on certain activities of eye and hand, and when every incident in life was an occasion for patience and fortitude, some mental training and moral discipline were perforce accepted even by the most unwilling. Take the matter of travelling. Third class railway passengers to-day receive an amount of protection and even luxury such as could not be secured by any amount of money less than a century ago. The abuse of trams and motors may presently reduce walking power! If human will and energy do not keep in front of mechanical inventions and facilities, mankind will become not the master of machinery but its slave. Wisely wrote the poet :

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."

Mr. Catling remembers when festivals and feasts were a genuine part of British village life. Efforts are now being made to revive something of these in the form of "pageanties"—but unless the latter become more impromptu and less elaborate than they seem to be at present, they will be less an outcome of national life than an excrescence upon it. Concerning the vanished jollities, Mr. Catling makes a shrewd observation: "With the (then) increasing growth of the drink habit," he says, "these old sports degenerated into an intolerable nuisance." Did this alleged growth in uproarious drinking date from the time when "brewing" ceased to be a village or even a home industry, and was converted (by law) into a "vested interest"?

Before Thomas Catling was twelve years old, family exigencies plunged him into working life. At that early age, he entered the printing office of the "Cambridge Chronicle" as a sort of general factotum. The work was sometimes very hard and prolonged for his tender years, and he remembers once getting into trouble through dropping off to sleep while standing at the printing machine. The office organisation was of the most primitive kind. Though packets of the "Cambridge Chronicle" were prepared for country news-agents, the copies for town-subscribers were delivered by each of the office workers taking those destined for houses that lay along his homeward route in the early morning.

It was in those days that Thomas Catling gave the first indication of the "journalistic instinct." He wrote out an account of his fellow-workers, their duties and qualifications, with comments of his own. In changing a coat, this document fell out from its pocket and was read aloud at the weekly office supper, "to the great amusement of all," says he, "except the author."

When he was fourteen, Thomas Catling changed into a jobbing printer's office, where he says he learned a great deal of the art, and

where, out of a wage of five shillings weekly, he managed to scrape enough to subscribe to a library. The first book whose loan he hired was Dickens' recently issued "Bleak House."

He was little more than fifteen when he started for London, with a capital of a single sovereign. Before leaving home, he had secured a job in the metropolis, but the work for which he was engaged was finished in a single week! This was exactly the contretemps which may sometimes warp a lifetime. But this lad was undaunted. He wrote in his diary, "Am rather dull, but don't despair of getting another situation: determined not to go home under any circumstances." Fortune favours the brave—those who are brave not only in action, but also in patience and fortitude. In less than a week he secured a situation in the great printing house of "Lloyds"—and for that firm he worked for more than fifty years—passing up from journeyman printer to the editorial chair.

He became sub-editor of *Lloyd's News* about twelve years after he had gone into the printing office. A sudden emergency arose and the clever young compositor was asked, "Do you think you could sub-edit the paper?" To hesitate was, he knew, to be lost. His prompt reply was "yes." The truly modest are always ready to do their best: it is really vanity which apologises and "wobbles." Mr. Catling writes of this crisis—

"A newspaper discussion concerning the truth or falsity of the saying, 'Every man has his opportunity,' had deeply impressed me: and here appeared my chance. I embraced it at once, without any question as to hours, duties, engagements, salary, or other possibilities; took off my apron and stepped from the composing frame into the sub-editorial room."

Never was there a better illustration of Shakespeare's lines,

There is a tide in the affairs of men  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

And what an encouragement the incident offers to the humble anonymous newspaper correspondent! Who knows whose contribution to the "discussion" inspired young Catling's determination? It may even have been the letter of somebody conscious of personal failure in this very respect. Let us all build up our philosophy of life to the very best of our ability, for often we may build better than we know—if too late for our own advantage, then for that of somebody who has never even heard our obscure name.

Not the least suggestive and significant of Mr. Catling's three hundred and sixty-five pages are the two or three devoted to the foundation and rise of the now world-known weekly *Lloyd's News*. Mr. Lloyd started it in 1842, as an "unstamped" illustrated penny weekly of eight small pages, with two serial stories. "Unstamped" periodicals might not give "news," but the little paper ventured on pictures of national events or social tragedies. Fiction was not confined to the serials, for the police cases were entirely fictitious. But theatrical and other entertainments received much attention. The paper managed to

elude official attention for a few weeks; then the Commissioners of Stamps decided that it had transgressed the limit set for unstamped periodicals, and Mr. Lloyd received their ultimatum, "Stamp it or stop it." Mr. Lloyd decided to pay the stamp duty, and raise the paper's price to twopence. As fiction could now give place to news, the serials were hurriedly wound up in supplements. Two months later, the paper was greatly enlarged and the price raised to threepence. News-agents and the proprietors of high-priced papers fought valiantly against the new threepenny departure, and for seven or eight years its struggle was very hard. The "Stamp" involved a penny tax on every copy, while a further tax of eighteenpence on every advertisement practically shut out serious receipts from that quarter. Besides these exactions, there was an oppressive duty on paper. Mr. Lloyd afterwards declared that at the end of a week, he often had not known whence would come the money to bring out the next issue. He himself used to drive round the country through the week, supervising advertisements of the paper, always returning to London for the morning of its publication. Mr. Lloyd's advertising trips had a comic side highly illustrative of his resource and energy. He was shaved very frequently and had his hair cut and trimmed several times a day, in order to chat with barbers concerning their neighbourhoods and the possibilities of pushing the paper. A free copy was sent every week to every toll-gate keeper who could be persuaded to put up a bill by the road-side. Bill-sticking firms and their "hoardings" had not yet come into vogue, and a common order for Mr. Lloyd to send back to the office was for "more slips for palings and gates." He even stamped copper coins with his advertisement and paid half the wages of his men with this money, so that it should be well distributed. Presently, Government interfered and passed a bill making it a punishable offence to deface the coins of the realm. (There are some of us who think that Government might well make it a punishable offence, or at least a "taxable commodity," to deface our streets with advertisements, or still worse to obtrude them in scenes of rural loveliness or natural grandeur especially when they are advertisements of "quack" medicines, which probably "suggest" far more maladies than they cure!)

By 1852 (ten years after the founding of *Lloyd's News*) the proprietor was able and willing to offer a salary of a thousand pounds to his first editor-in-chief, the well-known literary man Douglas Jerrold. Two years later—i.e., 1854, when Mr. Catling entered Lloyd's printing office, the circulation (certified by the official returns of the stamp-duty) had reached a weekly average of about ninety-thousand.

The Government duty on advertisements was abolished in 1853. The compulsory stamp-duty was repealed in 1855, and the paper duty was removed in 1861. Thereupon Mr. Lloyd at once reduced the price of his paper to one penny. It was about this time that the electric telegraph first came largely into newspaper use—Reuter's name first appearing in *Lloyds* on September 29th, 1861.

Mr. Catling lets us know that in the year 1900, in Soudanese prisons, convicts were flogged for making "unfounded charges" against prison

officials, and even for stealing an orange! He lets us know other things which serve to indicate that the frequently alleged "contentment" of the Soudanese is little more than a discreet "biding" for opportunity.

Altogether he has given us a book well worth reading, full of suggestion and pervaded by a good kindly spirit. Although at no point would it be wise or well for Oriental newspaper proprietors and journalists to copy any of the features of European newspaper enterprise, still they may receive many hints from the story of a British newspaper. Success alike in India or Britain lies in the path of unwearied personal attention and application—of an openness to hear both sides of every question and of a readiness to meet the mental needs of people diverse in age, class, and culture. Editors should be men of sensitive tact and great promptitude. The romance of real life should always have its place—and fiction should be indigenous to the soil, unless in the case of foreign fiction of the very highest type, inculcating progressive ideals and introducing its readers to the outlook and aspiration of other peoples. Dogmatism in religion or word-spinning in metaphysics should be eschewed, but there should be an organised attempt to acquaint the newspaper reader with the highest ethical teaching in the classic literature of his own or other lands. In short, a newspaper should be neither more nor less than the university, debating club and recreation room of "the man in the street." If it finds its way down to the right level of humble clarity and commonsense, there is little fear of its not finding its way up to the tablelands of culture and philosophy.

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

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**Police and Crime in India.**—By Sir Edmund C. Cox, Bart. With 28 illustrations. London: Stanley Paul & Co. 12s. 6d. net.

"What is truth?"—One of Sir Edmund Cox's chapters opens with this ancient riddle, and the author's thirty years in India in the Police service did not tend to make him under-estimate the difficulties of giving a satisfactory answer. At the same time, when so many contradictory statements have been made about the police, and such unsparing denunciations have been uttered in the press, in Council and in Parliament, of the agency upon which our civil government depends, Sir Edmund felt it a duty to try and put before the public that reasoned and reasonable view which is the nearest approach we can get to truth in any question where human nature is largely involved.

Sir Edmund begins with an historical review of the service; but the police are a comparatively new institution in India—a fact to which they owe many of their defects—and there is but little historical precedent for them to work upon. In the days when one made a suit *in forma pauperis* by ringing Jehangir's golden bell, there was neither an Evidence Act nor an Indian Penal Code, and the Emperor's rough-and-ready method of having the accused trampled by an elephant, while

it was, no doubt, terrifying to evildoers, does not commend itself as an efficient method of doing justice among 315,000,000 imperfect human beings. Our author describes the various expedients that were tried and their total failure, until Sir Charles Napier, fresh from witnessing Sir Robert Peel's police reforms, came along and created an Indian police on lines as similar as might be, save that the different branches are more sharply distinguished than in England. Napier also introduced the un-English system of punishing a whole village where it was morally certain that there was a conspiracy to conceal crime, but whether he also invented the system of "punitive police" does not appear. On the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, Outram had raised some Bhil police levies which did good service before Napier's regular force came into existence.

In his "Studies of Indian Life and Sentiment," Sir Bampfylde Fuller says that the ordinary villager is normally extremely truthful, but becomes a reckless perjurer in a court of law. Sir Edmund Cox, perhaps because he was looked upon by the natives with whom he came in contact as an embodiment of the law, is inclined to agree with the hasty Psalmist in his estimate of human truthfulness. Still, he endeavours to be fair. The police, as he says, are of the people, and not naturally evil; but if all men are liars the police obviously cannot claim exemption from the common failing. The police are accused of every sort of moral turpitude, but most particularly of greedy corruption, and it is beyond dispute that some of what is said about them is perfectly true. But there is also a police point of view, and Sir Edmund expounds this very ably and makes his case all the stronger by refraining from any attempt to whitewash the police. But he is no rural idyllist; he says that a proportion of the inhabitants of every village are potential, when not actual, criminals.

Sir Edmund Cox has the gift of being interesting even when he is writing on the Criminal Codes; when he proceeds to the actual details of the work done under them, he displays the combined qualities of raconteur and expositor in a high degree. Where except in India would you find such a topsy-turvy form of vendetta as the village Montagus and Capulets killing their own relations and depositing the corpses in one another's compounds so as to get the rival house into trouble? Often the genius of Macaulay struggles in vain against the oriental desire to please. Ganpat Raghu is known to the village, to the D.S.P. and to the police, as a dangerous criminal. What could be of better public service than to convict him even if the evidence has to be faked a little? And so Ganpat is hauled up with elaborate evidence against him; it breaks down through some unforeseen flaw, and a too-zealous policeman is punished and dismissed with ignominy from the force, while the wicked continues to flourish.

Torture by the police for the sake of extracting a confession is a charge of which we have heard so much lately that it might well be thought by the ordinary newspaper reader to be universal. Sir Edmund Cox believes it to be exceedingly rare, but does not deny its existence or the disrepute which it brings upon the police. He sug-

gests as a remedy that no confession should be recorded until the prisoner is brought to trial. It is obvious, indeed, that some such step is necessary, for, rightly or wrongly a retracted confession has come to be regarded as a positive advantage for the defence and as throwing discredit on the prosecution. Sir Edmund gives some curious instances of self-inflicted injuries done with the express object of getting the police into trouble. But while he is in favour of curtailing the temptations resulting from too much power, he is no advocate of the separation of the judicial and executive. As a matter of fact, Sir Edmund Cox sticks to his last, and is concerned entirely with the police and their reputation and improvement. On the value of personal influence he is very emphatic, and gives instances of the conversion of budmashes into a respectable police force, or of a relapse in the opposite direction, solely due to the character of the head of the district.

The criminal tribes afford the reader of this book much entertainment and many a good story, but the author says that the whole of India is a happy hunting ground for swindlers of every variety. An illiterate populace is a curious mixture of scepticism and gullibility, and while Government is sometimes exasperated at a simple order being misinterpreted, the sham fakir rejoices in the readiness with which the villagers swallow his most preposterous statements. The English reader would probably be impressed with the idea that India is a land of chicanery and little else, but it was the author's business to see the seamy side of life, and, to be just to him, he also dwells upon Indian virtues. But bad people are frequently more interesting than good ones, and Sir Edmund Cox's rogues' gallery affords particularly amusing company.

**The Glory of the Almond Trees.**—By Margarita Yates. London: John Long, Ltd.

This is a little volume of essays whose chief feature is a great love of the beauties of nature; sometimes the parallel between nature and human life seems a little uncertain, and where natural objects are personified, the reader involuntarily makes a comparison with Shelley, which is unfair to mortal author. One or two of the essays take the form of stories, but they, like the rest, derive their chief beauty from the delicate expression of lofty thought and love of nature. The two most characteristic of the writer's tastes and range of thought both appeared in *East & West*. These are "The Flowers of Tennyson"—which might be described as a lovingly annotated anthology of Tennyson's references to flowers: and "Hertha"—an essay inspired by Swinburne's poem of that name, and exhibiting those conventional mental comparisons which Theosophists mistake for profound thought. It is a fashionable occupation nowadays to find that Swinburne was at one with the Gita, Kant with the Vedanta, or Shelley with the Vedas—and it all means not so much a community in the higher thought as a vindication of Maculay's "intelligent schoolboy."



**Mirage.**—By E. Temple Thurston. London : Methuen. 1s. net.

Mr. Temple Thurston has the rare gift of being sentimental without being sticky. His characters nearly all move amid that world of unreal sensation and imaginary mainsprings that we call "sentiment"—and his art makes it very pretty sentiment too. When we say "unreal" we do not mean untrue to life; most of us, indeed, are sentimentalists, and create around the greater part of our lives an atmosphere of make-believe. The old French Vicomte Du Guesclin did this in his Bloomsbury lodging-house, and so did the faithful servant who followed him through all vicissitudes. It is a charming story of how, with the daughter of his former love, he revives youthful passion, and the servant provides the comic relief by courting a cook, all in the way of service—so as to save her wages—the Vicomte being, as the reader will have inferred from the Bloomsbury interlude, impoverished. He recovers a small modicum of fortune suitable to the revived embers of youthful passion; but nature proves stronger than sentiment, modern finance defeats fortune's efforts, and the Vicomte retires from the lost field—the same admirable and lovable old gentleman as ever.

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# *EAST & WEST.*

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## JUDICIAL TRAINING OF INDIAN CIVILIANS.

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THE training of members of the Indian Civil Service for judicial duties, has been discussed, officially and otherwise, for half a century at least. The subject seems to bristle with difficulties. Some of the questions involved depend for their solution on considerations that are within the exclusive cognisance of the Executive Government. Such questions it would be inappropriate to discuss in these pages.

But the main issues turn upon facts familiar to the general public and involve no disclosure of official secrets. Apart from financial and administrative exigencies, the executive authorities have no exclusive interests or special information in connection with the problem of providing an efficient judiciary. Those authorities undertake the duty of selecting officers to be trained as judges. But the problem of selection for that purpose can only be solved satisfactorily by tests which executive authorities, as such, are not specially fitted to prescribe. Practically the only tests which embryo District and Sessions Judges have to undergo, consist of the open competitive examination in England, the periodical examinations of the successful candidates during their one year of probation in that country, and the departmental examinations held in India.

The competitive examination is now open to candidates for the English, as well as for the Indian, Civil Service. Its scope, therefore, is not, and could not well be, specialised with reference to the future duties to be required from those selected. Its apparent object is to prove the general capacity and industry of those who present themselves, by gauging the use they have made of the

ordinary opportunities of a public school and university course. It does not profess to test aptitude or attainments for any particular profession. Law is an optional subject. The papers set in that subject would demand, in order to ensure a full and accurate solution, a very respectable amount of study. But the subject is made neither compulsory nor preferential. And the candidate who selects it at the open competition, is at a decided disadvantage as compared with competitors who offer themselves for examination only in subjects which have been their lifelong study. At the periodical examinations held for successful candidates after the open competition, among the subjects prescribed certain branches of Law are included. But the standard is necessarily low, as the probationers are but beginners—and a single year is not a very ample period in which to “master the lawless science of our law,” to say nothing of the Hindu and Mahommedan systems and the Indian codes and the vernaculars and other subjects to be studied during the same period. If any of the probationers take exceptional interest in legal studies and make exceptional progress in them, they may obtain money prizes awarded in England, but no notice appears to be taken of their predilections or attainments in India or at least no noticeable effect appears in their selection for legal or judicial posts in India. All the successful candidates on arrival in India are required alike to pass departmental examinations—in which the main stress is laid upon fitness for revenue and executive work—and the legal attainments required are little more than elementary. In preparing for these examinations, junior civilians have ample opportunities of learning from their seniors and superiors in the executive branch, for they are placed under experienced Collectors, and are put in part charge of talukas as soon as possible. For legal training, practical or theoretical, no facilities seem to be afforded. And the Executive Government deem it desirable that the early years of all junior civilians alike should be occupied with revenue work, whatever their future destinies may be. Thus there is no time allowed—even were there opportunities afforded—to prepare for judicial duties. Ordinarily, members of the Civil Service are invited, or at least permitted, to elect for themselves which of the two alternative branches they will join. It is a fact too well known to be disregarded, that to the majority

of the service, judicial work is positively distasteful. And disinclination for the work is not likely to be accompanied by special aptitude for it. Most vigorous young Englishmen are naturally attracted by the prospect of outdoor life in the districts. They prefer practical work, affording apparent scope for beneficent initiative, and promising tangible results. Sedentary routine repels them—and they dread the drudgery of recording evidence and listening to arguments after they have made up their minds. Their more generous feelings are stirred by the troubles of the struggling peasantry. Those troubles seem traceable to the action of the Law Courts, which executive officers regard with detestation and contempt. There is a general feeling that the executive authorities do not regard with special favour members of their staff who express a decided preference for other than executive work. The young civilian feels that by electing for the judicial, he would shut himself out from posts that are deemed the prizes of the service.

It may be that officers who have received judicial training are thereby unfitted for appointments in the Secretariat ; they are seldom chosen for such appointments. And High Court Judges can now no longer look forward to becoming Members of Council, as it is held that the dazzling prospect might affect their impartiality. It does not appear, however, to have been suggested that the independence and efficiency of the Bench could be more effectually maintained by dissociating the executive authorities from complete control in the selection and promotion of judges. The uncertainty of promotion is one of the disadvantages with which the judicial aspirant has to reckon. He knows that after some years of service in the judicial ranks, when he is himself debarred from all return to the revenue branch, he may be superseded by the migration from that branch of seniors who have failed either to give or to get satisfaction as executive officers. As to the quality and quantity of work respectively required in the two departments, no young civilian, and indeed no officer who has not tried both, is competent to form an opinion. But all officers know that both the quality and the quantity of the work depends very largely upon the conscientiousness of the individual officer in each case. And every one, however meagre his experience, knows that conscientious work in the administration of justice demands the laborious preparatory

training required for a learned profession and after that continuous reading to keep pace with current decisions, as well as almost meticulous caution in applying the principles of law and equity in each case that arises. It is not showy work—and the junior civilian is well aware that it attracts little if any notice from the dispensers of honours. The value of decisions in criminal cases is apt to be gauged by the number of convictions and the severity of sentences. And as to civil cases, by far the most difficult part of a judge's work, authorities who are not judicial, have no data for testing the work done, except the rapidity of its disposal. The civilian, ambitious of distinctions, will avoid the entrance to the judicial department which, so far as honours are concerned, might well be inscribed with the warning, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."

Considerations of this nature, affecting the prestige and attractiveness of judicial service, operate, it is believed, with young civilians to deter them from electing a career apparently attended with so many disadvantages. In enumerating those disadvantages, the object has been, while avoiding conscious exaggeration, to present the view in which the prospects of judicial service are generally regarded by junior civilians when taking counsel with themselves and their fellow-officers as to the election to be made. Whether all the apprehensions indicated above are fully justified by the facts, or not, no one who has long been a member of the Civil Service can doubt that those apprehensions are current in its ranks. It is, therefore, hardly surprising that but few junior civilians should volunteer for work on the Bench or should strenuously prepare to fit themselves for such work. In default of volunteers, compulsory recruitment is inevitable. To be selected by Government for the judicial, or as one young civilian of promise put it, "to be thrown howling into the judicial," is regarded as a very doubtful compliment, if not a punishment and disgrace, implying incapacity for other duties. Some few accept such a fate with resignation. Among these are officers who are constitutionally indifferent to the pleasures of physical exertion or who think the hot weather vacation allowed to the courts will compensate for eleven months of irksome routine. Unfortunately, the class of officers who are on the look-out for an easy time, are precisely those with whom the Revenue Department is most willing to part. Sir Maxwell Melville, who was keen on recruit-

ment for his branch of the service, protested not altogether in jest, that the revenue branch would only spare him men suspected of sunstroke or softening of the brain. In all seriousness, it would be unreasonable to expect that the revenue authorities should hand over the pick of their staff. And so long as no part of the staff from which judges are to be selected, is chosen with particular reference to judicial aptitude and training, while all are invited to join that staff on the understanding that they will ordinarily have the alternative of work more generally congenial, and requiring no elaborate specialisation, so long, it seems, must the difficulty of recruitment for the judicial branch continue. The present system makes no attempt to secure the selection by open competition of any persons ready trained in any branch of law. The year of probation affords no sufficient time for such training, and after their arrival in India, there is still less time and there are practically no facilities for such training to be given to members of the Civil Service. In consequence District and Sessions Judges have, without any expert guidance, to grope their way, learning by occasional correction of their blunders, at the expense of the State and the litigants, the elements of a science which their subordinates and those who practise before them, have made their special study for years. The result is costly to the State. It is vexatious and disastrous to honest litigants; it is humiliating to the officers themselves. It redounds to the discredit of the whole service and detracts from the prestige of British administration. Some failures must be expected in every service—though it is the object of an entrance examination to exclude them. But an entrance examination invites failures and defeats the object for which it is held, if it tests only the general culture of candidates for a service which requires in a large proportion of its personnel, special qualifications and affords no adequate opportunities for the subsequent acquisition of those qualifications. A syndicate of practical men, undertaking to provide skilled workmen, would start by forming an estimate of the probable demand for any particular class of work required and would then take care, before engaging applicants, that a due proportion of them were ready and able to undertake that class of work. Applicants would not be expected to fit themselves for their work by attending night schools or Sunday classes after they had obtained places. One would not raise even a band of



fiddlers without finding out first whether the men could play or were tone-deaf; nor would one expect them to perform in public before they knew their notes. An apology for insisting on these truisms would be due to the reader but that the principles involved in them are treated as if they were not true at all in dealing with the question of selecting and training the future judges of India. The Forest, the Telegraph, the Educational and the Public Works Departments, are supplied with superior officers imported from Europe ready trained for their respective duties. Without making any invidious comparison between any of these departments and the judicial, either as to the difficulty of the work or the amount of specialisation required, it may at least be safely affirmed that in all civilised countries, the course prescribed for those who seek to qualify for practice in the legal profession in the less responsible capacity of advocates, occupies as long a period as that prescribed for any profession whatsoever.

There is no apparent reason for relaxing such requirements in the case of Indian judges. The cases that arise for decision, are generally complex, and are of importance as involving questions of title to immovable property, priority among mortgages, and the like. The people are, if not litigious, at least generally ready to appeal to the law as well as to abide by it. And there is no other branch of study for which the educated classes in India have shown such striking aptitude or in which they have made such progress. It seems a strange anomaly that the department to which the people have to look for law and justice, the protection of life, liberty and property, should be the one department officered by men who, as a class, have not specialised at all—and though they have no doubt received a good general education, have barely begun the study of Law before they make their first efforts to apply it. A good general education is indisputably very desirable in a judge. But pre-eminence in any subjects other than law and equity can hardly compensate for the absence of legal attainments in a judge or be taken as indicating a special predilection for jurisprudence. There could be no great difficulty in ascertaining with approximate accuracy the number of vacancies in the judiciary that must from time to time be filled up, nor much difficulty in devising an examination for the purpose which,

while eliminating such candidates as failed to satisfy a reasonable standard of general culture, would make selection among the residue dependent upon competition between students advanced in law and equity. The arrangement necessary would be much of the same nature as that which used to obtain, and probably still obtains, at Cambridge, for candidates going in for honours in classics, and which required from them a certain, but not very marked proficiency in mathematics, as a condition precedent to taking rank in the classical tripos. A fair general education might still be insisted on as a *sine qua non*, without losing sight of the necessity for selecting the best material procurable for the special purpose. It is on the same principle that selected candidates are at present required to get certificates in equitation and pass an examination for physical fitness. They are not required to be jockeys or rough-riders or to have broken the record as athletes—but only to prove that they are not below the average of their class in these respects.

The present system of open competition enables candidates, some of whom, if successful, must be required for judicial work, to exclude law by specialising in almost any branch of learning that they may prefer, without regard had to one of the most essential subjects, a subject which the exigencies of the service make it almost impossible for them to master after they have been selected. So long as a hidebound system of examination presents the Indian Governments only with tyros to train in law and so long as the Indian Governments are without the facilities for training them, and can only spare for the purpose those found to be the least efficient at duties that do not call for such preliminary training, the problem of obtaining an efficient judiciary from the members of the Indian Civil Service, if not altogether insoluble, must entail upon the Indian Governments, the public and individual officers, loss and trouble quite incommensurate with the difficulties that would be involved in modifying that system to meet the requirements of the case. It is not suggested here, and it does not seem ever to have been suggested, that the members of the Civil Service are inferior in general ability to the bulk of those who succeed in the legal profession. Their capacity as a body for mastering the special problems of Indian administration has commanded the admiration

of many statesmen, of unofficials and of foreigners, and their conscientious industry has always been above reproach. Nor can reproach be justly levelled at the individual members who, though presumably of the same calibre as their brother officers, fail to command equal admiration in dealing with the intricacies of a science which they have had no chance of studying. The reproach, if any, attaches to the system which places them in a position for which they were not originally selected or subsequently prepared. It is irrational to complain that oaks cannot be grown from seed that has been selected without any care to include acorns. To sneer at judges for defects due to defective selection, can only deter men of promise from joining their ranks, and lower the status of the service as a whole. Officers who are called on to exercise the highest faculties demanded in a profession for which they have not qualified, require the utmost encouragement to remedy, by their own efforts, the deficiencies for which they are not to blame, and are entitled to the warmest sympathy and the most cordial aid in making such efforts. How far they have met with such sympathy and aid, judicial officers alone can say, and to judge from the unpopularity of the department, perhaps the less said on that subject, the better. It may, however, be noted as a significant fact that the number of competitors for the Indian Civil Service dwindles year by year, and it is not unreasonable to infer that the unattractiveness of one important branch of the service has something to do with this. Judging from the large number of law-students who are called annually to the Bar and the small number who remain to practise in the United Kingdom, there must be many who are not unwilling to go abroad, but who are not allured by the prospects of judicial service in India. Civil Servants in the judicial branch not infrequently spend their furloughs in qualifying at the Bar, but it is an expensive and not very refreshing way of occupying a hard-earned holiday, and does not secure any compensating advantages, on their return to duty; and in seeking the best means of increasing their legal knowledge, they are, after their exile, necessarily at sea, and are furnished with no guidance. The question, however, of the best means to be adopted for the legal education of those already in the service, must be reserved for discussion, should opportunity offer, in an-

other article. In the comments and suggestions offered above, the main object has been to invite attention to the importance of selecting, in the first instance, the most favourable material that can be procured for the purpose required.

HERBERT BATTY.

*England.*

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SISTERS.

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Yes, pensive thoughts I bring  
From the past year  
That veils the dear loved dead,  
And throws o'er life, already grey and worn,  
A deeper shadowing.  
You gathered flowers that day,  
With lichen branch and moss  
And berries varying,  
But not in Autumn's plenty—did you find—  
The sweets of Spring,  
Now these are there, around the chosen spot,  
Bright as with rainbows decked,  
But you ! through waxen eyelids—see them not.

VIOLET DE MALORTIE.

*Oxford.*

## A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL—A STUDY.

**R**OBERT BROWNING and Thomas Carlyle are kindred souls who, having caught the deep pulsations of life, voice forth to us their message of hope in clear and unmistakable tones, but it may be with rugged and volcanic fury. They are the two great seers of England between Shakespeare and Meredith, who have plumbed the deeps, and speak to us full-voiced because clairvoyant. Living in the same age, amidst the same social and political environments, these two original minds worked out their destiny, and taught the world how to live. England of the century that is past was charged with the spirit of unrest in all departments of human thought and activity; and Carlyle and Browning would ever be remembered as the beatific voices of an age of despair. What chart or compass shall guide man through the maelstrom? What shall stay the hunger of body and soul? Carlyle in accents that shall reverberate for ever has told us, "Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness; he has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it." Here is no nostrum at any rate, and even the knowing modern mind may readily acquiesce if it pleases.

Discriminating, indeed, is Carlyle. While he maintains that "all work—even cotton-spinning—is noble," he does not forget to add that "Shakespeare is the grandest thing we (English) have yet done." It is the dignity and ardour of intellectual work that Browning proceeds to examine in "A Grammarian's Funeral." Grammar-grinding may be in itself as dry as dust, and is as much a blind-alley for the soul as cotton-spinning; yet the spirit with which Browning's hero grapples with his task points out an ideal which is as glorious to aspire for as it is hard to attain. It

beckons us to a goal which is not grammar, nor any dry bone for the matter of that, but the very fulfilment of man's destiny, for,

Did not he magnify the mind, show clear  
Just what it all meant ?

He would not discount life, as fools do here,

• Paid by instalment.

Browning's exposition of this simple but grand ideal is conducted according to his own favourite method—dramatisation. He has no recourse, indeed, to dialogue, stage entrances and exits, nor other paraphernalia of histrionics ; in a word, Browning is not theatrical. But he is dramatic to the core in so far as he succeeds in what has been happily termed by Prof. Saintsbury the dissection of the soul. A reader who has dipped into his " Ring and the Book " will readily perceive that in the " Grammarian's Funeral " likewise he has attempted similar though not identical methods of arguing the pros and cons of the problem on hand. In the former the theme is discussed ten times over by nine persons belonging to different sections of Italian society. In the latter the dead grammarian has chalked out the ideal and lived the life. The unsympathetic public are the wet blankets that offer their prudential maxims of the hour in a short-sighted manner, while the parenthetical observations of the poet are the admonitions of a mentor who holds out a warning finger, and heartens the aspirants who walk in the footsteps of their master, the grammarian.

The story is simply told. The curtain rises on a group of students who, carrying the bier of their master,

Famous, calm, and dead,

upon their shoulders struggle through the gloom of the small hours that shrouds

The common crofts, the vulgar thorpes  
Each in its tether,

up a tall mountain upon whose slopes the sun-beams play, in search of sepulture in the citadel on the summit. The tall mountain "cited to the top, and crowded with culture" is an allegory which explains itself. Culture is many-sided. All pursuits are ennobling.

All the peaks soar, but one the rest excels.

But whatever be the branch of pursuit, there is an ideal which transcends all knowledge, and the neophyte in his crass ignorance can at best catch glimpses of it.

Clouds overcome it ;  
 No ! Yonder sparkle is the citadel's  
 Circling its summit.  
 Thither our path lies ; wind we up the heights.

Worthy ideals require worthy disciples. The neophytes should decide not to be spent with the maddening crowd. Since their aim is not to browse on the levels of human life, they should scorn delights, and live laborious days. Hence the inspiring chorus of the hearse-bearers.

Leave we the unlettered plain its herd and crop ;  
 Seek we sepulture  
 On a tall mountain, citied to the top,  
 Crowded with culture.

Yes, croft and thorpe, pasture and hamlet, have their cattle and cattle-like denizens who, blissful in their ignorance, sleep away their span of life. The light of knowledge never dawns upon them. They are tethered by custom and prejudice, their minds work in a groove and their lives are regulated from the outside. Of such the aspirants shall not be.

Leave we the common crofts, the vulgar thorpes.

The trials and sufferings of such a life as is the scholar's lot, the jeerings of the scoffers, the strangeness of the unknown realms of knowledge which he is exploring, all stand against the enthusiastic student as surely as earth's gravity is the sworn foe of the mountain-climber. There is nothing left for it but to end them by opposing a brave heart and a cool head. The unlettered herd may sleep safely within the four walls of their cottages, but the intellectual Livingstone must brave the weather that beats inclemently upon the slopes he is climbing. It has been already remarked that Browning does the duty of a mentor. Beware, says he, the beholders, the philistine scoffers. Sing over your task. Don't give in or give up when infirmities disable you.

Keep the mountain side,  
 Make for the city.

Since the end of all learning is to teach us "how to live" and the latter is the very riddle of the Sphinx, "there is no end to learning." Such a magnificent programme is hard to live up to, but

"Hearten our chorus."

An ideal, however sane and lofty, would prove but an *ignis fatuus* if there is not a hero, an icon, whom the tyros may worship even at the risk of idolatry. In Browning's poems, the life of the master "famous, calm and dead," whose corpse they bear up the heights is the beacon that is a light upon their path, and beckons them from afar. The dead grammarian is the very beau-ideal of disinterested scholarship, realised with the deepest and truest trust in God. If man has been created in the image of his Maker, all honest human endeavours are surely God's. If science has shown that beautiful pigments and scents can be extracted from the ugly coal, comparative mythology has proved how the wrangling over the Greek and other suffixes has given rise to comparative mythology and religion and led to a truer understanding of the same. Of this Browning's hero was fully convinced.

Earn the means first—God surely will contrive  
Use for our earning.

If it is God's look-out to find use for our labours, it is no less man's duty to undertake the task with a view to enlarge the mind and clarify the soul. Gold is refined by all manner of fires, no matter what the nature of the fuel may be. Man's mind is perfected by disinterested work, no matter of what kind. When the time comes for delivering the soul into the hands of the Maker, the latter would certainly perfect whatever remains imperfect in the earthly career. The Grammarian's creed is thus very simple. If man would perfect himself here so far as earthly conditions would permit, the Creator would gladly perfect the perfection.

Was it not great? did not he throw on God,  
(He loves the burthen)—  
God's task to make the heavenly period  
Perfect the earthen?

It will thus be seen that this high man's outlook differs essentially from the low Philistine's. The latter looks at the world between



blinkers. He is busied with little things and his work is soon accomplished.

That low man seeks a little thing to do,  
Sees it and does it.

That low man goes on adding one to one,  
His hundred's soon hit.

But the Grammarian is hammering away at grammar in the name of God and eternity, and his life work extends beyond itself to the very feet of the Almighty.

No end to Learning.

His stupenduous scheme may or may not near completion—in all probability never. His tenure of life may be all too short even for the preliminary labour of collating the necessary materials.

This high man, with a great thing to pursue,  
Dies ere he knows it :

This high man aiming at a million,  
Misses an unit.

What then ? The Philistine may feel sorry that time is fleeting, and the drudgery of work should be soon over in order that earth's delights may be enjoyed.

"Time to taste life," another would have said.

"Up with the curtain."

If earth has ephemeral delights, heaven, says the Grammarian, has everlasting bliss. If life is happiness, as it truly is, then real life is elsewhere, not on this planet of ours.

Actual life comes next ?

Patience a moment.

Such a gospel of work leads to an unquenchable desire for knowledge, and the fever subsides only in the grave. His soul, says the poet, was "hydroptic with a sacred thirst." Of such a scholar, the poet may well say

He was a man born with thy face and throat,  
Lyric Apollo !

although Greek enclitics are as far as the poles from Apollo and lyrics.

A work undertaken in such a spirit cannot but tax all the powers of the mind and rudely shatter even a constitution of iron. He plodded through, converting brain-stuff and physical stamina into culture, and never dreamt that overwork would sap life and usher premature age and infirmity.

How should spring take note  
Winter would follow.

In the clutches of 'calculus' and 'tussis,' without rest or intermission, he did his grim work of life. Like another Heine, whom paralysis and impending death could not deter from writing and publishing, the Grammarian

Gave us the doctrine of enclitic *de*  
Dead from the waist down.

The full fruition of such a scholar's life is beyond the understanding of average men. His, if one would well ponder over it, is the life of a seer, and he can reach the giddy altitudes to which poets and prophets can rise. When the eye rolls in a fine frenzy, meteoric flashes of the light behind the veil illuminate the mental horizon. When the cloud-banks of doubt and ignorance  
a blue  
empyrean of the scholar's mind, and storms the lightnings of intuitive perception shall relieve the thoughts with soft stellar radiance shall come a divine ecstasy of the seer and discoverer. And if to place to peace, it is the peace that the wings of ward to the poor mortals below.

Here—here's his place, where meteors sh  
Lightnings are loosened  
Stars come and go! Let joy break with  
Peace let the dew send!  
Lofty designs must close in like effects  
Loftily lying  
Leave him—still loftier than the world  
Living and dying.

N.

## THE IDEAL OF A NATURAL RELIGION.

**R**ELIGION, according to the Latin word from which it is derived, means a re-binding, a binding again, a second bond. Supposing that there is a God, and that Man depends on Him, is bound to Him by this tie of dependence, Religion implies that Man, too, freely admits, loyally accepts, and lovingly holds fast to this chain that connects him with his God.

Religion has also been defined by Matthew Arnold as "Morality touched with emotion." This is a good and complete definition, but not explicit enough. It omits to point out the foundations of this Morality, and the grounds of this emotion. What is Morality? What is its connection with religion? How are they aroused and maintained? This last is an important question. If our passions have been the source of all the power we have had to compel, control, and exalt the actions of others to what extremes, how enthusiastically, and with what wide consequences. In other words, on what is based that it shall rule the primal passions of Man? If passion, stronger than any, the strongest of them, is to find a practical answer, Religion will fail of its object. It will remain merely a study, cold and abstract, but an argumentative, or, at best, an enquiring philosophy, and not a religion. Therefore, and, the ground-work of Religion must be supplanting. Its intellectual basis cannot be ignored. It is very common at present, a fashionable fallacy, to utter little what a man believes provided he has this merely meant that the really important, religion consists of right conduct, it would,

as far as it goes, express a great truth. But it is incomplete, and, as such, harmful. Put into other words, it is the same as saying that a man's thoughts and ideas do not in any way influence his conduct. So expressed, there are very few indeed who would accept the statement. It is this fallacy that Carlyle opposed when he asserted that "where belief is unsettled, there conduct is unsound."

In fact, three things are required. Men must first be convinced of the truth of whatever claims to control their actions. Truth is the first essential that his nature demands. Truth is the basis of all Morality. Next, the sense of Duty should be formed, virtues acquired, character built up by right conduct. This should be the result of all sound religious teachings. However, Duty, the formation of moral habits, or virtues, and right conduct as the end of all religion may be theoretically admitted, and yet none of these things be, in any way, reduced to practice. Indeed, Virtue may be much admired, and yet denied to be practical for the majority of men. The True may lead to the Good as a speculative conclusion only. It may be agreed that a good life is a very desirable thing, if only it could be made easier. The daily life of the will, conduct and character, may remain untouched, unchanged. This leads to the third need of all religion. The Good must be made lovable by being shewn to be beautiful. To Love, all things are easy. This Beauty, the splendour of the True, the loveliness of the Good, is the source of the mighty power that makes the sinner a saint, transforms the man into the hero, exalts the human to the Divine.

The True, the Good, the Beautiful, these three, and these three are one. The True, the Good, the Beautiful, these three—but the greatest of these is the Beautiful. It has been the defect of all purely natural religions and ethical systems, either to emphasise the intellectual basis too exclusively, or to enumerate a long list of duties in a catalogue or table of virtues. Men are given either a subtle philosophical treatise, or a dictionary of proverbs and moral maxims. Righteousness, the pearl of great price, is presented to us in the hard, dead shell of metaphysics, or, as subjected to chemical analysis in a scientific laboratory. To value it aright we must see it shining with eternal splendour in the dazzling crowns of heaven, refulgent with the glory of the Sun of Righteousness Himself.

And how is this end to be attained? How is the infinite beauty of true goodness to be revealed to human eyes? Ah! that is just the glory of our human nature. Not only have we heaven-born faculties and powers to that end, but the attaining of that end is the most crying need of our nature. Without it we can know no rest, no content, no joy. In Infinite Truth, Goodness, and Beauty alone can the heart of Man find all it seeks to know, to love, to possess. At present this is mere assertion. Experience, of this as of all else, can make it real for us. To help us to that experience is the work of all religious education. To dig out the gold of truth, to fashion it aright, and to crown ourselves with its splendour, this is the real life of Man.

At first sight, the task might well appear all but hopeless. "Truth! What is Truth?" cried Pilate. With the conflicting cry of a thousand religions around us, each claiming to have exclusive possession of the infinite treasure of God's Truth, well may we echo the question in despair, "Ay, what is Truth?"

And as regards the good, is the answer any clearer? What vice in the whole black catalogue of human wickedness has not concealed itself under an appearance of good?

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien  
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen."

But herein is the difficulty: it is not seen. Vice is sincerely mistaken for virtue, evil for good. History abounds with illustrations. The sacramental blood-bath anointing the new king of Dahomey at the cost of two hundred human lives, the horrors of human sacrifice among the Druids of ancient Britain and the aborigines of Central India, the savage cruelty of religious persecution, murders, lies, lasciviousness, all have been, and are, cloaked under the appearance of good, sanctioned in the name of religion. No wonder men have been found who hold that the source and root of all evil was just this religious instinct of man. The devil has transfigured himself into an angel of light times out of number in the history of the world. How shall we distinguish the good from the evil now when the whole human race has so often and so cruelly erred in the past. What is goodness?

And, again, what beauty can there be in such a world that it

should be capable of awakening love and enthusiasm in our hearts when its foundations, the good and the true, are as unstable as water, as illusive as the mirage? In this dark world of sin and sorrow what is there certainly true, undoubtedly right, invincibly worthy of love? This must be answered, and clearly, or our life is to no purpose, and not worth living.

A further difficulty stands in the way of a student of fundamental religion, though merely an external one. This is the distrust with which all pastors and masters look upon the religious doctrines of a layman. It is a poaching on their preserves. Considering the long years that priests and ministers often devote to study and meditation on the sacred writings of their religion, this mental attitude is as justifiable as the legitimate indignation of an orthodox University M.D. at the pretensions, as audacious as dangerous, of the quack practitioner. However, in the study of a Natural Religion there is no room for controverted religious subtleties. Natural Religion cannot hope to be complete and perfect in itself. It deals with universally accepted truths, and common-sense views of life and action, of man and God. Where it stops, Orthodoxy begins. It teaches neither polytheism nor pantheism. It does not discuss learnedly of the Trinity or Unity of God. It neither affirms nor denies the supernatural, neither defends nor opposes the possibility of miracles. It but embodies the axioms common to all religions. It cuts away the forests, removes the rocks and clears the ground for the theologian to build his religious edifice, with stones that fall from heaven, if he will have it so. Of what Natural Religion supplies he may pick and choose, take or leave, add or subtract, as he pleases.

Nor is this work too vague and broad to be of much practical value in the study of things divine. Natural Religion occupies a sphere apart from which it cannot sally forth to dispute the teachings of supernatural religion. The natural revelation made by and through the reason alone, and subject to the gradual growth of all human knowledge is the matter of Natural Religion. Like all human knowledge, too, it is susceptible to continual correction and completion. It can never claim to have said the last word. Of the world of supernatural knowledge, it knows nothing, and says nothing.

This is in marked contrast with the great religions of the world that all claim a special revelation independent of reason. The Aryan Rishis, the Persian Zoroaster, Gautama the Enlightened, Mahomed the Prophet of God, Jesus the Son of Man and his Apostles, all claim to tell of the mysteries of God, to bring a special message to men of God's nature, and of the means of attaining happiness in and through Him. What they have to say, nor you nor I nor any of the ordinary sons of men can hope to acquire by any purely human means. They and their message are supernatural, and, in most cases, supported by stupendous wonders. Mysteries and miracles abound in the sacred books of the East and of the West.

Another great difference between all popular religions and this ideal natural religion consists in the fact that they not only deal with the supernatural, but they, in most cases, require that the faculties of man shall be elevated and made supernatural also before he is made fit to accept, acknowledge and revere the higher truths they profess to teach. The Divine gift of Faith, Divine Grace, the development of the astral, psychic and yet sublimer spiritual faculties, intuition, the divinising of the mind by the practice of Yoga, vocation, election, consecration, &c., are in these religions required as predispositions to the reception of their supernatural truths. Natural Religion touches nothing of all this. It appeals to reason alone. It submits to all correction that the mind of man may, with the passing of the years, be enabled to make. It hopes to grow.

Besides, Natural Religion, if it is to be practical, must take up a yet humbler position. Even when dealing with what reason tells us of God and Man, there are problems very difficult to solve, questions hard to answer, conclusions most laborious to establish. These subtle points must be left untouched, or, where this is not possible, but provisionally settled. The ordinary man cannot hope to understand all things. The ordinary man has no time to study a philosophical Theodicea. A study of God and Man that aims at being of daily use must strive to get at truths by means of common sense, at the right and wrong of acts as almost universally admitted, and at a happiness that will appeal to the hearts of all men.

What is the ideal of such a study? It is an ideal that we can never hope to realise, no more than any other. We can only aim at drawing nearer and ever nearer to it. Whatever we reach and secure must, in its turn, give place to something clearer, fuller, better. But what this ideal is I must now indicate as briefly as possible.

First, its teachings must in no way be opposed to any known truth. It must be frankly dependent on Science and the scientific spirit. This is especially true of the exact Sciences. History, Philosophy and Theology are largely out of court here. The voice of History grows ever feebler as it comes across the slowly lengthening lapse of years. Philosophy is a subtle-tongued goddess, whose language has a thousand different meanings according to the various dispositions of mind and heart among her followers. The man in the street does not understand her learned speech. And Theology asks for a special faculty in her hearers. Let those who have ears to hear, hear. But still a vast sphere remains, the world of human nature, of the individual man, body, mind and heart; of the social man in the home, the town, the tribe, the state, the community of nations. Of these Science speaks in language more or less clear, as the problems it deals with are more or less complicated. Now no statement really proved by any science should disagree with the teachings of Natural Religion. But here again, it is necessary to repeat, there is no claim to being true once for all on a single point, and still less, on all points. There are not many conclusions as certain as the law of gravity. Science is progressive, and accepts many a thing merely on trial. The probably true of to-day becomes the very doubtful of to-morrow, and, maybe, the false of the day after. The doctrines of Natural Religion must be as capable of growth, progress, evolution. Such is the law of everything that hath the breath of life. "The thoughts of men are widened with the progress of the suns." This capacity of being indefinitely changed, corrected and revised should be the test of any purely natural system of religion, as it is of all true Science.

However, all fundamental truths, both mental and moral, are self-evident. These axioms are the only dogmas of Natural Religion. "*Verum quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus verum*" — "That is true, which is true always, everywhere, and for all."



With the preceding axiom changed by a single word, we have a test of real good. That is real good which is good always, everywhere, and for all.

And what do we understand by good? That which tends to develop all the individual is the good of that individual thing or person. The definition of good derived from a reference to the end or purpose of a thing is logically the more correct. That gives the real meaning of the word. The good of a thing is that which fits it for the end or purpose of its being. However, the former definition is, perhaps, the more practical. It seems easier to study a thing as it is, than to try to find out what it was intended to be and do. It matters little. A thing achieves its end by being what it is, and the more perfectly it is what it is by nature, the more perfectly will it attain the purpose of its existence. It is hard to state for certain what is the purpose or end of the palm-tree, but by being a flourishing, fully-grown tree it will best fulfil the end of its existence. It is easy to discover the conditions that will ensure a well-developed tree. It might be the cause of much fruitless discussion to enumerate the purpose of the Creator in arranging for the evolution of this particular species of tree, even omitting the consideration of the question whether the Creator, if there be a Creator, ever definitely intended an end for the palm. This is true in any case, that a flourishing tree is in a good condition.

Such a tree is likewise beautiful, for, finally the Beauty that is to arouse the emotions and sway the whole man, the light of love that is to flood the soul and make of religion a motive power to rule the world, this Beauty will come forth as unsought for, and reveal herself untaught. The tree that is a true tree, worthy of the name, is one that is well developed, in *good* state. This is also, as we have seen, the tree beautiful. Similarly, moral, religious beauty is the "splendor veri," the glory of God's Truth; the "splendor boni," the light of God's Holiness. In it the True and the Good are merged as in their fullest realisation. All Beauty is Divine. As soon as Man has learnt to see God in Nature, the glory of the kingdom of God is his in proportion to this realisation.

The world is so full of such beautiful things,  
 I am sure we should all be as happy as kings.

Above all is this true of the world of the will, the world of human actions, of conduct and character. Of this world, too, to child and man God's beauty is revealed. We have the power to shut our eyes.

To summarise: Man seeks happiness and finds it only in well-being. But a man may know all truth regarding God, the world and man, and yet live a life opposed to nature as a vicious man. Or, higher, he may know the good and follow it but with effort and hard striving, by struggle and pain, by suppression and repression. Only then has he the liberty of the children of God, free to do as he pleases, when he knows the right, loves it, and follows it with joy. Then only is his life the full expression of his nature. Then only is life worth living.

To know the True is the first step, to desire and follow the Good is the second step, to love the True and the Good and to rejoice in their possession is the perfection of Life.

CHARLES A. DOBSON.

*Agva.*

## A SUGGESTION.

THE course of action, adopted recently with the sanction of Government, whereby there has been brought into existence what is virtually a Government organ among newspapers, has been criticised adversely and favourably.

On the one hand, it is alleged that it is a waste of public money, that it is an attempt to "make the worse appear the better cause," and, among some of the older school, that it is derogatory to the prestige of Government to depart from the old habit and usage which is so well described in that most apposite and untranslatable phrase—"jo hukm."

On the other hand, there are those who, being wiser and of a more liberal caste of mind, have appreciated the truth of the maxim "tempora mutantur nos et mutamur in illis": these urge that there is an undoubted necessity for the exposition of the views and intentions of Government in order to enable all who take an intelligent interest in those questions which concern the welfare of their country to appreciate, above all, the honesty and sincerity of Government in relation to the various measures which, from time to time, are considered advisable. Such a departure on the part of Government has for long appeared an urgent necessity to the present writer, and now that it has been accomplished—it is to be hoped as a permanency—it would seem not inadvisable to raise a somewhat parallel issue.

The present writer is one of those who believes firmly that the first duty of every reputable person throughout the length and breadth of India is to support the Government in that it is the one and only means of maintaining law and order—a prime necessity for India above all other countries.

On the other hand, there are undoubtedly various questions concerning which those who are best qualified to judge are of opinion that they do not meet with that consideration from particular points of view, to which, in the interests of India, due weight should be given : and because interests, other than those of India, are involved, the obvious necessity is to make a direct appeal to those other interests.

Conceivably it might be made clear to those controlling external as apart from Indian interests, that it would be wise to face the risk of temporary loss in order to make sure of a future commensurate gain, that there is much wisdom in the exhortation "cast thy bread upon the waters" in matters commercial no less than in matters spiritual.

Assuming, for the sake of argument, that a definite, well-organised attempt be made to secure what would be a legitimate share in the supply of cotton goods to China, would it not really be worth while to reconsider the present cotton policy of the Government ?

For a few years the Indian market might be affected adversely, but in the end India could flood China with piecegoods and there would again arise a better Indian market—better because of the purchasing power of the people being vastly improved by their increase of trade.

Since India can produce cotton more cheaply, surely, the obvious thing to be done is to enable her to catch the early worm—in this instance the Chinaman in need of cotton piecegoods—rather than to leave the worm to be snapped up by other birds, generally of the voracious species, Hohenzollerini and Americani.

There is no doubt but that "charity begins at home"; only it would be wise if the British people be made to realise that the British "home" is not encompassed within the limits of Lancashire alone : it is coextensive with the Empire.

We are assured that a house divided against itself is not a stable institution. Apart from mere authority we should know that this is true, because we have had examples of it in our own day and time; we are continually proclaiming from the house-tops that the Empire is one, complete, indivisible and almost

self-sufficing—and yet we are allowing our house to be divided against itself.

The question naturally arises, "How can we put an end to this state of affairs?" and the answer appears to the present writer to be obvious:

"Follow the example set by the Government of India and found a newspaper—in London."

It is practically useless to endeavour to obtain a place in the more reputable periodicals already existing; they are supported by interests which, in common fairness, they must serve; they have been briefed already, and it is hardly to be expected that they will plead for the appellant after having appeared on behalf of the prosecution on the original side: even if they did, it could only act unfavourably on the Court of Appeal, for its sense of fairness would be rather shocked, and whatever be the faults of the British people—the Appellate Court in this case—it cannot be denied that they have some sense of fairness and of the value of evidence, and this Appellate Court can be trusted to weigh Evidence, as well as Law, in this particular matter or in any other, when placed before it reasonably and cogently.

It is absurd to pretend that there are not persons in India possessing both the means and the intelligence to conduct such an enterprise, as it would be equally absurd to believe for an instant that such an enterprise would be looked upon with suspicion as indicative of an evil spirit, for it would be made clear at the outset that the object of such a paper would be the publication and the exposition of authenticated facts, capable of easy verification, in order to attain sanely progressive Imperial development.

The other Dominions of the Crown have taken their places in the furtherance of this object by taking part in embryonic Imperial councils; India has not been asked to participate as yet; let her follow the maxim "*venienti occurrere morbo*," let her take her place as far as she can, and let her prove her fitness to be invited to join these Councils of Empire.

In a former article the present writer expressed the opinion that "the only sure method of achieving a result is to deserve it"; let India act in this manner and, by proving her deserts,

achieve what should and must eventually be her place in the Empire.

Such a paper, run on the above lines, would be one of the greatest assets in maintaining and augmenting the prestige of the Government in India, for it would strengthen the hands of the Government of India in dealing with those problems which, originally purely Indian, have now become inextricably woven into larger Imperial issues: for example, the presence of such a paper, with the weight and authority that it must attain eventually, might influence a happy ending to the vexed question of citizen rights within the Empire.

There are other issues which such a paper might place before the ultimate Court of Appeal and so at any rate prevent a recurrence of certain unfortunate episodes.

One of the necessary misfortunes of the system of Government at present obtaining in India is its inherent want of elasticity in various directions, one of which appears of the greatest importance to the present writer.

From the report of "Answers to some of the Public Services Commission's questions, Set E." published in "The Speeches and Writings of Sir Pherozeshah Mehta," it would appear that he is adverse to the appointment of Indians to responsible posts otherwise than subsequent to open competitive examination.

Without presuming to differ from so eminent an authority, and admitting the absolute wisdom of this attitude as a general principle, it would appear wise that some such power should remain vested in the Government of India for use as occasion arises; were such the case, the services of some, who might conceivably end in causing grave harm, might be utilised with advantage and converted into a means of enhancing the position and the stability of Government.

There appears to be in India a class which produces men of sound intelligence, who, however, tend to become obsessed with some obliquity of vision rendering them incapable of appreciating aspects of a question other than those which have been placed before them by certain ill-advised persons. Now and then from among this class an outstanding intellect arises, potent for good or evil; to leave such a man to become the prey of fanaticism, to

become a stumbling-block to himself and a snare to others, is surely unwise : to take him and put him in a position to appreciate the other aspects of those questions which appeal to his mentality would be the soundest statesmanship; for not only would he be converted from his former mistaken prejudices and antagonism, but he would become the most valuable exponent of the inherent honesty, integrity and sincerity of the very Government which he was tending to look upon as undesirable.

His very mentality would be a guarantee of this, and surely if it be desirable and wise to be on friendly terms with our neighbours, it is the absolute consummation of wisdom to convert a threatening enemy into a staunch friend. Such an achievement can be encompassed in Great Britain by the ordinary means of publicity and by the conference of leaders with the members of the party who are likely to be misled as to the views and intentions of the party. In India the only available means is to absorb such a person into the system of Government, not with a view merely of rendering him impotent for evil, but by letting him see and appreciate the intricacies and the difficulties of certain problems, with a view of convincing him of the unwisdom of his former attitude and of securing a zealous, powerful and tactful adherent to aid slowly but none the less surely in bringing about the desired ultimate end.

It is just possible that had such a course been pursued in a certain instance, a career now closed in well-merited obloquy and disgrace might have ended far otherwise in that a great intellect might have been converted into a power for good in a country which he could have served well, but which, most unfortunately, he has served ill by acting under convictions which, however honest they may have been, were unfounded in fact and based on unjustified prejudices instilled at the time when an elastic system of Government might have saved him for the State.

There are other matters on which a paper run on such lines might serve a useful educative function towards the British people..

Such a paper might bring into evidence the fact that much of what is known as "Indian unrest" has had its origin in Great Britain—but not in the way usually implied by this expression: it lies

rather in the changes which have arisen in Great Britain as one of the results of the spread of education due to the extension of facilities for entering Universities.

Throughout the length and breadth of India one hears the common statement that the men of the present age are not like those of a former age, that they are wanting in that sense of courtesy which is characteristic of the well-bred in all peoples; that, while they have a wholesome awe of and respect for their superiors, they have not that unfailing grace of "*savoir faire*" which comes not with mere worldly possessions or brains but as an inheritance which it has taken generations of dealing with men and land to acquire.

This want it is which leads to those regrettable incidents of churlishness and ungentlemanly behaviour which not only damn irremediably their exponents but produce those undesirable feelings of irritation in precisely those who have done their utmost throughout their lives to deserve well of their country and of their Government and its exponents; and it must never be forgotten that, in the eyes of about 90 per cent or more of the people of India, the Government of India means nothing but its local exponent.

The realisation of these facts requires to be brought home to the British people: such unfortunate exponents of themselves can be tolerated in their own institutions—they do little harm there, for the main mass of the people know and understand that such exhibitions are merely contemptible at most and can never be dangerous; but in India they should be made impossible occurrences in view of the special circumstances which exist.

In the light of such facts there might be ensured a most desirable amelioration in the constitution of the various services, a return to the *status quo ante*, and "a happy issue out of all our afflictions!"

Looking into the future, one can see such a paper commanding an influence before unknown in the history of journalism, voicing the temperate, sober, reasoned views of the greatest Dependency of the Empire, strengthening the hands of that Dependency's Government in its dealings within the Empire, criticising fairly but firmly the measures originated in that Dependency and submitted to the Imperial Parliament for discussion and sanction,



a factor to be considered by those who would stand in the way of the Empire's progress through the march of time, a power for good, leading up to the epoch when the people whom it represents achieve their salvation and their rightful place within the Empire, and when

the full-grown will,  
Circled thro' all experiences, pure law,  
Commeasure perfect freedom.

BACCHUS

## FLOWER MYTHS.

### XIV.—BACCHANALS.

A little yellow heartsease lay  
Propped on its leaf—a thing forlorn,  
Through having bloomed beneath a vine  
Instead of with the summer corn !

Of all Love's sad neglected flowers  
There was no lonelier than this  
Which saw no opening blossom near  
To tell of his enchanting kiss !

But soon the vine put forth her fruit,  
First tender green, then red, then puce,  
And soon a dark grape, dropping ripe,  
Poured on the flower its purple juice !

Deep purple then the flower became  
And large and velvet soft it grew  
Only the golden heart remained  
To indicate its pristine hue !

Then said the vine : “ Oh ! happy flower !  
Though Love forgot thy hiding-place,  
Since my God Bacchus flushes thee  
With the pleasure of his wine-glad face !

"When mortals pull apart thy arms,  
And thy rich tints to light are brought,  
Love's flowers without may fade and die,  
While thou shalt ever live in thought !"

And now 'tis called the pansy flower,  
It loves to grow beneath the vine,  
To gladden men at their loveless hour  
Since Bacchus lent it the joy of wine !

My garden has a corner quaint,  
Hedged in by yew and briar-rose,  
The God's stone image here presides  
• And here the wine-dark pansy blows !

When autumn through the vineyard breathes,  
And bacchanals are on the air,  
I cannot pluck the flowers, for thought  
The God-head sees, and guards them there.

For with each inborne gust of mirth  
They nod and flap their petals round,  
While Bacchus seems to lend an ear  
As if to catch the rhythmic sound !

Then peeping through both yew and briar,  
As in and out the sunbeams play,  
He and the flowers seem rippling o'er  
With laughter of a bygone day !

Thus year on year their pleasure grows !  
(Since here, self-sown they choose to be)  
I love to dream some latent charm  
Is theirs of Attic Revelry !

MARGARET EAGLES SWAYNE.

*France.*

## LIFE'S VARIETIES.

HE was of middle height and slightly built. His forehead was prominent and below it were dark, defiant eyes, which were continuously moving about, now lighted with great dreams, now fierce with crucial annoyance. They were restlessly energetic, in search of something greater than the hopes of the alchemist. His chin showed determination, which was visible over the rest of his face also. It was not a determination to make money or rise in the services, the goal of the educated Indian to-day, but to find and claim as his own as much perfection as possible. At the budding stage of his life, when the mind is unconscious of the colour of its actions or words and the goal towards which they all unwittingly tend, he had left his country for Europe. With supreme indifference, he left his examination work alone there, till a month or two before the day of trial. He drank with bubbling enthusiasm the wine of Shelley's poetry and of the new Celtic literature. He was maddened with the twilight atmosphere and the almost formless shapes which he found in the effusions of the French "Decadents." His soul realised some of her wants better and better with his constant reading of Maeterlinck. The great foresight and insight of Ibsen attracted him and the burning voice of D'Annunzio awoke strange echoes in his passionate soul. An unusual *mélange* he was, of sunlit impetuosity and moonlit dreaminess. In the West, he had learnt to appreciate the soul of the East. The sublimity of the ancient Hindu ideals, distorted now by the soulless products of later times, the flowery elegance of Dai Nippon, were subjects of his ever-developing thoughts. The infinity-reaching love-dreams of the divine poets of Persia and the magical architecture of the Arabs had thrilled his nerves so much that night and day they met and sang together in his head. This strange cosmopolitan being was not

a proper type of a "Westerner" as most of his countrymen in their ignorance thought, nor was he a true type of a reforming "Oriental" of to-day, for the events of yesterday and to-day did not seem to affect him much.

Near him was an Indian girl who had hardly attained her majority. She had a figure like that of a fawn, so perfectly, so exquisitely slender it was. It was enveloped in a sky-blue drapery which extended from the top of her head to her dainty little feet. Her eyes were slow and loved rest, but they shone now and again with a dream-light not seen often in life. When that light was in her eyes, her whole body seemed to have disappeared in them and she looked all eyes and nothing else. Her voice was low and gently emotional. A very few storms ever disturbed the tranquillity of her mind : she was satisfied with the little food that she had taken. Her soul was not eternally hungry, crying out for "more light and light." Not that she was not capable of higher aspirations, but because her vision was not perfected by contact with the different varieties of emotions and aspirations of higher souls. She was as yet a typical product of her country in a period of chaotic transition, and was at an age when ideas are all afloat, finding no settling ground. Her country meant the world to her, and she confidently thought that the new ideas current in her country to-day were the only right ones. She looked upon all ideals unknown to her countrymen with holy horror, regarding them almost as foreign devils *à la chinoise*. The goal of religion was reached, she thought, by the monotheistic platitudes of the Brahmos. She considered idolatry absurd and meaningless, forgetting the indestructible symbolising tendency of the human mind. Social Reform meant widow remarriages, marriages at an older age, a wise or an unwise change of diet, sartorial modifications in dress and a superficial imitation of some European ways. Behind these ideas of hers were lying the dead bodies of some of the great ideals of Ancient India. Faithfulness to one man, the incomparably noble system of "Sati" in its highest aspect, flashed out occasionally from her eyes and took the form of words. The corpses of those ideals were now and then electrified into life, showing that the mushroom-like ideas of a transition period can never really triumph over the eternal ideals of humanity. The reason of the Modern Scientist

gave way, then, before the vision of the Poet. She showed unconsciously that a freer life was possible for her soul, though she was overburdened with thick layers of short-lived local ideas.

It was the hour of sunset. They were standing near one of the "points" of a hill-station in India. Far away in the distance rose the shadowy peaks of pale scarlet hills, one either on a level with or above another. The bottoms of those distant hills spread out and united with each other, thus forming a kind of vast amphitheatre. In the arena could be seen tufts of emerald-green trees, looking from a distance like the domes of green-coloured Moslem mosques. The background of this scene was the multi-coloured sky of an early Indian summer. It was an expressive symbol of human life. The rose, the fiery crimson, mauve and the yellow ochre were all there, intermixed one with the other, the clouds were floating about in the sky like coloured icebergs over a vast blue sea. Some of them were dark, very dark, with their crenelated edges gilded by the rays of the dying sun; others were bi-coloured or even tri-coloured thrusting their angular sides into the bodies of their gentler neighbours.

They were lovers, who had found out after some acquaintance that they did not understand each other. It had made them sad and melancholy. They were both plunged in deep meditation. The girl saw no way out of those thorny difficulties. The man with needless annoyance was treating these human troubles contemptuously. The slow wisdom of Age was then in the mind of the girl and the winged desires and quick realisations of magnificent dreams were in the mind of the man, who was, however, older than his companion. At last, after a long and wordless passage of time he broke the silence:

"So you seem to like the joint family system? I acknowledge there are some very good points in it, but then it crushes all originality, all individuality out of us."

"Yes!" she replied emphatically, "I do! It is such a good thing to be loved by all our relatives. They are always so good and kind. I think it is selfish to live alone, ignorant of the very existence of our kith and kin."

"Ah! but there might be relatives who love us not, who do not wish us any great success in life, who are mean about petty matters.

They like to pull us down to their level, judging us by their half-baked ideas, whatever be our hopes, abilities and aspirations. They may know very little, but they consider themselves quite fit to argue with anybody on any subject," he said with pathetic bitterness.

"O ! I don't know that !" the girl said with a decisive nod of her little head.

He stood there motionless and mute. The sun had gone down and they stood silhouetted there in the short swift Indian twilight. Innumerable insects were flying round them, occasionally whispering in their ears some secrets in an unknown tongue.

"Do you love your relatives so much that you would do nothing against their wishes ?" he asked, after a short and painful pause. "Would you do nothing against their wishes even if you were in love ?

"No ! I would not !" she replied with a determined shake of her head. "It would be a sin to love and marry anyone if our parents do not like it. No one can be happy who marries against their wishes."

Only an "Ah !" escaped him. He looked at the growing darkness now and then lit up by the fireflies, those itinerant lamps of Nature. The hills in front of them had become ominously black, standing out boldly against the dark sky behind.

"In that case," he said in a choked voice, trying to continue the subject, "you do not think that there is such a thing as Love which envelopes men and women inseparable in its coils and frees them not. There is a great love which thinks of no such earthly bands as marriage and which takes no heed of the wishes of either parents or other relatives or of earthly law and conventional morality. The realisation of the highest destiny of human beings is brought about by even a momentary psychic union of the pre-destined Lover and the Beloved. Ay ! the ever-thirsty Bulbul might get even in this world the love of the Rose, the Sultana of Beauty, though it be for one single fraction of a supremely exultant second."

"Oh ! but I do believe in immortal love !" she said. "When my parents approve of a man of my choice, then it is my sacred duty to love him. I would like to be a Sati if my Lord dies before me. But I would not love and marry a man if my parents did not

like him. Parents understand best the welfare of their children," she concluded with the wisdom of a proverb-maker.

A vision of many unhappy couples flitted across his mind. He saw there Leila and Majnoun, and Paolo and Francesca embracing each other to the rapturous music of their now satisfied souls. Inspired with this great sight he asked with passionate eagerness :

"So, you do not seem to unite the idea of the Infinite Beauty which 'penetrates and fills and clasps' this Universe, with the idea of the Highest Love?"

"What is this Beauty you are always talking about!" she laughed out vacantly, "I like to be moral in my love."

"What is your conception of morality, may I know?" he inquired in a polite tone.

"Why! all ideas of morals come from God, and our parents teach us these ideas in our childhood," she replied with the contempt of an impatient teacher to a dull-witted child.

"I thought morality meant the concentrated thoughts about good and evil of an individual or a nation at some particular period. That is why the ideas of morality differ in different creeds. I may be wrong, perhaps, but I have always united real morality with the Highest Beauty," he added deferentially.

"O! I cannot for the life of me understand your eternal discourse about Beauty. Do you mean beautiful women? Or perhaps you are thinking of a good drawing-room, or a nicely arranged garden or a fine dress!" she said with a puzzled look in her eyes.

He remained silent for a moment to take breath, and then said with unsubdued enthusiasm, "A fine drawing-room or a nicely arranged garden are but poor expressions of Beauty. You feel its influence in the highest kind of Art and Poetry and in the character and aspirations of human beings. I see the spirit of Beauty hovering over the cloud-created Taj and the sunset glory of the Alhambra, in the thrilling sculpture of Rodin, in the dreaming works of Rossetti and Turner, in the harmonies of Chopin and Mozart, or in the gait, the tone, the eyes of an Emilia Viviani, in that poem of poems, the 'Epipsychidion' of Shelley."

She looked at him in wonderment. She could not understand why his voice had changed and why his eyes were glowing

weirdly. He came back to the earth again with a painful fall. He tried to change the subject of conversation but he failed in his effort, and with the inevitable consistency of an idealist he asked, "Since you said all morals come from God, I wonder what you mean by 'God'?"

"Why! that is the Highest Being of course! The Creator of this Universe! There is only one God. These 'orthodox' Hindus who worship stone-idols are hopeless fools. Whatever He does is for the best and we must not presume to question His wisdom," she replied, with a look of pious resignation in her soft eyes.

He heard the words "Being," "Creator," "He," "Orthodox," "Idols" and "Wisdom" half humorously and half contemptuously. He could not help thinking from his own point of view that she was without any individuality in her and that she was a packet of traditions, beliefs and prejudices of the New Reformers of all creeds and races in India. He then looked despairingly at the surrounding night and wondered what great truths might be lying beyond the thin veil of darkness that met his eyes everywhere.

V. B. METTA.

*Baroda.*



## THE MAGIC OF MUST.

THAT expression of Lord Beaconsfield—"the magic of must"—should be written in letters of gold and worn as a spur. I have before my mind's eye women innumerable who might do much for themselves as well as for others were they only to plant the tiny seed of that little word "must" in the garden—or wilderness—of their minds and encourage its growth. What infinite possibilities, blossoming as actions, would be the result, each creating a circle ever expanding even as a stone cast into the water, widening the outlook, enlarging the embrace of things, and by so doing evoking new interests and with them a fuller, firmer grip of life. Most women are awaking to this fact now, even Englishwomen being content to sink their insularity for the sake of what is called 'experience.' Mrs. Grundy, however, dies hard, but die she must in these days of travel and rubbing shoulders, with the inevitable consequence of smoothing and softening hard rough edges, and moreover putting a polish on the gem. A woman in a little shop in Chelsea said to me the other day, "Madame, I am sure you have travelled."

"Why do you think so?" was my query.

"Oh, your manner is so different from—excuse me—those 'sticks' who haven't."

I thought it rather a good definition—they *are* "sticks." It only goes to prove the fact that widening the experience best eradicates the rust of conceit—for conceit it is that lends that stiff-neckedness with its corollary lack of sympathy. Still, however, one hears a goodly number of women exclaim, "Oh, I *couldn't* do that! No *gentlewoman* could!" Poor soul, she would be much *gentler* if she did, for it would break the back of her self-conceit. Assuredly

there is such a thing as *savoir faire*, but the basis thereof should be *amour propre* in its high sense, not in its petty significance which suggests snobbery. As an illustration of this—a lady I know described another of her sex to me as one who would speak to a servant as she would to one of her own class. "And why not?" I asked, with the result that I went down with a bump in the lift of her estimation. Another of this category at a function held at one of the big hotels said to me "Why do you say 'thank you' to a waiter?"

"Because he brought me an ice," was my answer; evidently this lady thought me very obtuse.

One still meets evidences of such angularity in one's pilgrimage through life: like Mrs. Grundy, it dies hard. It must not be imagined that necessity only can be the mother of that fairy "Must"; the best circumstanced should cherish the germ in her breast. Do not many women—fine women they are too—set the example? Yes, and what we want is that example to catch on, for until women realise the importance to themselves as well as to the community, they will wander in a wilderness of their own creating—a wilderness of wretchedness and dissatisfaction. There is magic in that word "must." It opens out realms. Little does anyone on sowing the seed realise the extent, the beauty, the charm of those newly discovered realms, with their wonder-trees of limitless branches and wonder-blossoms fragrant, healthgiving, delightful. Soul-cheering are these wonder-realms and the key to them is only found in that magic word "must."

The Kaiserin's restriction of woman to the three K's—*Kirche*, *Kinder*, and *Kuche* (Church, Children, and Cooking), is a fallacy—there should be no restriction save the borderland of right.

In order to mate with man, as it is ordained she should, woman should be better equipped than this, otherwise her husband will relegate her to the plane of his other possessions, purchasable at that. No, a man's life-partner should be his companion, his best friend. Withal the comradeship there should be an element of aspiration, almost of worship, for does not mortal man revere mystery and thirst after the unattainable? Therefore let her be unto her husband also as a star, otherwise she will be relegated to the region of the commonplace, which palls for lack of charm.

To realise and, moreover, to maintain this standard, woman must exert herself, must in short cultivate the "magic of must." That note once struck, harmony must follow, such harmony as her whole nature will find itself in tune with, such harmony as will evoke a vibration that will be helpful and cheering to all within the sphere in which she moves, aye and beyond, as far as the widest circle reaches. Within woman are potentialities dormant. Wake them. The time has passed when people said "Men don't like clever women." They prove they do—not clever in the sense of priggishness, but clever in the way of keeping their talents well polished and so appearing in the station to which they are called as shining lights, each one a little social sun diffusing warmth and illumination wherever she goes. Every woman can be such a "sun" if she will, and she should. And the best and surest way to set about its accomplishment is to cultivate "The Magic of Must."

CAROLINE CORNER.

*London.*

## TRADING BY MUNICIPALITIES.

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### THE EXPERIENCE OF LONDON.

THE municipal authorities of almost every great city in the world have at some time or other been forced to decide whether they should or should not engage in commercial undertakings. One of the most prominent results of the great industrial development of the last century was the discovery that it is more economical for a large community to be supplied with many of the necessities of life from a single source. It was found that competition in certain fields could only work to the public detriment. Thus, many of the common needs of an urban community gradually passed into the hands of a single organisation. Each householder could easily buy his own candles and purchase his own oil, but, when gas and electricity came into use, it was seen that not only must a very large number of householders be supplied from one source, but also that it was to the interest of all concerned that the whole of a single urban community should be included in the same area of supply. This naturally gave rise to the question whether the public, as represented by the municipal authorities, should themselves undertake the supply of these common necessities, or purchase their requirements from a private individual or company.

This question is both intermunicipal and international. Towns both small and large in all parts of the globe have had to answer it for themselves. Some towns have silently accepted one of the two alternative policies ; in others decision has only been arrived at after lengthy consideration and often bitter discussion.

In London, the battle between the public and private ownership of municipal monopolies has been fierce and lengthy, but to-day a stage of finality has been reached, and certain definite principles appear to be accepted.

The demand for what is commonly known as "Municipal Trading" may be said to have begun in London in 1889, when, for the first time, a popularly elected local authority, the London County Council, was established for the whole of London. At the outset, numerous wild schemes for "complete municipalisation" were advocated in which was plainly seen the growing influence of Socialist doctrines. But no such policy has been seriously attempted, and the trading energies of the municipal authorities of London, as of most great towns, have been for the great part confined to those services which are monopolies in some form or other. The commercial undertakings of the London municipal authorities may be divided into three classes. The first includes the two services which are absolute monopolies, namely, water-supply and docks. Experience has shown it to be impracticable for a town to have its water-supply or its docks in the hands of more than one authority, and besides, these services demand such an enormous amount of capital and are of such vital importance to the town that above all others they are suitable fields for municipal enterprise.

The second group contains three public services, namely, gas, electric light and tramways, which can best be termed 'qualified monopolies.' They are monopolies in the sense that it is hardly possible to have more than one such service in any particular area, but they are competitive in that they are either opposed to each other or to other systems of lighting and locomotion. Tramways compete with omnibuses and railways; gas with electric light, and both have rivals in oil and in private generating plants. In the interests of economy, a town has no need of more than one electric lighting, gas or tramway service, and it has, therefore, been generally considered advisable that these services should be under public control. The third division must embrace the remaining branches of municipal enterprise.

Having thus divided the public services of London into these three groups, we can now briefly trace the development of municipal trading in each service.

#### MONOPOLY SERVICES.

So early as 1869 a Royal Commission advised that the control of the water-supply of London should be entrusted to a responsible public authority. A Bill to secure this object was introduced into

Parliament, but private companies succeeded in obtaining the power which the Commission had recommended should be given to the municipal authorities. The struggle continued, and in the meantime the property of the water companies went on steadily increasing in value in proportion to the increase in the population and in the number of houses. In 1902, however, the Government passed into law a bill by which the water-supply of London was placed under the control of the Metropolitan Water Board, which consisted of 66 representatives of the various local authorities included in the area of supply. This area is 537 square miles in extent, or nearly five times the area of municipal London. The Water Board acquired by arbitration the undertakings of eight companies at a total cost of about £47,500,000, which figure was far below the sum originally claimed. The Board now supply water to over seven million people. It may be of interest to record that the total amount of water supplied during the year ending March 1909 was about 81,823 million gallons, an average daily supply of approximately 224 million gallons, or an average for every person in the area of 32 gallons every day. Of this enormous quantity, 53 per cent. came from the River Thames. Since its creation the Board has spent  $1\frac{1}{2}$  million pounds on new works of an imperative nature.

The docks of London were constructed by private companies and up to the year 1908 there was no public authority possessing powers to supervise the Port of London, as a whole, on whose trade rested the prosperity of millions of Londoners and even the very existence of London itself. In the course of time the docks became congested, and the channel of the river Thames inadequate for the enormous vessels that have come into existence during the last decade. In 1902 a Royal Commission issued a grave report on the dangers of the then condition of the Port. In 1907 the Dock Companies themselves promoted a bill in Parliament, but this was not allowed to pass, and in the following year the Government carried a bill which transferred the undertakings of the Dock Companies to a new Port of London Authority, which, like the Metropolitan Water Board, was not directly representative of the people of London. The new authority consists of 30 members nominated partly by the Government, partly by the municipal authorities, and partly by the traders of the port. The amount of

stock to be issued to the Companies for their undertaking was £22,362,976.

#### SEMI-MONOPOLIES.

In 1855 there were already more than twenty different companies which supplied gas to London. Their districts were not defined, and the pipes of one company often ran side by side with those of another, or perhaps even of two others. Gas was bad and dear, and there was no public control over it. It was the prevailing idea of the time that the interests of the consumer were best served by competition among the supplying companies. But these companies themselves found it advantageous to eliminate competition, and as a result their areas of supply gradually became defined. In 1860 the number of gas companies was reduced to thirteen. From many quarters came a demand for the municipalisation of the gas-supply, but this demand met with little response from the legislature, although there was considerable dissatisfaction with the proceedings of the private companies.

Various further amalgamations took place, and as these could only be executed with the sanction of Parliament, it was possible for the London municipal authorities to insist on certain regulations and restrictions. There are to-day two principal gas companies in London, an interesting feature of both of which is that a large portion of their stock has been offered to and accepted by their employees. One company has actually allotted in this manner £44,080 of its capital, and is preparing to increase this sum by £14,480. This company pays at present a dividend of £4-13s. 4d. per cent. per annum, and charges for gas a price of 2s. 7d. per 1,000 cubic feet. The actual gas supplied is tested by the London County Council.

The first general Act of Parliament on the question of the supply of electric light was passed in 1882, and amongst other provisions was one to the effect that local authorities might, at the end of 21 years or of any subsequent period of 7 years, purchase any private electric light undertakings which had been started in their districts. In 1888 a further Act was passed to extend the period of purchase to 42 years. As it was at that time not appreciated that electrical energy can best be provided by supplying a large area from a single source, the local divisions into which London is divided were

constituted the authorities to exercise these powers. Different policies were therefore adopted in different parts of London. In some parts a municipal supply was established, while in others companies were allowed to commence operations. In other parts still, companies were formed and were later purchased by the local authorities. To-day there is a municipal supply in 16 out of the 29 local divisions of London, with a total area of  $55\frac{1}{2}$  square miles, and companies supply an area of  $64\frac{1}{2}$  square miles. Outside the municipal boundaries of London there is this same division; 167 square miles of 'Greater London' is supplied by 27 local authorities and 332 square miles by 19 companies.

But with the development of the electrical industry it has been found that London could be better supplied from a single centre, and both the London County Council and various private companies have made attempts to secure the necessary powers from Parliament. In 1907 the County Council introduced a bold bill with the object of establishing a supply at a capital of some  $4\frac{1}{2}$  million pounds in an area of 451 square miles, but while the bill was still in Parliament, a general election of county councillors took place, which resulted in the hitherto dominant party being defeated. The new majority changed both the policy of the Council and the bill which was already in Parliament, and it was accordingly not passed.

As the County Council, after the election of 1907, was unwilling to undertake the duty of supply, Parliament would not impose upon it the necessary powers. There was only, therefore, the choice between accepting the scheme of one enormous company, or those promoted by several existing companies combined. Parliament chose the latter alternative; for many years, therefore, the supply of electrical energy in London must remain to a large extent in the hands of private companies, and it is now unlikely that one central source of supply for the whole of London and its surroundings will be established in the near future.

The fiercest battle on the merits of the municipal ownership of public services was waged round the development of tramways. In 1869 a private company obtained the first Act of Parliament to authorise the construction of a street tramway in London, and in 1870, in order to facilitate generally the construction of tramways, Parliament passed the 'Tramways Act' by which a local authority,



or a private body with the consent of the local authority, can obtain the sanction of the central Government to construct a tramway. And it was enacted that local authorities could purchase after 21 years, or at the end of subsequent periods of 7 years any tramways constructed by companies within their area, and the terms of purchase were to be simply the value of the material and works, without any allowance for past or future profits or for compulsory sale. As yet there was no power for local authorities themselves to work tramways.

When the London County Council came into being in 1889, there were rather more than 100 miles of tramways in London, and two years later the first tramway lines came under the operation of the rules laid down by the Act of Parliament as to purchase by the local authority. The fight on the general principle of municipal trading now became bitter, for it was at this juncture that a general policy as to the future had to be formulated. The Council was already splitting up into two distinct parties, and this division became a deep chasm. After many debates the Council, by a majority, decided in favour of purchase, and the company concerned was duly informed. In 1894 the Council applied to Parliament for powers to work the tramways, and this proposal received the approval of the legislature in 1896. The opposition party were bitterly opposed to the working of the tramways by the Council, and at the municipal election in 1895 both parties were returned in almost equal power.

In 1896 two large companies, owning and working about 43 miles of tramways, came under the purchase clause, and after much debating the Council decided to purchase the whole undertaking for nearly £800,000, but to grant a lease for working the lines to a company for 14 years. This lease was bitterly opposed by the party who had been in power before the election in the previous year. In the election of 1898 the 'Progressive' party, as those in favour of municipal trading came to be called, was again returned to power to pursue the policy of the municipal ownership and working of public services. More companies were purchased as soon as their original 21 years expired, and in 1898 the Council began to work the tramways itself. Electric traction was introduced, and a huge generating station was erected for the whole tramways

system of London ; on May 15th, 1903, the first electric car was driven from the terminus at Westminster by the Prince of Wales, now King George V.

Meanwhile, the lease granted in 1896 did not expire till 1910, and the 43 miles in the north of London could not be linked up with the other lines. It was eventually decided to purchase back the remaining portion of the lease, and this was done at great cost in 1906. In that year the number of passengers carried by the Council's cars rose to the enormous figure of 314,227,090. To-day the Council owns and works 136 miles of tramways and carried in the year 1909-10 no less than 451,439,216 passengers.

#### OTHER SERVICES UNDER MUNICIPAL CONTROL.

The provision of dwellings for the poorer classes is not a monopoly, for house competes with house, street with street, and locality with locality. But Parliament has forced local authorities to undertake the construction and management of a certain number of dwellings by compelling them to re-house the population displaced when street improvements were carried out. There has, as a rule, been little aversion on the part of local authorities to undertake these tasks, and in London a large number of schemes have been undertaken without any Parliamentary compulsion. In March, 1910, the County Council possessed 6,428 tenements in block dwellings, 2,111 cottages and 3 lodging houses. Public libraries and baths are, strictly speaking, trading services, and even schools could be included in this category. But it is only necessary here to record that libraries, baths and schools are provided by the municipal authorities of London. Telephones are in the hands of a private company, but this year will see their transfer to the national post office.

There are other commercial fields which the municipal authorities have attempted to enter. But they are comparatively unimportant, and enough has already been said to show the general development of Municipal Trading as a policy. At the outset the policy was bitterly assailed, but the general principle has triumphed. Municipal Trading has in London stood the severest of all tests, namely, the advent to power in 1907 of the party that consistently opposed its introduction. After the municipal elections of that year

it was at first thought that the era of municipal trading was over, and that the successful party would use its power to secure its abandonment. Some few steps in this direction have been taken, but there has been no attempt to sell or lease those great monopoly and semi-monopoly services that have been built up during the last thirty years. And it is now improbable that Londoners will ever part with their municipal water-supply, docks, tramway service or housing estates.

But though Municipal Trading has been accepted as a principle, public opinion has confined it into very narrow limits. When the policy of the public ownership of public services was first promulgated, it was, as we have seen, accompanied by violent schemes for social re-construction. It formed part of a revolutionary socialistic programme. But the history of the last twenty years shows little growth of these communistic doctrines. Municipal trading has been accepted because it has proved to be sound from the business point of view, but it is unlikely that it will be greatly extended in London in the near future.

The history of municipal trading in London is unique only in the vastness of the field in which the battle has been fought. And it is because of this vastness that perhaps the story of London's municipal development may be of interest to citizens of smaller and younger cities in other parts of the world.

CLAUD W. MULLINS.

*London.*

## THE INFLUENCE OF ENGLISH EDUCATION UPON INDIANS.

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**I**T is natural for the rulers of a country to feel the necessity of introducing into their dependency their own system of education. How far the alien system is really useful to the children of the soil depends, to a great extent, upon its suitability to their social peculiarities and demands. Speaking of English education and having regard to our own interest, it may at once be said that it should not be solely resorted to. The tendency of English education is certainly towards promoting material rather than spiritual welfare. It should not be permitted to become an all-embracing system of culture, to the exclusion of our own, to which we have become accustomed for centuries, and which is more congenial to our tastes and habits.

The civilisation and literature of the Norman conquerors of England, instead of being able to supplant, became merged in, those of the Anglo-Saxons. As a small body has a tendency to be attracted towards one of greater density and magnitude, the more complete and perfect system generally absorbs the lesser one. English education was introduced into this country with a view to extend its blessings, to make its beneficial influence felt by us and to raise us in the scale of nations. Experience has shown that it is not a pure and unmixed blessing. The Indian, pre-eminently the Hindu, ideal is more comprehensive, tending, as it does, to the development of both intellectual and moral culture. This accounts for the large measure of interest which oriental literature and civilisation have created in England, Germany, America and other civilised countries.

English literature deals with subjects of vast and varied nature. It has thrown a flood of light upon almost every topic capable of furthering the interests of civilisation and culture. Scientific and philosophic researches have considerably widened the domain of knowledge. The result is a large addition of mechanical arts and contrivances for the comforts of human life. So far as knowledge can contribute to the

material advancement of a nation labouring under the disadvantages of political dependence, the result has certainly been beneficial. Intellectual progress and the benefits accruing from it, have no doubt been attained. What we are in need of for clothing and feeding the body and the mind, has been, in some measure, attained, so far as the higher classes are concerned. The fashionable wants, delicacies and tastes of English life have been, to some extent, supplied. The problem which we are called upon to solve is whether these outward advantages are the be-all and end-all of individual and national existence. Improvement of the intellect and physical comforts, however, do not constitute the perfection of existence. High development or perfection can only be attained by spiritual elevation being added to these. The benefits of English education have no doubt been manifold. That education has made us acquainted with a language and literature which for copiousness of vocabulary, variety and vigour of expression, simplicity of grammatical structure and unvarnished directness, is the best vehicle of thought upon a variety of subjects. Through the medium of English literature the East and the West have been brought into very close and intimate relations. It has awakened in our young men English ideas of self-reliance and independence, political aspirations and desire of advancement, a spirit of manliness and courage to assert and enforce rights and privileges, and patience and perseverance to accomplish beneficial schemes in the face of great obstacles and difficulties. Disregarding caste prejudices, educated Hindus are undertaking sea-voyages to England to qualify as civilians, barristers, wranglers, &c. They form the major portion of the subordinate judicial and executive Indian service. The learned professions of law, medicine and engineering belong almost exclusively to them. Animated by the spirit of research they have begun to explore the treasures of ancient thought locked up in Sanskrit works dealing with philosophy, theology, &c. Clubs and associations, an independent native press, schools and colleges, all these and other media for the diffusion of useful knowledge are mainly due to the influence of English education. The English language is, again, the principal medium for the communication and interchange of thoughts throughout a great portion of the habitable globe. The English being the foremost nation in the world and having relations commercial, political and diplomatic with the old world and the new, their language is cultivated far and wide from the necessities arising out of such relations. To the people of India who live under English administration a knowledge of the English language is of the utmost importance. It is the principal key for opening the door

to the Indian public service. If you wish to attract the notice of the reading public, if you care to acquire eminence in any profession or undertaking, a thorough knowledge of the English is a *sine qua non*. English, therefore, is fast becoming the prevailing language of the country. It is the language of the courts, of public meetings, of epistolary correspondence and newspapers. It is talked in mansions and cottages alike.

The cultivation of the English language being a matter of inevitable necessity to our countrymen, an examination of the question in what respects we have gained and lost by it, becomes absolutely necessary. Having pointed out some of the advantages of English education, we now proceed to show how it has produced an injurious effect upon our young men in some directions. In the first place, it is a well known fact that most of the students while at school or college show an utter disregard for discipline and the rules of the institutions to which they belong. Their disorderly conduct in the class-room makes the work of instruction difficult. They seem to attend school not so much to learn as to spend their time idly and mischievously. A few of the boys in each class are no doubt well-behaved and attentive. But their morals are in danger of being contaminated by contact with class-mates who try their best to bring all down to their own level. They throw serious obstacles in the way of instruction by playing tricks and making themselves vexatious and insolently noisy. Teachers are often found unable to maintain the discipline of their classes. This evil prevails in a greater measure in the Calcutta educational institutions than in those of the Mofussil. In the metropolis there is rivalry and keen competition among private institutions. The proprietors are often disposed to be indulgent to refractory students. They do not enforce strict discipline for fear of pecuniary loss. With most of them pecuniary gain is the principal motive of starting and maintaining their institutions. The result is, as it must necessarily be, inefficiency in the tutorial staff and only nominal teaching. Discipline is the life and soul of an educational institution. On account of its non-observance the students turned out of our schools and colleges become, for the most part, untractable young men. They are utterly unfitted for the duties of life. It is this that lies at the root of the dissatisfaction which Englishmen feel for young Bengal.

To insolent untractableness and stubborn obstinacy may be added a spirit of cynicism and *nil admirari*. This is not confined to students of schools and colleges but has infected those who have passed the

state of pupillage. Some briefless juniors of the Bar are often found to sit idly in the pleaders' libraries adjoining court-houses, gossiping and chattering their time away. They amuse themselves by cracking ill-natured and disagreeable jokes at the expense of some one whom they find unversed in fashionable arts. They do not spare even their seniors who do not happen to have achieved success in the profession. It is a well-known fact that merit does not always succeed at the Bar. The most intelligent and learned lawyer often fails to command a practice commensurate with his ability and forensic talent in consequence of lack of tact, push and manœuvre. Equipped with these worldly qualifications a less talented fellow-practitioner succeeds pecuniarily. Invidious distinctions of this kind are not only a breach of professional etiquette but betray a lamentably imperfect training and defective education. These observations are not made in a spirit of carping criticism but with a view to awaken in our young men a sense of the impropriety of their conduct. To know a disease is half the cure. It behoves them to look upon life as a serious affair and not as a period of frolic, and their success or failure in it will depend upon their good use or neglect of the opportunities at their disposal. To be forewarned is to be forearmed, to be able to come off victorious in the battle of life ; it will not do to be lulled into a sense of security but to be always on the alert.

The effect of English education and the consequent aping of English manners and customs are traceable in our domestic and family organisation also. The Hindu joint family system, for instance, is a time-honoured institution. The bonds of affection uniting the several members of a Hindu family were hitherto very strong. The elder brother was looked upon as a father by his younger brothers. The government of the family was patriarchal, the head or *Karta* being recognised as the sole arbiter of its destinies. Every member implicitly obeyed his commands, which were always dictated by a disinterested solicitude for the welfare of the whole family. Property belonging to the family remained joint and undivided, thereby increasing or maintaining its social status and prestige. But with the growth of the new ideas of personal property, individual independence and habits of exclusiveness, evidently imbibed from examples of English life, a joint Hindu family is nowadays an exception rather than the rule. The spectacle is often witnessed of a son engaged in litigation against his father, or of a brother against a brother. Family property is parcelled out amongst numerous members with the result that a poor fraction is allotted to

an individual member, which reduces him to insignificance and sometimes even to poverty. No doubt there are certain disadvantages of the Hindu joint family system, but balancing these against its advantages, the latter will be found to outweigh the former. Another injurious effect of English education is the gradual decline of the spiritual element which formed a conspicuous feature of the ancient Indo-Aryan civilisation. The genius of English, or in general of occidental civilisation, is mainly materialistic. Simplicity in the physical surroundings of life and a high ideal of spiritual culture were the characteristics of the former; whereas self-assertion, intellectual refinement and æsthetic culture are the striking features of the latter. Commercial greed and love of money are the predominating springs of action of the English nation. Comfortable means of living are what they principally care for. Perseverance and energy, dauntless courage and defiance of danger—excellent virtues, no doubt—are often shown in the attainment of this end. Of course love of self-aggrandisement is a natural desire and as such it should not be stigmatised as a vice, but when it is divorced from spiritual or moral culture, when it is not subordinated to the superior claims of justice, benevolence and humanity, when it becomes a passion and inordinate ambition regardless of the nature of the means whereby to achieve it, it is certainly to be condemned. Pride is a sister vice to ambition. Security of life and property, equality of political status and freedom of thought and speech have given birth to this supercilious spirit in the English nation. Their own poet charges them with this failing. "Pride in their port, defiance in their eye, I see the lords of humankind pass by." The other vices of English civilisation, graphically described in the novels of Dickens, which injuriously affect the people of India, are hypocrisy and conventionalism, drunkenness and litigiousness. These have taken the place of the ancient virtues of sobriety and plain living, frankness and neighbourly sympathy of the Hindus. Mr. Holt Mackenzie, formerly a judge in India, says :— "The longer we have had these districts, the more apparently do lying and litigation prevail; the more are the foundations of society shaken." The remarks of Captain Westmacott are also to the same effect. "It is greatly to be deplored," he says, "that in places the longest under our rule there is the largest amount of depravity and crime. I have no hesitation in affirming that in the Hindu and Mussalman cities removed from European intercourse there is much less depravity than either in Calcutta, Madras or Bombay where Europeans chiefly congregate."

But it is unfair to say that Indians are generally demoralised by



coming into close contact with Europeans. Admitting that the latter have some vices in common with other nations—for no nation is entirely free from them—they have also several exemplary virtues. The misfortune is that the Indians, in trying to mould their conduct and habits after a Western pattern, imitate rather the bad than the good points of the Westerner. To make up perfect civilisation, so far as human institutions can reach it, there should be a harmonious and happy combination of the best features of Western and Eastern culture, that is to say, the material tendency of the former, and the spiritual force of the latter.

To recapitulate briefly the contents of this short discourse. The introduction of English education into India had for its object the furtherance of the best interests of the people. Although some material comforts have resulted from it, its injurious influence from a moral point of view goes a great way to neutralise them. The recipients of high English education cannot utilise their knowledge to any great extent on account of the political disabilities under which they labour, while the gradual adoption of a foreign civilisation with its vices is eating the vitals of the purity and simplicity of the individual and social life in India. Simplicity, economy, diligence and sobriety are the only means that can stand us in good stead in the hard struggle for existence that has set in. If we lose these excellent traits of character by contracting only the vices of an alien civilisation, our lot will be miserable beyond measure. No human institution is perfect. After making due allowance for the shortcomings of such civilisation, there is yet left much that is good and admirable in it. We should eschew the bad and adopt the good. An indiscriminate and wholesale adoption of foreign manners and customs to the exclusion or neglect of our own which have proved to be useful, congenial and suitable to us, cannot but lead to degeneration and denationalisation.

K. C. KANJILAL.

*Calcutta.*

## IN THE SACRED CIRCLE.

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A SERIES OF ARTICLES DEDICATED TO ALL PROSLLYTISERS.

Let us *educate* our children,  
For the coming of the Lord  
And build us homes, not churches,  
To set forth the sacred word

**R**EADERS are requested not to judge these articles by their lack of literary merit. Hampered by more than ordinary limitations, the writer has not sought to clothe them with any such distinction, and has been compelled through press of other work, to condense their purport more than is advisable for their full appreciation. They are intended solely to stir the imagination and fire the resolve of such earnest inquirers who have set their faces steadfastly to study the oracles of God, or Good, his better title, and point the way to a possible solution of that riddle that has taxed man's powers to the utmost from the very earliest times, and still remains unsolved.

The views and theories here set down are the modified expression of thoughts that come and go persistently in the minds of all men, recognised by a few as more than mere imagining, but shunned by most as dangerous, and likely to lead to a state worse than impious; because, at first sight, they appear to warrant desperate conclusions, but many of the mistakenly termed blasphemous ideas of our day are being recognised as being not incompatible with Christianity, and a hasty judgment delivered on any subject without due consideration of the facts that give it face, is likely to lead to larger errors, than brave investigation into reasonable conjecture.

The whole truth is met by exploring every path that leads to it. Nothing has had to fight so hard for recognition as truth, and nothing is so much doubted, because of the bias that centuries of ignorance and superstition have developed in the average mind, and the priestcraft that denounces investigation as profane.

The supremacy of truth is still a long way off, but it is in sight. We are working towards it, and the day will come when we will shape our thoughts and deeds entirely by its white light. That age will be the Golden Era. At the present time there is a general dissatisfaction with existing systems both in the church and out of it. Laws that have too often defeated their purpose by strange application, and too little regard for individual necessity, are being altered to meet the claims of common-sense and justice; dogmas that stifle the spirit they profess to protect and vivify, are being shifted into their proper place with other relics of old-time error, and men are questioning the claim of tradition to masquerade as truth.

What, after all, does the average man know of his beliefs, or recognise by the term? We are children of accident, and our beliefs are but pictures impressed upon the mind by association with certain habits of thought, and the mind, taught at the same time to reverence custom and tradition as God, receives these pictures without questioning, and supports them as real. So it has been in the past, but so it will not be in the future. We are being converted from ourselves, and we shall soon cease to believe in aught that cannot prove its right to reverence. This habit of the mind, misnamed, misused, and misunderstood, is being recognised as but a habit of the mind; it cannot justify itself on any other ground, and what we call our faith in it, is mere loyalty to it, bred of training. Habit, custom, tradition—these are the pillars that support what we call our beliefs, and faith and trust are but names for trend of thought. Let us recognise this. We are antiquarian to the core of our souls, and rather would we cling to the feet of these cherished idols that are crumbling into dust, than lift our eyes to something not made by us, not handed down from generation to generation, not hallowed by memory, not glorified by superstition, not supported by fear. It is a game of "let's pretend."

The cry of the awakened soul has gone round the globe, and everywhere men are probing into mysteries and seeking to know, for the conviction is that we can. Knowledge is our birthright. We are realising this, and that man, not God, has denied it. "I am found of them that seek me," saith the Lord. We have sought to be like Him, but we have not sought *Him* in us. That is too bold a search for false humility. Yet He who claimed sonship with God and kinship with us, making us one, bids us do so.

The fight for the truth has commenced, and when it has conquered our prejudices, and brought our systems into line with the divine laws by which only we shall endure, we shall better be able to see, what now we behold through a glass darkly, and fear, through superstition, to face.

It is our destiny to overcome, and we will, but we must lay aside our prejudices and fears, and go where thought leads, even though it leads first into darkness impenetrable. Light shines only in darkness, and we may be sure that whatsoever is not of the truth shall perish. Nothing else can. Let us seek then until we find; knock until the door is opened; ask until knowledge is vouchsafed. We can safely follow St. Paul's advice to "Prove *all* things," not alone those which have already been proven. Only, let us remember that we shall never prove anything if we turn away from it in fear.

#### I — GOD, OR THE BEGINNING OF THINGS.

I am the fluttering bird that sings,  
 I am the child at play,  
 I am the golden heart of love  
 That flames in here away.

What can we say about God, the Infinite, the Eternal, the Self-existent, the Life of all the universe? How shall we describe Him who has been labelled by every image of the mind of man? To what shall we liken Him who is all forms, yet without form, a spirit, a flame of fire? He has been likened to a tree that spreads its giant arms and thousand leaves on every side; to a fire whence millions of sparks fly up; to the great ocean that rolls its wealth forever round our shores; and to the viewless wind that bloweth where it listeth and no one knows whither it goeth or whence it cometh. In Him we live and move and have our being. All the voices of Nature breathe His name; all the

wonders of the world proclaim His power. He is within the vast illimitable stretches of the universe that he fills with rolling worlds of light, and he is in the tiniest creature that breathes, the germ, the viewless atom that draws its life from Him. He is in the sound, in the silence, on the heights, in the depths. David says : "Whither shall I go from thy spirit, or where shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there also." He is everywhere. He is only not in the dead. For he is life, and only that dies from which he withdraws himself.

Life is the energy of God. And creation is the energy made manifest. He is one, and three, and yet one. The Father from whom proceed all souls, the Son, clothed for us in flesh, the Spirit, or the sustaining power, the holy and blessed Trinity. Each One is distinct from him, as we are distinct, who are also one with Him. This is a mighty thought.

We are not alone in our worship of a triune God. Truth sows its precious seeds on every side. Ancient India worshipped him too, and does still as Brahma the creator, Vishnu the preserver, and Siva the destroyer, and they see him working in the life and death and revival; the rise and fall and rebirth, the working, sleeping, and waking again of every living creature.

Whence came the knowledge of God, the Star of Fire? Where had it its mysterious birth? Who can tell? We can only imagine what the first pale glimmerings of reason were that slowly evolved out of the yearnings of man's darkened mind and grew and spread till it slipped, the bounds of "thou shalt have no other Gods but me," and took unto itself various forms and wandered in many ways, gathering treasure here, and dross there to make the heterogeneous collection of religions, philosophies, views, and theories that sustain the world to-day. Yet, marvel of marvels, all the revelations of the ages cannot show us much of a God that hides himself, or solve the obscure problem of the future. We are not sure that the mysterious silence of God does not shroud something that we shall fear to face, a knowledge that this flesh would faint to feel. The riddle that has taxed man's powers to the utmost from the very earliest times still remains unsolved.

A growing hunger for knowledge characterises the present age, an age of free thought and unbounded ambition and fearless outlook, and it is cause for rejoicing that such hunger can exist and demand attention. It was not so in less prosperous days. In primitive times the curse of crude conditions and persistent want, while it retarded man's

mental progress by compelling him to give all his time and attention to his corporeal wants, constrained him under pain of suffering and death to perfect the conditions under which he lived and advance to his present state of finish. But now that he has reached the highest, higher than which he cannot go without the help of the buried god within, its craving-voice is heard more and more persistently demanding its right to grow to full stature and privilege.

This right is one that we cannot afford to ignore if we would check atheism, the deplorable state that denial of this right produces. We have outgrown babyhood and childhood, so easily satisfied with toys and fairy tales, sweet and simple things that charm us still because they are pure and good. But they are not enough; they cannot satisfy the craving of the emancipated slave of ages of ignorance and superstition to know his ultimate fate. He knows by countless proofs that there is a story that has never been told, a book that has not been opened. This is the real book of the revelations, more startling than that written in the lonely isle, but those who look must look deep and not fear to face what they see.

What do they see? The principal condition of the world is suffering. It is the common lot. We suffer in our affections, in our ambitions, in our restrictions, our necessities, our ailments, and even our pleasures. Trouble hunts man more persistently than we hunt happiness. There is no state of body or mind that can give immunity from pain, and no place in all the world where tears do not fall and sighs do not hourly breathe forth the silent anguish of the despairing.

Pain seems to be a necessity and attacks us in a million forms and ways. All nature groaneth and travaileth, fighting with the multifarious ills, the strange chances, the ups and downs, the injustices, the handicaps, the doubts and fears, the contradictions that shatter proven theories, the battles not given to the strong, the races not won by the swift, the prosperity of the wicked, and the too often miserable lot of the good who have been promised that they shall prosper in well doing. What is the reason for this contradiction of the character of God and the beneficence of nature, both of which have been proved to be perfect? No one can tell.

Much has been written about that strange law that works as impartially for the maintenance of evil conditions, as it does for good and right ones, never altering its course for the need of any poor soul, or any righteous cause—the Law of Cause and Effect. What lies behind it? What is it? It is subject to no authority and it is never interfered

with by the powerful Maker of Laws, who loves justice and hates iniquity and it visits the sins unto the third and fourth generation when conditions render it possible. What is it, and what purpose does it serve? It explains the whole system of the world, and exposes the means by which evil is maintained in a flourishing condition, in spite of all our efforts to check it; but it does not explain itself.

It is worthy of note, however, that both the East and West are of one mind as to its nature and existence, and they have reached their conclusions by entirely antipodal processes of thought, thereby proving its truth. Even the Christian who has confidence in an entirely different system acknowledges it, though he calls it the will of God. This is true, too, to a certain extent, for the law came by Him, but the question that confronts us persistently whichever way we look at it, is the same. *i.e.*, Why was there need for such a law, a law that confounds the innocent with the guilty, and multiplies evil a thousandfold and brings suffering to all alike? If we could find the answer to this question, it would bring us nearer the truth of our state than we have ever come.

We are like pilgrims standing midway on a long road leading out of mists to a point invisible. We have gone as far as we can go, for the way is barred in front, so we amuse ourselves looking at the curious things that are going on around us. It seems hardly reasonable for the purpose of getting on to go back, so we scarcely ever look behind, but away back there in those mists lies the secret of our strange helplessness, for there we began, and It had its beginning after us. We shall only surmount the barriers that impede our progress when we find out *why* they are there.

Knowledge is our birthright. We have been yearning for it ever since we ate of the fruit. What that mysterious event was that opened the eyes of man to his powers, to his possibilities and his future, we shall never know now. It may just have been one of those rare flashes of illumination that visit great souls from time to time; or it may have been that the young pure soul, so near the source of its being, untrammelled by the limitations of generations that have gone before us, in unconscious effort tore aside the veil that is for ever before our eyes, and realised the truth, never again to be fully grasped by any one till death.

Whatever it was it caused consternation in Heaven, for the Lord said, "Behold! the man has become as one of us," and "lest he should live for ever," which appears to be his one real limitation in the world, steps were taken to prevent it. So runs the story, and the problems that vex us are hidden in its mystery.

## II.—KNOWLEDGE.

Up from the ground we spring,  
 And lay us down again in that cool clay,  
 Till there, or elsewhere, to life again,  
 We come, and wend reflecting on our way.  
 Singing a snatch of—something ; seeing float  
 I, like stardust, visions, wrought of memories dim  
 Of deeds done long ago, that vex our dreams,  
 And keep us wondering.

Knowledge ! What is it ? And whither does it tend ? It is a remarkable fact that to seek after it is to court destruction. History bears witness all through the ages, and not alone in uncivilised times, that it is the wise and good, the saviours, the teachers, and preachers who have tried to lift Man to a realisation of himself that have been apparently deserted of God, and persecuted by man, and this, in spite of the fact that man is always crying out for teachers to show him the way of life. "Teach me," he says, and in the same breath he cries out, "I will not believe." Socrates died for his greatness. Spinoza was hounded out of the synagogue by his persecutors ; and Jesus, the greatest teacher the world ever had, the divine son of God, was done to death by torture for the same cause. Nowadays we do not burn, or saw asunder, or imprison those who seek to lead our steps aright, but we do not heed their warnings, or follow their advice more than our ancestors did. We mock, and smile, and slight, and say of such a one, "He is mad."

One could suppose that there is something very dangerous in pure truth, our systems work together so intelligently to deny it place. In the world we find justice by law meted out to actual defaulters, who may bring themselves within its power and scope, but the average sinner, and the mere unbeliever in the word of the Lord, is usually found to be flourishing. He is better off than many a saint and much more popular. All things work together for his good, and he is never visited with the chastening rod of the Lord, that falls so unsparingly on the backs of the pious for the good of their souls. One would think that sinners needed correction more, but perhaps a whole devil is less dangerous than a half saint, and the wicked at any rate are in no danger of realising their god-powers before they are fit to be trusted with them, like the wise who seek to know and advance. Depravity and intelligence never go hand-in-hand. It may not be impossible to guess the reason for the curious contradiction of things that rule the world, but the fact remains that in our search for truth, we are checked and outwitted and thwarted at every



turn. Virtue is invariably its own reward, and very little encouragement is given to those who seek to be wise, as well as good. Meekness, humility and goodness, are over and over again inculcated in the Bible, but we are not encouraged to seek after knowledge except in the fear of the Lord.

It is natural to ask, as man has been doing all along without much satisfaction, why truth does not conquer more readily when by its nature it should be invincible? Partly because might is right, and whether of a right or wrong character it preserves its power, and also because truth is dependent on reason and knowledge for recognition, and has not yet sufficiently established its claim in the world to enlist might on its side. When this is done, our systems will bring themselves into order with the universal laws, and this war will cease. Until then ignorance is the worst enemy that righteousness has—ignorance of the laws that govern us, and ignorance of ourselves.

What does man know of himself? Nothing. We know everything about the fleshly shell. We know of what it is formed, how it works, and what becomes of it. We know its nature. But the mysterious being who lives restless in it waiting to be delivered, what of it? How often we hear its mocking laugh when we torture our brains with its enigma. How often the glass shows it looking through the windows of the soul, the being who is us, and yet not us, so little do we know him. And when, weary of the stupidity and contradiction of the flesh, or at the call of some authority it obeys, it leaves its hated prison, how strangely altered grows the human form, and how wistfully we question what it was that was there but a moment ago. It is an unfathomable mystery. But IT knows what the flesh does not know, and will not hear, and so long as we continue to war against its convictions, so long shall we grope in despair. We want that degree of knowledge that will help us to lay hold of those invisible forces that now work ruin, and make them serve us. "A house divided against itself cannot stand," said Christ who was in a position to speak with conviction. Truth was never more divided against itself than it was in his day. In vain he preached, in vain he expounded, in vain he appealed to reason, the iniquitous mingling of truth and tradition that had been accepted as the word of God for generations, rendered the Jew incapable of believing anything new. Even the apostles, some of whom had accepted Jesus pretty much as we accept Christianity now, did not in the least understand the teaching or the spirit they were to cultivate. They were ready at all times to make his word of no effect by theirs. Over and over again he

rebuked the ignorance that looked only upon the surface of things. They wished to call fire from heaven to punish the scoffers who would not receive them. Punishment is man's way of compelling obedience. Jesus had to remind them that *his* disciples were to overcome by forbearance and gentleness. Jealous of their place and power they would have stopped the man who cast out devils in the name of the Lord and followed not with them. He had to remind them again, that *his* law was a law of liberty "Let him alone, though he follow not with us; He who is not against us is on our side."

Tradition is a terrible foe to light. It was strong enough to array the whole Jewish nation against the Christ and condemn him to death, and it is still able to make us doubt His intentions to such a degree, that with His very words before our eyes, and the object lessons of centuries, we are scarcely convinced of its hypocrisy. Christ revealed an ocean of truth lying about us on every side. We can see only the narrow stream that has led us down to it. Tradition, however, serves a twofold purpose and Christ recognised it.

Not indiscriminately can truth be served to the multitude. "Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of God," he says to the disciples, "but unto them it is not given." And throughout his ministry he constantly kept this danger in view. For the same reason he lets the tares and wheat grow together until the harvest. But Christ did not intend that we should remain for ever ignorant, and he gives us the key of fullest knowledge when he quotes, "I said unto them, Ye are Gods."

The Bible bears out this bold idea. We read in the very beginning that God made man in *his own image*, and breathed his spirit into him, and thus made him a living soul, as much a part of himself, as the child is of its mother, for it is the spirit that is the real man, not the flesh that is its medium. It follows then that the essence of God must possess god-powers. It is possible to have such powers without being aware of them, just as a royal child brought up in mean surroundings would still be the king's son though he might not know of the connection. Christ proved that we have marvellous powers by the works which he did in the flesh when he took our state upon him. He said so, too, in language about which there can be no doubt. We cannot nowadays believe in a God of miracles. Greater intelligence believes in a greater God than that, and a word coined to express our feeble opinion of what he did, does not describe what he actually did. We give him greater honour than superstitious awe can, when we believe in wisdom so great that it can form laws to control even these

things, and that by *them* all things are possible, not only to him, but to us, not by miracle, but by intelligent ways and means. We may believe then that man has such powers, and that he was perfectly ignorant of them when he was created.

Next we read of how he came into a knowledge of them, though wrongfully, taking with their possession a taint that made him a menace to heaven, because the possibilities of god-power backed by evil cannot be conceived. So we see him thrust out of Eden, and all the handicaps of labour, hunger, and death imposed; all the forces of nature arrayed against him, and the law of cause and effect introduced to keep him from doing what was perfectly possible. Nor were the restrictions too heavy. The divine degraded, befuddled, instinct aspired mightily to win back to the kingdom, and did deeds mightier than any we do now, who have lost our divine rights by aeons of neglect. "There were giants in the earth in those days, mighty men of renown."

Next we hear of man drowned off the face of the earth, because "his imaginings were vain." And later on it is recorded that when the people attempted to build a tower that should reach to heaven, the Lord came down to see, and said: "Behold, the *people* is one and this they begin to do. Let us go down and confound their language that they may not understand one another's speech." The jealousy of God is generally understood now to be a misrepresentation of the Jews, who were a jealous people, but if it is true that God is jealous, let us rather say concerned, it is only one more proof that man is greater than he thinks. We read of how Jacob wrestled with an angel until the break of day, and that mighty visitant could not prevail against him until he had put his thigh out of joint. What do these old stories teach? And for what reason are such passages as these written in the book of Truth?

"What is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him? He hath shut their eyes that they cannot see, and their hearts that they cannot understand. I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent. For this cause shall God send them strong delusion that they should believe a lie. I said unto them, Ye are Gods."

Yea, man is mighty, but well-nigh helpless under existing conditions. A drunken god with intelligence blunted, vision dimmed, and powers crippled, and yearnings that will never cease to urge him on to fresh effort and failure. Unconscious of his power, creative under the law, he must until he learns the truth, go on round and round in the maze of his own making, recreating the evil he fights against, reforging the

chains he breaks, setting up again the barriers he pulls down, and inventing new dangers for those he escapes. He is too befuddled to see the way out, and he will not hear the truth.

What a curse is ignorance, and how we hug it! Vainly did the sages, thousands of years ago, pour forth their knowledge for our benefit. We are only beginning to heed now. Vainly cried the Christ, "Only *believe* what I tell you. Have faith. The works that I do ye shall do also. Resist not evil. Overcome it with good, or the last state is worse than the first." Well, we have deserved our fate. We have not obeyed the voice of the Lord our God.

What were these solemn warnings directed against? They were directed against the latent creative force that lies deeply buried in every man, working continually by his unconscious will, uncontrolled, doing mischief incalculable. We are just beginning to realise its existence. It is the meaning of all the phantasmagoria of the world. But the faith that can remove mountains, can cause other existing things to cease, and man can break his chains just whenever he will. Christ knew of the power and force of thought and by it did what we call miracles, but he used no power that man has not by his kinship with God.

To some light comes as in the case of the inspired, who in agony, meditation, and with determination, induced it from its source. They knew, and tried to convey the knowledge and its tremendous importance to the race, those less illumined ones, in whom the mysterious sense only stirs, and in most lies dormant. But our language is too feeble to convey clearly the meaning of such revelations. We can at best but dimly comprehend their import, ere they slip away altogether; and if we try to reveal to others what we receive, we misinterpret. As the poet says:—

"He who may stand where angels come, hears truths that are told to him,

But hears with his flesh ear muffled, and sees with his flesh eye dim.

And so when he tells the thing to men who learn the inspired word,  
He tells what he thinks he saw, and relates the things that he thinks he heard.

The good God must smile in pity then to see the poor pigmies  
fight.

For truth that is only half a truth and wrong that is half a right.

In time I will take these half-truths and in passing them through  
a sieve,  
The truth free from dross and falsehood, men who wait for it  
shall receive."

M. L. F.

*Bombay.*

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A BLACK PANSY.

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Heartsease in robes of woe !  
Can this be so ?  
Oh yes !  
See ! In the gloom a glow  
Of colour, and confess  
That even when our tears must flow  
Love hovers over us to bless,  
To sanctify our tears,  
Dispelling fears.

J. R.

*Oxford.*

## RASILI : THE STORY OF A VILLAGE GIRL.

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### CHAPTER V.

**E**ARLY next day Rasili and her father packed up their little bundle and were about to leave, when Prem Nath appeared and began to protest against Rasili's going to live in the compound of Raja Rama Singh. He was in dead earnest in all that he said, and he was not far wrong in what he feared might befall the poor, innocent, village maiden if she went to live in the Raja's compound. Only, the motive which inspired him to dissuade her was anything but honourable. He wanted to keep her for his own purposes and through her gain power over his master, the young profligate Mahant, who was considered by the Government and the people a fit person to be a trustee and administrator of a charitable institution.

"You are a fool," said Prem Nath, a little out of temper, "you don't know what you are doing. You are mad. I will not allow you to take your daughter away from here."

"Panditjee," answered Rama Charan curtly, "I am thankful to you for giving me food and shelter when I had no place to go to, but you are taking too much upon yourself. Fool or mad, whatever I may be, I can take my daughter wherever I like."

"You are Bai-dharma, an apostate, to speak to a Brahman like this," said Prem Nath. "I am a Brahman and a Sadhu ; you should follow blindly what I tell you. You have no knowledge. I have consulted the stars, Venus is her ruling star, which is overshadowed by Saturn. She can know no happiness unless Saturn is constantly propitiated. Peace and happiness shall fly her wherever she goes. If she stays here, I will propitiate Saturn and protect her against all evil influences."

"No, I won't stay with you," said Rasili emphatically, who had been affected by the prophetic tone of Prem Nath, "I shall bear my destiny. I don't wish to bring trouble on your house."

"This house," said Prem Nath, "is safe against all evil. It is dedicated to God. No evil can come to it. I am a Sanyasi; I have nothing to lose. I can protect those whom I wish to protect. I saw her hand and knew the way the stars looked at her. I have the power to turn their evil eye and change it for gladness. I have already propitiated Saturn."

"Good!" said Rama Charan with a laugh "You cannot undo the propitiation now. It will hold good for some time, and I must go. It is useless prolonging this profitless talk."

Rama Charan took up his little bundle and made a move towards the door, but Prem Nath blocked it with his body and stood before him, a veritable wall of loose flabby flesh, his paunch covering almost his whole figure and projecting over his flowing dhotie, which hardly covered his elephantine legs. Possibly, Indian artists took holy men like him as models; there is nothing else to account for the shapeless carved human figures which one sees in the temples.

"Let us pass," said Rama Charan. "You have no right to stop us."

"No right to stop you! What right can you, a low caste man, a Shudra, a plier of razor and washer of utensils, have? Go back, I command you, otherwise I will call the anger of heaven upon you and curse you."

"Get away," said Rama Charan angrily, "even Gods are powerless to do worse than what has already happened. Let me pass, you can sit at leisure and call upon God's ire to descend on his creatures no less dear to Him than yourself. Voices such as yours cannot reach his pure sphere."

"Don't blaspheme the Gods," exclaimed Prem Nath. "They have the power to turn you into a statue of stone."

"I would much rather be a statue of stone than a feeling human being," quoth Rama Charan, "I am no more a fool. I have thought over the why and wherefore of things. I know that heaven and earth follow their own course and are not affected by the imposture and lying tricks of a Brahman. Now get away; if you do not, I will call in the police, and you know it will not be good for any of us."

"It will not be good for either of you," said Prem Nath, "I can easily please them,"

"You will get a bad name in any case," said Rama Charan, "and have to pay for it into the bargain."

"Don't be a fool," said Prem Nath as he moved out of the way mechanically, thinking of many unlawful things, of which he had been an abettor and which had happened in his Dharmashalla.

"Let us go," said Rama Charan, "we are poor and have nothing to lose, but the police will not easily let you slip from their hands. They will apply the lancet and let you bleed a little."

"I do not stand in your way," muttered Prem Nath who almost shivered at the name of the Police. "I was doing this for your good only, if you won't stay, what is that to me—you will suffer. Come and see me whenever you are free."

"I will come to you," said Rama Charan, "I am not ungrateful and shall never forget the rest that I had here."

"May you always remain slaves of the Brahman," said Prem Nath through sheer habit, as father and daughter walked out into the streets. Rasili covered her whole face with her *sarce* as directed by her father, looking through a little hole which she contrived to keep open before her eyes. Her fine well-shaped figure, tall and straight, her fair and beautifully formed feet and her easy manner of walking, so much unlike the fragile city women who rarely see the outer world, and the glory of the wide rustling fields and vast cloudless skies, excited general admiration in the Bazar as she followed her father.

"How cobra-like her hair curls up," said one.

"What feet! What ankles!" said another.

"Shall we not see the lovely face?" asked a man in an audible whisper coming nearer to her.

"Have you no daughter of your own?" asked Rama Charan, turning angrily upon him. "Is this the fashion of the cities to ill-treat poor strangers?"

"Pardon me," said the stranger. "I did not know you were her father."

Thus saying, the man walked away, but others made similar remarks. Yesterday when she had walked with her face uncovered no one had spoken a word to her, but her veil to-day made her the cynosure of all eyes. Rasili marvelled at the change. In the village she went open-faced and no one said anything. Was it all due to the unfamiliar veil? She would have uncovered her face but for the fear of her father who had ordered her to keep her face entirely veiled, and she must obey him.



At last they reached the house of the Raja. He was still asleep, but his agent showed them a small room in the servants' quarters, where Rama Charan put his little bundle and Rasili at once set to clean the room. She swept it and then mudwashed the floor and the walls, made a little fireplace, then lighted the fire and put some rice on the fire to boil. As soon as it was cooked they sat down and had their meal and felt all the pleasure and joy of having a little home of their own. Late in the afternoon the Raja took his seat in the public room and Rama Charan presented himself and was given a chowrie to wave over his head.

The room was full with the Raja's chosen companions, Zahuran and two new dancing girls were in attendance, and at a sign from him the music began. One of the girls began to dance and sing. Her flexible gentle voice, with its deep vibrating tones, her smiles while she was singing, her mischievous passionate eyes and little feet which moved and kept tune to the measure of the song and her graceful bows in response to the compliments paid to her, helped to produce a pleasing effect. She sang:—

A dimpled cloud across the sky,  
 A sunlit garden filled with music gay  
 Cool fragrant breeze, and loved one lovingly shy ;  
 Fresh foaming cups, from Shiraz far away,  
 Of vintage old ; sparkling with fresh fire  
 Of budding youth ; reflecting in red wine  
 Through crystal cup the face of heart's desire ;  
 So fair, so young, so charmingly divine.  
 A festive board replete with dainties rare,  
 Company of friends united heart and soul  
 Sharers of sorrow, joy ; intruding care  
 Of all that comes in time's relentless roll,  
 Talks of Sherin, and Firbad's selfless love ;  
 Who cut a channel through the adamant hills  
 To win his Sherin and his love to prove.  
 Or Majnun lost in love forgot all ills.  
 A dainty banquet and a fairy crowd,  
 And loved one, fairest flower of her race,  
 Demurely bashful and so sweetly proud,  
 A rosebud, nestling in love's warm embrace,  
 Offering nectar of life, immortal, rare  
 Through rosy lips, touching so sweetly mine,

My arm across her neck, like a garland fair,  
 Her musky hair dishevelled fall and twine.  
 One with my love beyond all self-delusion,  
 My soul losing itself through one sweet kiss,  
 Made one with her through some deep inner fusion  
 . It keeps as yet the fragrance of that bliss. \*

"You are a king of paradise. God has given you all that which Atish longed for," said she, bowing to the Raja.

"There is wine, distilled by the fair maids of Europe, steeped in roses and foaming and sparkling more than any Shiraz wine ever did before," said a Musahib.

"And companions," added another, "prepared to shed their heart's blood for every drop of sweat that comes from his body," quoth another.

"And the loved one," said the Raja, drawing Zahuran into his arms, "a real rosebud in love's warm embrace."

"And the cup-bearer," said another girl, advancing with a tiny cup brimming with light French wine and holding it to his lips.

"It is heavenly," he murmured, emptying the glass.

"It is like the banquet hall of Indra," said a Brahman, "our master has turned earth into a heavenly paradise."

"He is the reincarnation of Krishna," repeated another. "Maids surround him just as they surrounded Shri Krishna. What dances! What songs! This house looks like the abode of a god."

Only Zahuran, who lay in the arms of Rama Singh, was sadly pensive and unusually thoughtful. She rose and steadied herself on the bolster and then took up the sitar and attuned it and then played a bar accompanying herself with great feeling; from her lips rippled a miracle of a voice, young, deep and unutterably touching, and after modulating her voice to a certain melody, she began:

The night is all so black and dark  
 The rain-full clouds ride on the air  
 The flashes of the lightening spark  
 Light up; the showers free and fair.  
 A lovelorn cuckoo in the grove  
 Calls for her love in sad "Coo-coo"  
 My broken life, aflame with love  
 Like Pupeeha, thirsts for you.†

\* Translated from an ode by Atish.      † Translated from a Hindi song,

"For whom is your heart athirst?" said the Raja, putting his arms around her. "I am with you, my love."

"Mine!" said she, as if awakening from a dream and mechanically putting aside his arms, "mine," she murmured again, and then became silent. The words of the song had slowly evaporated, leaving in her mind a pure crystal of an idea. It had touched her soul and awakened in it strange yearnings for love, for life, for poetry, and a sad regret, a cutting pain at the falsehood and ruin that encompassed her. What was it that she wanted? Only to lose herself. What was it she wanted in return? Only a spark of true all-consuming love. Poor human heart, how often in its blind search for the light of love it is scorched by false fires and passes on to the grave, with longings unfulfilled, with heart thirsting for life to the last moment.

"You have not answered," said the Raja a bit annoyed. "Have you found another purchaser?"

"We people have no heart to give," she answered bitterly. "We are like jasmine branches carried on the wings of air, shedding our perfume wherever we fall. We give sometimes our heart's fragrance but no one appreciates or values it; blown hither and thither by the wind, we shed our life and depart, we know not where."

"Are you not happy? Are you not contented?" asked the Raja with some concern. "I think I and you have nothing to complain of."

"I am happy enough," she added with a forced laugh. "Why should one worry? It is long since I bade adieu to pensive fancies. I take life as it comes. Life seems to me like a mountain stream forced to flow on and on, not knowing where, why and wherefore, now darkened by a cloud, now brightened by flashing sunbeams, sometimes parting and rippling over pointed rocks and narrow channels, then flowing again through broad expansive plains. Does the stream stop to worry? Would it help it if it did? No, then why try to check that which to its destined end must inevitably flow?"

"Piari Zahuran," said the Raja, "you talk like a Moulvi and a philosopher. Who was the happy man who initiated you in the philosophy of life?"

"I have learned from the school of life," she answered.

"I too have a philosophy of my own," said the Raja. "I hate the world and its business. Why should I let the stream of my life run under dark clouds when I can wave them aside, when it can be brightened by such a sweet smiling face as thine and the divine music which flows

from thy lips. A glass of wine is quite enough to take one beyond the bounds of self which sages seek in vain. Do let me kiss you and forget the thoughts that you have awakened."

She held up her face to his, he touched her lips with his own and said, "Now sing the song of my fragile bark of life."

She touched her sitar and through the room swept a pure harmonious sound accompanied by a voice thrilling with all the sorrow, the sweetness and the patience of Indian life. Now bitter-sweet, now vehemently despairing, awakening a sense of sweetness and of sadness. Her audience sat spellbound. Never had she sung like this before:

A shoreless river, no raft, no boat,  
 I'm lost in mid-stream,  
 My life, my love, my soul, my all.  
 Come Pilot of my fragile bark.  
 A shoreless river, no raft, no boat,  
 These cruel waves toss me about.  
 My only hope, thy guiding arm,  
 Across this shoreless shore.  
 Oh! take me, help me, love,  
 I am going and going adown,  
 Thine arm, thine arm, thine arm,  
 My love, my light, my life.

She stopped and the spell broke, the Raja began complimenting her. "How beautiful! How lovely!" exclaimed the Raja. "A nightingale seems to have taken its abode in your heart to pour out her soul in your voice."

"I am what I am," she said. "It is like a blade of grass borrowing perfume from the company of a rose."

"She has not her equal in the whole country," said a Musahib.

"God after creating her withdrew His hand and never made another like her," quoth a second.

"She was created for our master to gratify his love of the beautiful. Half the city is dying for her," added a third.

"We professionals deserve no praise," said she, making a bow, "I could hardly articulate when they began my education. Those were happy days. I lived in a paradise of my own, in a world of music and song. But that is all over. I am a professional singer now."

"It is a gay profession," said the Raja, "song and music, wine and love gladden it everywhere."

"So it is," she said audibly. It seemed to her as if it was like following with mocking song and music the corpse of a dead heart. "It is the appreciation of generous men like you," she added aloud, "which we prize more than anything."

"I am glad I please you," said the Rajah, feeling flattered by the compliment. "I am only an unworthy person, living on the good name of my forefathers."

"Your father was a brave man," said she. "I know a great deal about his indomitable courage, his unselfish heroism."

"Alas!" said the Raja, heaving a deep sigh. "Now we have to live under the peaceful British rule, which is killing, nay, totally destroying all manhood. What can I do? The only profession of my family is closed to me. I cannot become a snivelling writer. The English rule India for the benefit of weavers and such folk, who now lord it over us, while I, whose father used to march with an army at his back, cannot keep a single gun without a license. The times have changed; the age of the sword has gone and its place has been taken by an age of reed and quill. It is a heavy price to pay for the peace that we enjoy—the loss of all manhood, all heroism."

"The Firangees are very wise," said Zahuran with a laugh. "What swords could not accomplish, they are accomplishing by an opium-dose of peace."

"Those who talk are called the leaders of public opinion," said the Raja. "The more you talk, the more popular you become. Talking is worshipped, talking is adored. The man of the sword is laughed at as a fool. Poor fellow, he sells his life for a living wage and is called a mercenary."

"There is a great deal of talk, but nothing else," said Zahuran. "It is just like your Durbar, where we talk, laugh and joke the whole day, but as for results——"

"Oh results! We have the pleasure in cash," said the Raja. "We don't wait for a note of credit on heaven."

"Good," said Zahuran with a laugh, "ours is the wiser way of living."

"How is one to pass the day?" said the Raja. "No shooting, no chase, no fighting, no adventure, life has become inexpressibly prosaic."

"Adab'arz, Hazoor," said an old man coming to the Raja. "May I have a word with you."

"Cannot you wait? You always choose a bad time to spoil our pleasure."

"The matter is an urgent one and I thought I should let you know at once."

"Is it so urgent as not to wait till to-morrow?"

"It is," insisted the old man.

"Very well, then, be brief and tell me what you want."

"I would rather speak to you in private," he replied.

"Come then," said the Raja, leading him into an adjoining room.  
"What is it?"

"Maharaj," said the old man. "There is not a single rupee in the treasure chest to-day. All the money, nearly ten lakhs, which your good father left, has gone. If you ask me to pay a new bill, I have not a shell to satisfy it."

"What shall I do?" said the Raja turning pale. "It will be such a disgrace if I am not able to pay my bills."

"Pardon me, Maharaj," said the old man. "If you go on spending money like water, even the treasures of Qarun cannot stand the drain. Maharaj, you should look into your affairs. I am an old man. Pardon my saying so, but if dancing girls and wine keep their place in this house, nothing will be left, even the house will go. You have a daughter to marry, a son to educate, and a splendid position to keep. For God's sake change your mode of life."

"Well, well," said the Raja impatiently. "Put my son under a tutor."

"I have already put him under a tutor," said the old man, "I have employed a graduate on Rs. 20 a month to teach the young Ruby."

"That is all right. We must see about the marriage of my little daughter. In the meantime, you must devise some plan to tide over present difficulties."

"Your credit is good, sir," said the old man, "and if you will sign this pro-note I will raise the money for you."

Without looking at the pro-note, the Raja affixed his signature to it.

"Is it all right?" he enquired.

"It will do, sir," said the old man bowing, "but it cannot take us very far. Do, for God's sake, look into your affairs. Think of your father who made a name for himself."

"My friend," said the Raja. "I wish very much I could follow the example of my father, but I have not the strength to do it. Life seems wearisome without music and song. Somehow I cannot change

my life. It is too late. I know everything, I understand everything, but I have not the strength to act."

The old man made a bow and departed. He was an old servant and had tried to be honest. Even now he wished well for his young master, but when he saw the Raja squandering his fortune, he was not above keeping a good share for himself. He argued to himself that he had a greater right to it than those who were getting everything, without any right at all. The pro-note he had with him was for Rs. 20,000 out of which Rs. 5,000 went into his spacious pocket and a good percentage of the balance continued to flow to him in the ordinary course of things, as commission &c. None the less the old man was truly sorry for his master and did what he could to keep things afloat. He had placed the heir under a tutor, but what could an ill-paid, half-educated man, whom no one respected, accomplish? He merely lived there for the sake of his bread.

The Raja turned to his room and invited Zahuran to sing, and she began in her own inimitable manner. She had a real loving heart, easily moved and in spite of the life she led, her soul had not lost its freshness, nor her heart its purity. When she sang it was not the technique but the beating of a human heart which found expression through her rising and falling voice, and invisible charm seemed to gather round her.

Why open lips in vain complaint,

When the heart is gone?

Why talk of pain and pangs of love

When the life has flown?

Why mourn for a broken heart

Love has claimed its own.\*

"Wah! Wah!! Wah!!!" shouted all the Musahibs. "How beautiful! How divine! Ghalib is really the king of Urdu poets."

"So he is," said Zahuran. "His poetry moves me to the core, it is not confined to the beauty of language alone but pulsates with ideas and expresses all the emotions of a human heart."

"You put life in his dead words," said the Raja. "Your musical voice gives it a life and meaning."

They talked and sang and drank till long past midnight, and then the Raja and his companions retired to rest.

*To be continued.*

JOGENDRA SINGH.

*Kheri Dist., Oudh.*

## EDITORIAL NOTE.

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Steam and electricity have, in the words of the poet, "inter-linked all geography." It is the first step towards interlinking all hearts. Is there any science which will achieve this more difficult feat of magic and fulfil the promise of the steam engine and the electric battery? Commerce teaches the need of man to man, of nation to nation. Commerce, however, is sometimes closely associated with the flag; in some parts of the world they are inseparable. The flag too interlinks hearts; the backward races admire and appreciate the comforts and conveniences which the civilisation of the conquerors brings them; they live in a state of peace unknown to them before, and indeed in the case of some tribes the danger seems to be that a too seductive civilisation may kill them off sooner than their old wars. In parts of Africa the flag has not been a blessing, and commercial exploitation has proved a curse to the native tribes. Yet commerce, which introduces the products of civilisation from an advanced into a backward country, tends to interlink the hearts of men. Of the moral sciences, which complete the task of physical science, Anthropology takes the lead, rather than political economy, and creates a sympathetic interest, the foundation of friendly understanding between the various races of the earth. Study attracts, while prejudice repels. The ancients, when they came across a new people, were often repelled by their different complexion, strange customs, and unintelligible language. Those who prided themselves on their civilisation looked upon foreigners as barbarians or Mlecchas. Here and there a historian or geographer, a true lover of knowledge, patiently collected all the information that he



could get about foreigners ; but the most accurate and conscientious of the writers were credulous, and they recorded myths as sober truth. In India the Aryans not only drew caricatures of their enemies, but depicted as monkeys the friendly tribes who had assisted the Princes of Ayodhya in their expedition to Lanka—tribes who were probably sufficiently advanced to have a settled government and to carry a national flag with a figure of the monkey upon it. Science inculcates a love of truth, and truth has to be found out by close attention and patient research. Attention is the mother of attraction. The medical researcher may fall in love with the plague and typhoid germs, whose behaviour he closely studies. The zoologist may love toads and rats, even as a school-master loves his mischievous pupils. To study is to love ; if love is not always a surrender of self, it is at least the opposite of prejudice and hatred. Even the vivisectionist, who places the advantage to his own kind above the terror and pain that may be caused to the victims of his experiments, may in his best moods relent and may be overcome by a feeling of love for the living creatures that subserve his ends. The study of man is not only a humane pursuit, it combines the influence of science and the humanities. To anthropology, more than to any other science or study, may be attributed the Universal Races Congress which was held in London this year ; the most instructive papers were contributed by scholars who had studied mankind in the scientific spirit of knowing the truth.

Physical man is easily studied ; For the physiological and morphological characters of races do not elude research. Doubt still exists as to the causes, the stability, and the heritability of many of these characteristics. Yet the study of physical characters admits of the collection of definite data, of comparison and discussion, and arrival at more or less satisfactory conclusions. Mental characters do not admit of equally accurate observation. As Principal Brajendranath Seal acknowledged in his learned address before the Congress on the Physical Basis of Race, no comparative tests of the acuteness of smell and taste have been systematically applied to different races ; differences in tactile delicacy, in the pitch, volume and timbre of voice, have similarly yet to be studied systematically. It is generally believed, as Dr. Seal states,

that savages are as a rule deficient in acuteness of smell and taste ; that the Mongolians and Dravidians are superior to the average European in tactile delicacy, in muscular sensibility, and manual dexterity ; that as a rule savages have more developed powers of sight and hearing than civilised races ; but that their larynx is less developed and their voice is shriller. If the capacity for sensation is not easily determined, it is a research which is not beyond the means of science, and some day we are sure to have ampler and more accurate information. Still more difficult is a comparison of emotional characteristics, of will power, and intellectual tendencies—of capacity for concentration and abstraction, for curiosity and foresight, for initiative and self-restraint. The Negro is believed to be of a sanguine temperament, “lively, excitable, sensuous, affectionate, passionate, cruel, and indolent” ; the Indian is credited with a phlegmatic temperament, and with being “dignified, stoical, unexcitable, undemonstratively affectionate, taciturn, and moody” ; the Malayan is choleric, “daring, reckless, adventurous, fitful, and furious” , while the Mongol is a mixture of bile and phlegm, “sullen, sluggish, hardy, warlike, apathetic, thrifty and industrious.” It is interesting to see Dr. Scal mentioning the Negro and the Malay to be “musical.” Is the Indian less musical than they? Perhaps he dances less.

The relations between the races are seldom determined by difference in mental characters, for these are studied only by the philosopher and not the man in the street. Privileges are sometimes claimed on the ground of moral superiority. In India we are familiar with the opinion that the European is superior to the Oriental in initiative, in power of direction and organisation, in stability of character, and in moral energy. It is therefore said to follow that the fittest person to be at the head of any department, of a district, or a province is he who can direct best. Mr. Spiller thinks that the inequality, if at all innate—which is doubted—is much exaggerated, and that, equal in intellectual capacity, the coloured races have proved, by their intrepidity, activity and ingeniousness in war, hunting, cultivation of the soil and commerce, that they are not inferior to others in the spirit of initiative. In the British and other European colonies it is asserted, that the coloured races carry with them wherever they go an inferior

standard of civilisation, that their social habits are those of a primitive people, and that they lower the standard of life. The social habits can be easily improved in a select number of individuals who aspire to a higher standard of living ; the more permanent objections reduce themselves to a disinclination to face competition. Occupational caste in India is essentially a protective system ; free competition has been adopted in trade in some of the Western countries, but it does not commend itself to the instincts of mankind everywhere. The white men in their colonies adopt a caste system for self-protection. They have no ill-will against Asiatics as such, but charity must begin at home. That was essentially the reply which the colonial representatives gave to Mr. Montagu at the Imperial Conference when the Under-Secretary of State for India pleaded the cause of Indians before them. Where material interests clash, it is doubtful whether humanitarian considerations, with the strength which they have as yet acquired, offer an effective resistance to the aggression of self-interest, or to the promptings of the instinct of self-preservation. One of the questions which the Universal Races Congress had to consider was how humanitarianism might gain the upper hand.

Ordinarily when races, more or less of the same grade of civilisation, are brought into contact with each other, their relations are determined by mere external and superficial physical attributes, complexion in great measure, and features in a minor degree. Beauty, as Mr. Spiller says, is undoubtedly a question of conventional standards, and a well developed Japanese or Haitian may be as handsome as a European. Europeans do not allege that Burmese or Japanese girls are ugly ; notwithstanding the conventional standards to which they are accustomed, some of them are said to act upon the contrary hypothesis. A broad head is perhaps more readily excused than thick lips ; and if large eyes wield power by appealing to the sense of the fearless in man, small eyes may prove attractive by appealing to the sense of humour and sprightliness. A deeper prejudice is that of colour. Its origin is immaterial. Primitive man, the ancestor of the European, was perhaps dark-skinned. As he made his way northward, as Professor Lyde says, he might have begun to bleach, and acquired first a semi-primitive yellow complexion, and finally the white or pink. The quantity of pigment

in the skin varies with temperature and moisture in the atmosphere. The eye is concerned more with the effect than with the cause. Yet a mental recognition of the superficiality and accidental character of colour may go a long way towards the conquest of prejudice. The prejudice of the eye is not as deep-seated as the sensitiveness of the nose. High authorities have considered it not improbable that every race has its characteristic smell, and individuals of the same race too may attract or repel each other unconsciously by the odours emitted by them. It is not clear whether this theory was seriously considered at the Universal Races Congress. Travellers have alleged that the Oriental has a distinctive and unmistakable smell about him, though manners and decency prevent them from laying much stress on this delicate subject. It is probable that the odour has some origin other than physiological; yet if it should turn out to be a physiological characteristic, it might prove a more effectual barrier between races than complexion or diversity of features.

What is the practical value of any theory concerning the origin of the differences in the bodily or mental characteristics of the various races? Professor Myers is of opinion that inasmuch as the differences are the result of the different environments in which the races have lived, the progressive development of all primitive peoples must be possible if only the environment can be appropriately changed. The physical environment cannot be changed on a large scale. A few individuals may migrate from one latitude to another, but whole tribes cannot be transplanted for the purpose of changing their physical characteristics. The Ethiopian cannot therefore change his skin; if he is ashamed of it he will unnecessarily make himself miserable: he had better learn or continue to be proud of it. He may or may not derive some comfort from Professor Myers' statement that the mental characters of the majority of the peasant class throughout Europe are essentially the same as those of primitive communities. Anyhow he may change his environments so as to change his mental characters. But his physiology and physiognomy will follow him wherever he goes and will remain with him for an indefinite number of years. How can the races change their environments? What are the environments which have produced the inferior mental characters and how can they be improved? This seems to

be a practical inquiry, which may be conducted in countries like India and Egypt, and China and Persia. The inquiry must necessarily be complicated, for the mental characters may be largely the result of unchangeable physical environments. Social and political environments are already changing in many countries. Some mental characteristics of Orientals must be due to the seclusion of women, and one of the papers read before the Congress was on the purdah system in India by a Muhammadan. He does not seem to have traced any of the general characteristics of Mussalmans to the seclusion of women; but he insisted that the Quran nowhere enjoins such a custom, and that only parts other than the face and the hands are required to be covered according to the sacred books of Islam. Some physical as well as mental characters may at least temporarily be altered by a custom like that of early marriage: and Mrs. Annie Besant is said to have inveighed against this baneful practice, which was at one time common in Europe, and to some extent, though not in the sense of pre-puberty marriages, persists to this day in parts of that continent. It prevails outside India and its effects are probably the same wherever it exists. If the conditions in which it flourishes are studied, we may be able to state in what environments it will disappear. Anthropologists tell us why the age of marriage differs in different countries, or it has differed in different times in the same country. But while other sciences have been made subservient to arts and industries, the anthropologist does not as yet figure prominently in spheres where attempts are made to change the mental and social environments of man. Miss Noble, alias Sister Nivedita, treated the Congress to a beautiful account of the Indian home. It is possible that the position of woman in India is not correctly understood by many. But it would be a supreme act of folly for Indians to lay the flattering unction to their hearts that it is what it ought to be. The women of India are themselves awakening to a sense of their needs, and a radical change in their environment is only a question of time.

Though the object of the Universal Races Congress was non-political, politics could not perhaps be entirely eschewed from its discussions, inasmuch as the relations between the races are in more countries than one influenced by political interests. An

Egyptian representative mentioned that the reforms sought by the party of progress in that country are—a real share in government, a reorganisation of justice, gratuitous and obligatory education, the creation of agricultural and industrial unions to improve the condition of the fellah, the establishment of “institutions of public assistance,” and sanitary improvement. The needs of Indians too are many, but they are not all connected with the racial problem. A spread of popular education is desired in India, by compulsion if necessary, and sanitary improvement is also required. No racial question, however, arises out of educational and sanitary needs. The spread of education is a question of funds and hence of taxation, as mere economy is not likely to provide the cost of educating the millions that are too poor to pay for the unappreciated blessing, and Government is more anxious to save lives and protect them from plague and malaria than the vast majority of the people themselves. Of the conditions mentioned by a distinguished representative Indian as indispensable in his opinion for ensuring friendly relations between the educated class and Europeans, one can easily understand the relevancy of furthering the evolution of representative government, of sending out to India only officials of high intellectual and moral standard, and of insisting on perfect courtesy on the part of officials and other European residents in their relations with Indians. It is well known that the local Governments have issued instructions to officials on the etiquette which they should invariably observe.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

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The agricultural prospects of the year are not so cheery as the Imperial and the Provincial Governments hoped when they framed their budgets, but not quite so gloomy as they appeared in August. September rains dispelled much of the anxiety which had been felt in Central India and the United Provinces ; in Burma, North-Eastern India, and Southern India the monsoon had not disappointed expectations in the earlier months. The future is still uncertain in the northern parts of the Bombay Presidency, and in the greater part of Rajputana and of the Panjab. October must decide whether they are to have a scarcity or famine in a mild form, or the spring harvest will compensate for the deficiency of the earlier crops. As the lean year follows upon a succession of more or less fat years, the situation will not be very acute ; yet it has already been sufficiently unfortunate to compel the abandonment of a considerable portion of the military programme at the Delhi Durbar.



The exodus of the Imperial and the Provincial Governments to the hills is a practice too firmly established to be done away with, but the last word has not been said on the expenditure which it should entail, the duration of the stay in the cool heights, and the establishment which should be removed from the plains to the higher altitudes. The repeated interpellations in the legislative councils must cause some searching of the heart, as of account books, and the light of criticism beats more and more fiercely on all that the Governments do. A mere statement that more work can be accomplished on the hills than on the plains does not carry conviction if the public is not given some proof of this additional activity, and if on the contrary the newspapers publish accounts

of unceasing social functions and frivolities. The tours of Government members, the introduction of small Bills in the legislative council at Simla, and a plentiful issue of press notes on various subjects connected with the administration, are some of the proofs which may incline the public to form a charitable estimate of the stimulus which a low temperature is said to impart to official activity. Such evidence has not been wanting in the present year.



Several non-contentious Bills have been passed in Simla session, and some important measures have been introduced which require public discussion, and which will be taken up at Calcutta. One of these is intended to give relief to executive Governments which are required by the legislature to frame rules and exercise various powers in individual cases under all sorts of enactments. The Decentralisation Commission found that the relief was necessary, for the administration was getting more and more complex and heavy and the central authority does not admit of proportionate development. A general decentralisation scheme was found impossible inasmuch as the enactments to be dealt with are too numerous, and a scheme which may work well enough in one province or one division may not suit another. The device, therefore, which has been hit upon is delegation. The Governor-General in Council will be empowered to delegate his powers and duties to authorities subordinate to him, and the local Governments would be authorised in the same way to obtain the relief which they require. It will be seen that relief to one person must necessarily mean additional work to another, and the burden is not satisfactorily discharged by merely transferring it from one shoulder to another. The number of shoulders will have to be increased as the burden becomes more and more heavy ; but instead of the additions to the machinery being made in the centre, they will be made somewhere nearer the circumference. The great objection to delegation is that when the legislature entrusts a Government with a certain responsibility, it is not proper that the authority so trusted should substitute another agency ; no private trustee would be allowed to shirk his responsibilities in that fashion. If the legislature is satisfied with a lower agency, the duty must be entrusted to that agency in the first instance by the legislature itself ; or if no uniform rule can be



laid down for every part of the jurisdiction within which a law operates, the legislature may itself decide whether and how the delegation may be made. All these considerations will no doubt be borne in mind in future legislation. But the past cannot easily be mended. The Government, however, has proposed a compromise to the effect that no notification under the law should become effective until copies have been sent to every member of the Legislative Council, nor until a meeting of the Council has been held. An opportunity will thus be given to the Council to set its seal to the delegation by tacit acquiescence, or to disapprove of the proposal by a special resolution, for the legislative councils are authorised nowadays to pass such resolutions. It is scarcely likely that the disapproval will be unheeded, and thus the executive Government will not be open to the charge of defeating the object of the legislature or encroaching upon its sphere.



The invasion of science into India leaves its marks on the statute-book. A Bill has been introduced to regulate the use of white phosphorus. If science succeeds in minimising the risk of using some of the dangerous chemicals in serviceable manufactures, the question still remains for the administrator how the mischievous use of the discoveries of science may best be prevented. The aeroplanes have put the military authorities on the alert, and a Bill has been introduced to obviate the possibility of these machines being used for purposes hostile to Government. The machines will be registered, and the Government will reserve to itself the power of acquiring them if it is not desirable to leave them in the possession of others. This legislation has been undertaken as a precaution in advance of actual circumstances. To the people at large the Bills to regulate the working of insurance companies and societies are of more immediate interest ; so also the proposal to modify some of the responsibilities of the Post Office and to give it some new powers. Life insurance companies in the United Kingdom are compelled to submit periodical statements which enable the Government and the public to form a reliable estimate of their success and position, and thus a check is provided against misleading the poor, who with their meagre savings hope to insure themselves or their families against future want. Companies that do business in the United Kingdom

will not be asked to submit the same statements over again to the authorities in India. But Indian companies for life assurance will be required to deposit a lakh of rupees before beginning business and to submit periodical accounts and valuations. It is believed that too many mushroom companies are springing up and the need for legislation has long been pressed upon the attention of Government. Provident insurance societies are also in many cases managed on unsound principles, and it is proposed to invest a Government officer with ample powers to control their work.

## BOOK NOTICES.

**Britain and Sea Law.**—By T. Baty, D.C.L., LL.D., Honorary Joint General Secretary of the International Association : and of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. G. Bell and Sons, Ltd., London, 1911.

A great deal has already been said and written about the new international code of naval warfare which goes by the name of the Declaration of London, but a small book from the pen of Dr. Baty, entitled "Britain and Sea Law," is a welcome contribution to the literature on the subject. It is, as the author himself says, "written in popular language for the general reader," for it were really cruel to inflict upon lay minds a treatise about the technicalities and quibbling refinements in which international jurists rejoice. Even as it is there are pages in the book which the general reader will find dull and heavy, but the subject is one nevertheless which of late has excited much intelligent interest. It was found at the second Peace Conference at the Hague in 1907 that on various questions of far-reaching importance affecting naval policy and practice, divergent views prevailed among the nations of the world, and as these matters have given rise to grave international disputes, it was considered advisable and even necessary to lay down certain rules which have been now embodied in the Declaration of London as a fair compromise of different views arrived at after a long and careful deliberation by the delegates of the principal naval Powers. Whether the Declaration ought or ought not to be sanctioned and ratified is a question over which men, most qualified to express an opinion, are not quite agreed. It has some good features, no doubt. It gets rid of certain rules which deserve to be obsolete. It reduces to order several parts of the subject, e.g., the law as to blockade and contraband, and it also makes possible the establishment of an International Court in prize-cases which would in course of time create a

rational system of jurisprudence. But the weight of argument against ratification is equally strong, and according to Dr. Baty, decisive, for to him the Declaration, as far as Great Britain is concerned, "is an unnecessary surrender of established rights." When the English Prize Law laid it down that the destruction of neutral prizes can under no circumstances be justified, it was thought that neutral commerce had made a great way towards winning the freedom of the seas. But according to the Declaration this was found to be an extreme view, and it is provided therein by way of a compromise that a neutral vessel must be brought by the captor into a proper port for adjudication, unless in so doing the warship incurs any danger. It is a compromise which the learned author of this little book condemns. His chapter on "Contraband" is very interesting, and it ends with two pertinent queries:—"Why have the Continental Powers, which almost without exception stood out for two centuries against our very limited claim to capture food as contraband, suddenly asserted a far more extensive claim to treat food as contraband upon suspicion?" "Can it be because these islands were not dependent on overseas supplies for their food in those days, and are absolutely dependent on overseas food now?" Dr. Baty thinks strongly in the matter, because in his opinion the position of the British Isles as to food-stuffs should be absolutely clear, and the words of any Declaration on the subject should give no pretext for the interception or condemnation of food going to the civil population. And similarly with regard to other questions also, he emphatically says that if England compromises weakly in every suggestion that a foreign government chooses to make, "we shall have entered upon a 'slippery slope' which can only lead to ruin or to anarchy." It is impossible to say how far this impassioned verdict is justifiable. This much, however, will be said, that the advantages of accepting the Declaration have not kindled any deep enthusiasm among the English people, though it must also be admitted, on the other side, that the new code marks a great effort towards effecting a reasonable improvement in the existing law. At any rate it advances the principle of international law and lays down the scheme of international interpretations required by some of the blank pages of the Declaration of Paris in 1856. Dr. Baty has written clearly and as concisely as possible on all the main topics of what he calls "sea-law," and we feel sure his book will be widely read by all who are interested in the commercial security and the naval supremacy of the country on whose behalf he has written these pages with his usual vigour and deep scholarship.

**Sindhia, otherwise called Madhoji Patel.**—By H. G. Keene, C.I.E., M.A., *Rulers of India Series*, Clarendon Press, Oxford, 2s. 6d.

There are few historians who can tell us more about the great anarchy which followed the fall of the Mogul empire than Mr. H. G. Keene, whose scholarly style, wealth of information, and orderly mind fit him well for being its historian. Reading his historical narratives one feels how easy it would be for him to be merely pedantic, and is duly grateful to find him spirited and lively. The subject of the present work is one after his own heart. Madhava Rao Sindhia was one of the most remarkable men a stormy time produced. The country was too vast and too chaotic for the hour, in the cant phrase, to produce the man; but Madhoji was sufficiently near to attaining that mysterious qualification to achieve one of the highest niches in Indian history. It was no promising beginning for the career of a young Maratha chieftain to flee from Panipat (Mr. Keene spares us the dancing girl on his saddle-bow, though she was, no doubt the main object of the pursuit of the gigantic Populzai which nearly cost the prince his life), but Madhoji got back to Delhi to carve out a career for himself. Set in the very midst of Mogul, Maratha and English, all struggling for the empire, he kept his head, and, so far as was humanly possible, kept order. In Mr. Keene's words, "Such was the moral chaos that followed the decline of the Empire; and if the British rule has obliterated those marks of ruin and brought back civilisation, it is in some degree to Sindhia that the subjects of that rule are indebted for the first preparatory step." No man of the period could have higher praise than this. In summing up his character the author says, "If he seldom forgave an injury, he never forgot a benefit; if he was severe in punishment, he was not implacable; while in conferring rewards his gratitude admitted neither stint nor oblivion. He was served with fidelity and affection, and his wishes were consulted even when he was dead." All students of Indian history will appreciate this excellent biography.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

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### BRITISH POWER AND THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.

*To the Editor of EAST & WEST.*

SIR,—An article professing to review the European situation in a dispassionate spirit, in the August number of *East & West*, calls for comment with regard to its judgment on the prevailing policy in British affairs. Space will only permit me to review one or two of its statements here, for much of what is said respecting other countries equally excites challenge. It reveals the bias of the writer which he shares with the opponents of the councils in question. Let me give one or two examples.

We are told we refuse in our blind democratic unenlightenment—for he speaks, presumptively, as one of the “cultured and governing classes” with their “true and safe political instincts”—we refuse to take steps “to bring the British race, the world over, into the ringed fence of an all-British defensive alliance; a consummation which cannot be effected without making certain changes and concessions in our fiscal arrangements as affecting respectively the oversea dominions and alien nations.” This refers, of course, to the national decision in three successive general elections over the crude proposals suddenly brought before the country by certain Unionist statesmen towards the close of the last administration. They were submitted to an exhaustive discussion in which the whole country participated, from responsible statesmen and publicists to Tom, Dick and Harry over their pot of beer. They were closely analysed at the Colonial Conference of 1907. The valid reasons for their rejection, thus far, are known to all completely acquainted with the controversy.

None the less the lines of an all-British defensive alliance have been worked out at the last Imperial Conference in May. For the first time leading statesmen of the Dominions were admitted to the most secret councils of the Imperial Government in defensive and foreign concerns. The agreements arrived at, so far as they can be made known, have been published and the several Governments are now giving them effect. With regard to the writer's reference to our military system at home, the best means of meeting our unique military requirements is still a matter of controversy. In the opinion of the able military critic of the *Times*—a fairly impartial authority—great strides have been taken recently in improving our *organisation*, under the existing voluntary system. This statement also applies to India.

But when he goes on to compare the Naval position with that of 1667, "when the same system of starving and neglecting our fleet obtained, as obtains to-day"—one's patience is a little tried. "In battleships, cruisers, destroyers and other equipments of naval warfare, we are falling behind and indeed have already fallen behind the German outfit." What are the facts? And how do they bear on those honourable overtures respecting armaments of which he gives so gross a travesty?

From a comparison of different returns I gather the following. This year we are spending on the fleet £40,000,000 against £21,000,000 in Germany (excluding a certain amount of loan expenditure in her case) or 5 millions more on new construction than last year. The construction vote this year is the highest on record. In 1914 we shall have, including 2 Dominion ships, 27 of the latest type of Battleship against 21 estimated German "Dreadnoughts," besides 40 Pre-Dreadnought; battleships against Germany's 20. At present in cruisers and destroyers etc. we are two to one and in submarines six to one. This last terrible weapon, too, is being rapidly developed and improved. The trained personnel, apart from reserves, is more than double the German. The navy has had the service at its head for some years of one of the ablest naval administrators of modern times, Lord Fisher, who is succeeded by one of its foremost strategists, Admiral Wilson. Steady attention is being given to scientific battle training. Naval developments are proceeding in the Dominions; we have an understanding with France in the Mediterranean, and an alliance, just renewed, with Japan in the Far East.

Criticism of national shortcomings is a legitimate function of the

publicist. One fails, however, to see what purpose is served in view of the actual position, especially on the part of a gentleman who starts out with such pretensions, by the exaggerations above noted. These reach their fitting climax in his final remark about the Government being "caretakers for Germany!"

Yours faithfully,

H. CROSSFIELD.

*London.*

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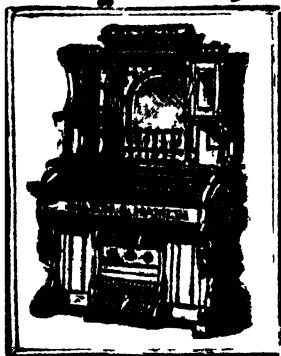
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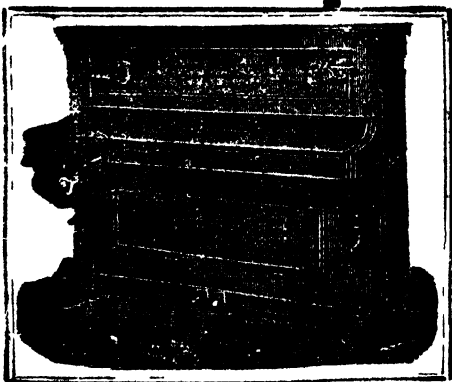
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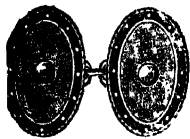
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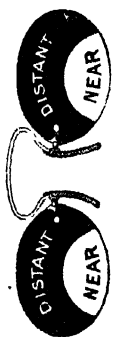
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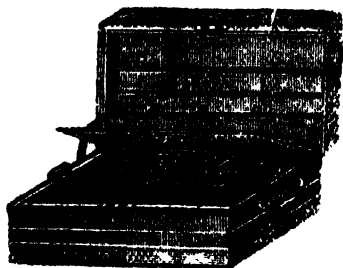
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## ESSENTIALS OF HINDUISM.

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THE question as to what are the essentials of Hinduism as distinguished from non-essentials, has lately come to the front in connection with the Special Marriages Bill and other measures now before the Indian public. The advocates of the Bill say that it merely removes a disability which Hindus unnecessarily labour under, while their opponents declare the measure to be subversive of the very nature of marriage according to the Shastras, which make it a sacrament and not a mere contract. An All-India Hindu Sabha has lately been formed with provincial branches almost all over the country. A Hindu university is about to be started in the near future, and the question naturally arises, what are these institutions to do? Who is a Hindu and what is Hinduism? Are we going to hold up as ideals for the Indian of the future the ideals of the Vedas, or of the Upanishads, or of the Smritis or of the Puranas and Tantras, or of modern times, with their thousand and one beliefs and practices which are nowhere enjoined in the Shastras? Are we going to turn out at the new Hindu university Pandits learned in the sciences of medicine, engineering, history, geography, literature and philosophy entirely after Hindu methods of the old or new Shastras, or are they to combine the old with the new? And then, whom will you include in the term Hindu? Several important communities in India disclaim being Hindus, for instance, the Sikhs and the Brahmos and the Jains. At one time the Arya Somaj also did not wish to be included in Hinduism, but a change has since come in its attitude in this respect.

The Census Commissioner's circular proposing the exclusion of certain low or untouchable castes amongst Hindus excited a good

deal of controversy, and the orthodox who would not have otherwise cared to include them among Hindus readily came forward to do so, and the Pandits of Benares in solemn assembly declared that the untouchables whom they otherwise shunned, were no less Hindu than they—and yet there is opposition to the Elementary Education Bill.

A slow but silent process of unification of a very scattered race is now observable, and it will therefore be of some use to point out what are the essentials and what the non-essentials of Hinduism. The *Leader* of Allahabad lately addressed the same query to a number of Hindus. The replies were various. But taking a broad survey of the Shastras, and the beliefs and practices of our people nowadays, it is possible to arrive at certain definite conclusions which serve as a basis for our Society.

The diversity of belief and practice is certainly so great as to bewilder everyone who wishes to find out in what the Hindus agree and in what they do not. The term Hindu is nowhere to be found in the Shastras, and therefore the latter cannot furnish us with any definition of Hinduism. The terms used in the Vedas, Smritis, Itihasas, and the Puranas are *Arya*, *Sanatan* and *Varnasrama dharama*. All these terms are synonymous, and they are used to designate those who profess to follow the Varnasrama dharma with its beliefs and practices as inculcated in the Shastras. Some of these beliefs have always been integral parts of our religion and have come down to us from the earliest times. Others are of later growth. The question as to what was the path to be followed troubled the ancients as much as it does us now, and King Yudhishtira declares in reply to a Yaksha's question, "Argument leads to no certain conclusion, the Srutis are at variance with each other and the Smritis are at variance with each other ; there is not one rishi whose dictum can be accepted as infallible. The essence of dharma is hidden in the cave (heart), that is the path by which the great have gone." (Mahabharata Vana Parva, chapter 312). The whole course of duty was summed up by the Brihadaranyaka Upanishad in three words, *dama*, *dayā*, and *dāna* (self-control, forgiveness and charity). *Ahinsa* (abstention from injury in thought, word, and deed), kindness and charity constitute the sanatan dharma, the religion of the good. Again, certain rishis raise

the question as to what is the course of conduct to be followed when everyone was holding up his own teaching as the highest good, and the reply is abstinence from harming any creature (*ahinsá*), knowledge (*gyana*), performance of duty in a spirit of renunciation without hope of reward (*niskáma karma*), concentration of thought, (*dhyana*) and restraint of the senses (*indriya-jaya*) constitute the highest good. The whole religion of the Hindu was thus of *dama* (self-control). In the Gita also Krishna rose above the religion of ceremonial and said that the *karma kanda* of the Vedas was not the highest end of man and exhorted Arjuna to rise above this religion of ceremonial dogma and "seek his rest in his own self, through freedom from pairs of opposites, pleasure and pain, heat and cold, from the thought of acquisition and preservation and through relinquishing all he did unto the Lord. Disinterested work, and unflinching devotion to God, and realisation of the unity of the individual with the supreme self, forms the keynote of the Gita, which perhaps is the only one book which can be appealed to as embodying the essentials of Hinduism as distinguished from non-essentials.

The whole system of caste, the rules of the various castes regarding births, marriages, funerals, the various ceremonies and rites which play such an important part in the life of every Hindu nowadays, the present divisions and sub-divisions of caste and their rigid laws about interdining and intermarriage, although apparently forming the backbone of modern Hinduism, are yet no rule of conduct in many cases. Caste, which distinguishes one Hindu from another, is fast losing its hold upon the great mass of people under the pressure of many new influences at work amongst them. Its rules are observed more on the outside than inside, and there is everywhere a growing feeling that it alone stands in the way of progress and unification of the Hindus as a nation. Even during the last 25 years there has come a marked change in our notions about interdining and intermarriage between the various castes and sections of a caste, elevation of depressed castes, readmission of converts and foreigners into caste, and efforts are being made to bring about intermarriage and interdining between all sections of the same caste, if not between all castes. Therefore to say that caste is the essential feature of modern Hinduism is

only partially true. As time goes by it will be even less so. Most noticeable of all is the change of feeling regarding depressed castes. As regards social and domestic observances, these are also so much at variance with each other in different parts of the country and even in the different sections of the same caste in the same part, that they cannot be said to form any integral part of Hinduism. The ceremonies attending the birth of a child vary in different parts of the country. In some places investiture with the sacred thread takes place at certain ages, amongst the Brahmanas, Kshatriyas and Vaishyas, in other places it takes place at other periods, in some cases at the time of marriage, in others not at all. In certain sections of the Vaishyas and Kshatriyas it is looked upon as inauspicious and the kanthi (necklet of beads) of a sectarian guru is substituted for it. The order of studentship of old is kept up only in name. The ceremonies attending marriages, the ages of bride and the bridegroom, vary in different castes as well as in different parts of the country. Such is the case with funerals also. In the Punjab there is no rigidity in the matter of eating food inside the *chowka* or *katchi* and *pucci* which is so rigid in the United Provinces. Brahmanas and Khatrias there eat together, which is not tolerated lower down. In some parts of the country Brahmanas freely partake of fish and flesh, in others they avoid them altogether. In the matter of worship also the same differences are observable everywhere. The Vedic gods, who were thirty-three, have now given place to a number of gods comprising not only heroes of our great epics, powers of nature, heavenly bodies, puranic deities, but also trees, rivers, animals, saints and other objects animate and inanimate, so much so as to make it difficult to say what the Hindu of to-day worships and what he does not. Not only Aryan but non-Aryan and even Mahomedan deities and saints are also worshipped in some parts of the country and the votaries of these latter will often be found to be more numerous than those of orthodox deities. Rama, Krishna, Mahadeo, or Durga do not command as many worshippers amongst the masses as do Shiekh Saddu, Zahar Pir and others. The ordinary householder is a worshipper of Rama, Krishna, Mahadeo, Durga, Surya, Ganesha, etc. as suits the occasion. The agriculturist worships his implements and cattle, the trader his books, and the artisan his tools.

Thus from the system of worship now prevailing in Hindu society, it cannot be said which portion of it is essential and which not. The same applies to places of pilgrimage. The Ganges is everywhere held sacred and the dictum of the epics and the Puranas that it is the one road to heaven is very largely believed in. But even here we are met with a diversity of beliefs amongst sects of Hindus who do not venerate that river. Even more is this the case with other sacred places like Kashi, Prayága, Gava, Jagannáth and Rámeswara. These are venerated in certain portions of the country by some more largely than by others. The number of religious sects amongst us is quite bewildering. Each claims its own head to be infallible, its own teachings to be the only road to bliss, and condemns the rest. Saivas, Vaishnavas with their offshoots are less powerful than several newly started sects like the Arya Somaj. The latter is holding its own against all others and doing work which bids fair to produce very important results in the near future. It has already set orthodoxy on the defensive and its gurukulas and colleges and schools, male and female, as well as its admission of men of other faiths and of those who had abjured Hinduism into its fold, have already produced some effect upon our society. Contrasted with it, the orthodox movement which seeks to defend the existing order of things, seems to be lifeless and almost barren of results except high-sounding talk. This, then, is our present condition and very difficult is, therefore, the task of saying what is the essential in our religion nowadays and what not. And yet, if we dive beneath the surface, it would seem to give us a few basic beliefs and and principles which have always formed the lifeblood of the Hindu nation, be its outside religious or social observances what they may. The test is, What is the every-day working belief of every Hindu, irrespective of sex, age, caste, creed, sect, education or social condition? The question was put to me by the Census Superintendent in 1901 and the answer I gave then I give now. A closer study of our people, and of our religious books has only confirmed the opinion I gave ten years ago.

(I) *Belief in the law of Karma.*—As you sow, so you reap. No action is ever lost, all that one does must bear fruit, good or bad, here or hereafter. Whatever one is in this life, his health, length of life, his material, moral, mental, and spiritual condition and what



he will be hereafter, are all the result of his own actions in the past as well as his own actions now. This has been the belief of every Hindu, high or low, learned or unlearned, male or female, from the times of the Vedas downwards. *Yathà karma yathà srutam*, as the action, as the knowledge, so is incarnation—this is the emphatic declaration of the Upanishad and is the universal belief of the Hindus. The good karma of the past—the *tapas* (ascetic self-denial) one performed in his previous incarnations—has made him the happy being he is. His own evil karma has made him the miserable creature he is. The *line of karma* (*karina rekha*) cannot be effaced even by Brahma. These and others like these are sayings in the mouth of every one in our society.

(2) As a necessary corollary to this belief in the law of karma is the active belief in a future state in heaven (*swarga*), where the good will enjoy the fruit of their good karma (*punya*), and hell (*naraka*), where the bad will be punished for their bad karma (*pāpa*). This belief in *swarga* and *naraka* plays a very important part in the life of every Hindu and guides much of what he does in life. To him the life to come is more vivid, more real, than the present life, which is a mere dream, a mirage (*swapana*) a thing of misery to be speedily got rid of somehow or other.

(3) Closely following this is the belief in the immortality and transmigration of the soul (*awagaman*) from one condition of existence to another, from the highest to the lowest and *vice versa*, according to its karma. Every one implicitly believes in it and affirms the existence of a future state in which, as his karma, so will his incarnation be, in a higher or lower order of being. This doctrine of transmigration of souls is now being believed in by some European thinkers also, like Louis Figure, the author of the "Day after Death." But they hold that our future incarnation will be higher than the present one. The Hindu and the Hindu Shastras from the Upanishads downwards do not believe in evolution upwards alone, but only hold that one will go up or down as is his karma. This belief in a future state, in heaven and hell, in transmigratory existence, guides the great majority of Hindus in what they do in everyday life. It is their rule of conduct in most cases everywhere. No other people on earth realise it so vividly as do our people. The worst criminal, when committing his crime, knows of

it as well as the saint engaged in the deepest meditation upon the Highest of all Beings. It has its dark side also in making our people fatalists and depriving them of that spirit of enterprise which is necessary for success in worldly life. But it has its good side too, which largely overweighs the dark side in making them bear the evils of life with a patience and resignation seldom found elsewhere. But for this belief in the unreality of the things of the world and the life to come as the only life worth living, our people would not be the law-abiding people they are. Self-denial has ever been the essence of Hinduism and is as much its basic principle to-day as it was in the time of the Upanishads, when, like rivers losing themselves in the great ocean, the Rishis, merging all name and form in the Infinite, sought to become one with the Universal Self.

(4) Belief in a higher power called by various names, such as Bhagvana, Rama, Krishna, Mahadeo, Parmeshwara, which rewards the good and punishes the bad, which abides in heaven or in your own heart (*antahkarana*). Atheism or agnosticism is no part of Hinduism and could not be so with its many gods and goddesses and its numerous systems of thought to follow. If atheistic tendencies have manifested themselves, they have been due to outside influence. In these days also if those who have received a modern education are devoid of any spirit of religion or show atheistic tendencies, it is because of their western education being entirely on material lines and of the absence of education in the best and noblest of their own Shastras. And yet even amongst them the force of tradition and past karma is such that in times of trouble they will be found involuntarily invoking the name of God and seeking refuge in him and lamenting over their own bad karma.

These, then, are the four basic beliefs of Hinduism, amidst all its jarring creeds, castes, systems of worship and diversity of practices. The ideal of every Hindu is to achieve emancipation (*moksha*) from this ever recurring round of birth and rebirth (*sansara*), which is a source of infinite misery. To this end are directed all his religious practices and beliefs. All that he does in life is subordinated to this great yearning of release from worldly life. No sacrifice is too great for it. Wealth, power, worldly ties, the nearest and dearest are all cheerfully renounced for the attainment of the goal. All Vedas, Shastras, Smritis, Epics, Puranas have this and no other

for their final topic, and thousands of men and women, both amongst those who have relinquished the world and amongst those who are in it, will be found talking of it with the freedom and earnestness with which people of other nations and countries talk of things of this world. If the Hindu is serious anywhere, it is here. This then is the great essential of Hinduism, the merging of the individual into the universal self. "Cover all that is here in this world with the idea of God, live a life of renunciation, whose is this wealth?" This is what the earliest of our Upanishads starts with. All this is Brahma himself. "There is here no diversity." He goes from death to death who sees here diversity. This is what the King of Death teaches his pupil Nachiketas who goes to him for instruction in the highest knowledge. "Fear is for him who makes the least difference in that which is beyond the ken of the eye, which is beyond name and form, above differentiation." That is the declaration of another Upanishad. He dies not, who understands the self as indestructible, immortal, immutable, incomprehensible, eternal, and free of all attachments. He who thus sees the self than which nothing is prior, which is uncreate, which is ever-present, which is beyond the range of thought, and which is the eater of *amrita* (nectar), himself becomes the eater of the nectar of life, incomprehensible and immutable—Brahma, than whom nothing higher exists. Expelling all impressions of sense objects, restraining his own self in his self, he knows that auspicious Brahma who is the greatest of the great. On his intellect becoming purified he gets tranquillity of heart, the indications of which are as if one were in a dream (where all that one saw in the waking state has ceased to exist). This is the goal of the emancipated, who are devoted to knowledge. To them all worldly objects become mere developments of previous causes (and therefore not permanent). This is the goal of those who are unattached to the world. This is the *sanatana dharma* (ancient religion). This is the final acquisition of the wise, this is the ever praiseworthy rule of conduct. This road can be trodden only by him who is the same unto all beings, who is free from desire, who is without expectations, and who sees all as his own self (Mahabharata, Anugita-Aswamedha Parva, chapter 51).

Thus, beneath all superstition, all rigidity of caste rules, all sectarian bigotry, all diversity of worship and all that great mass

of ceremonials with which the Hindu is overwhelmed, we find a certain well-understood and well-defined unity which has ever formed the foundation of belief in all times and circumstances and which has been the goal of the wisest and the best of the nation. Reformers have appealed to no other authority than this. "He sees all as his own self,"—this has been the keynote of all reform in India whether in religion, or in social or domestic usages. The authors of the Upanishads, who denounced the religion of action (*karma kanda* of the Vedas), as a frail bark liable to sink in the ocean of the world, and not leading to permanent bliss, as well as Krishna, the first practical reformer of religion, made this their goal. "I am equal unto all beings, none is my enemy, none is my friend; they, however, who worship Me with devotion are in Me and I am them." • In two words lies death, in three immortality, in *Aham*, अहं and *Mam* मम (I and mine) lies death; in *Nir aham*, निर्हम, *nirmam* निर्मम (not I, not mine) immortality. This is the essence of Krishna's teaching. Buddha, the next great reformer, taught the same, so did Sankara, Nanaka, Kabir, Chaitanya, Tukaram,\* Ramdas, Ram Mohan Roy, Dayananda Saraswati, Keshab Chandra Sen and others. Their methods might differ. Some may have preached unconditioned non-duality, some duality, some might have appealed to a personal creator, some to an impersonal Brahma. But renunciation of all sense of I and mine, and looking upon all as your own self—these two cardinal truths have never been lost sight of. No other line of action was possible in a society like ours, with its numerous castes and creeds, sects and systems of worship. The effort ever has been towards unification, towards the removal of all those disabilities which these differences and diversities involve, and their only solvent has been found in that central truth of the Upanishads *Thou art That*. (*Tattwamasi*). The lesson for the modern worker in the cause of Indian reform, be it social, material, religious or political, then, is that, like all previous reformers, he is to merge all sense of I and mine in the self of all, to see all as his own self, to make truth his goal. As Swami Ram Tiratha happily put it: "Wanted—Reformers—not of others—but of themselves, who have won not university distinctions, but victory over the local self. Age—the youth of divine joy. Salary—Godhead. Apply sharp—with no begging solicitations but commanding decision

—to the Director of the Universe—your own self.” “The rule of conduct must be magnanimity and this can be observed and kept up only when in our hearts of hearts we believe in the reality of God alone acting through our neighbours, their seeming forms being nonentity.”

The highest science or philosophy, whether ancient or modern, both of the East and of the West, may safely be pitted against this great essential of Hinduism, as of all true religion. The busiest modern man anywhere can safely follow it. If he is but serious about it, his success is assured. It is because we are not serious about it that we fail so often. Hindu society has everywhere greatly degenerated. The question for serious consideration now is, how to prevent further degeneration and remove the existing one. The most anxious consideration shows no other possible method except that sketched above. By it alone can we be saved the doom which must inevitably overtake us if we continue to act as most of us are doing. Make truth and duty your watchwords—and all that you do, whether it be in the shape of a Hindu University in Benares or the elevation of the depressed classes, or elementary education, or reform in marriage laws, will be successful. Disregard this great central truth of looking upon all as your own self, and you founder upon the rock of sectarianism, prejudice, and dogma. The Hindus are said to be a dying race. Without organisation, without the spirit of co-operation, here we are a number of brilliant units, like grains of gold in a heap of sand, each anxious to shine by his own little light, each fathering his own scheme, each for his own self and not for the self of all. This is the most unfortunate feature of our situation nowadays. But unless, like other nations, working for their own regeneration both in India and elsewhere, we learn to rise above this little self and broaden the basis of our work and belief, nothing will be gained. The effort should be to include as many as can possibly be included in the fold of Hinduism, to open the door of University education and reform as wide as possible, to include Sikhs, Jains, Brahmos, Arya Somajists, Buddhists, and all others who are now living and working in India. Their founders were none other than Hindus and they should in their own interest now come into one common fold. An ideal like this of a Hindu nation living up to its best ideals of the past, in spirit and

not in mere letter, is worth striving for. May it be the ideal of our modern reformers is our sincerest wish !

BAIJ NATH.

*Agra.*

### THE POPPY GARDEN.

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Delicious languor all the airs pervade,  
A sphere of fire obscur'd by mist the sun,  
And nature's stern enactments all undone,  
Which rest from labour sentient life forbade,  
—My garden where the blood-red poppies fade  
And sweet forgetfulness at last is won ;  
The world outside its feverish course may run,  
I scorn a heav'n of earthly fancies made.

Sleep-pregnant bloom, I pluck thee and I fold  
Thy petals to my sorrow-laden breast,  
Into my being pour thy precious soul  
That as a dream the past I may behold,  
And all the future in a glory dressed  
Oblivious of the ages' ceaseless roll.

E. G. G. C.

*London*

## THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

ARE the English as a people wanting in linguistic skill? Is a foreign language, especially by way of speech, a marked difficulty to them as compared with other folks? Are they lacking in the gift of tongues? There is some evidence that they are. Travel on the continent of Europe and you witness, not seldom, a sight, half ludicrous, half pitiful, of a horde of wandering Britons personally conducted through some European capital. For the moment they are reduced to the condition of errant lunatics. Like the people of Nineveh they know not their right hand from their left, they speak not a word of the language of the country they are in, they contemplate with lack-lustre eye the masterpieces of art presented to their view, they are an object of scarcely concealed derision, alike to the conductor who drives and the native who marks their steps. They are of Cook's own mimitable brand! Not from scenes like these does England's grandeur spring, nor do they make her revered abroad. The foreigner in England is not rare. He impresses you as a well-educated fellow; it may be as a dangerous rival. At the worst he can ask for what he wants, so that the man in the street understands him.

Some original philosopher, it may be Noah, it may even be Adam, has urged that there is a reason for everything, why it is, rather than why it is not; and these reasons in this case I now proceed to seek.

Three causes are obvious. One is the very nature of the English language. Have you ever considered how incredibly easy a tongue it is? Of course, I except the pronunciation. Here we are at sixes and sevens. But for this no one had dared needlessly

to enrich Babel with Volapuk or Esperanto. Here was the universal language ready made! Think of it! A tongue where genders are determined by sex, where you have no case endings and you fairly hiss the question of plurals out of the field! Compare it to German, where masculine, feminine, and neuter have no reference to sex on any principle, rational or irrational whatever, where there are numerous declensions and endless rules and endless exceptions to every rule. I remember a muddle-headed student asking, in hopeless despair, what to make of a language where any pronoun would do for any other, and *Der Die Das* could be used for the whole of them,—which was after all only an exaggeration. I enquired of a German why he talked English to another German, and not his native tongue. Because, quoth he, he found English so much simpler. No doubt! But then consider the other side of the shield. His own barbarous tongue is an excellent gymnastic. Like the Father William of *Alice in Wonderland* the ingenuous Teuton may truthfully assert “the muscular strength that it gave to my jaw has lasted the rest of my life.” Why, if you teach Latin to an English boy you must get him to understand the different feel of a language where a change in meaning is expressed by a twist at the end of a word, and where the genders are, as it were, all higgledy-piggledy. To the German all this comes quite natural, and English, where there is none of those difficulties, must seem the merest child’s play.

My second reason is equally obvious. It is the all-important question of money. A foreigner for the most part comes to England to earn and Britons go abroad to spend. Now if you want to extract cash from another’s pocket you must suit yourself to *him*, but if you are only concerned with spending, he who wants must suit himself to *you*. The German waiter and the German barber must talk English or nobody would give them a sixpence, and if you find that your German waiter abroad and in his own country also talks it so persistently, that he takes it almost as a personal offence if you practise his native speech on him, you ought to remember that he has his position in that hotel just because he talks English, and his whole future prospects, the hand of his particular Gretchen, that delightful little *Gasthof* which looms large in his mind’s eye, with himself as host, all hang by this thread. I am



## EAST & WEST

dealing with general rules and not with more or less numerous exceptions. The whole world is travelling as it never did before, and this is specially true of Germany which is so much wealthier to-day than it was yesterday. It may be that the ignorant foreigner will soon be a familiar figure. I see in London, County Council inscriptions are of late repeated in what I may call the three conventional European languages, English, French and German. In Coronation week, Italian was now and again conspicuous.

\* The third cause is a certain insular timidity and reserve, less common I think in the Scot than the Englishman. If the Teuton knows but a few words of English he will repeat them again and again, till they draw other words to themselves. Conversational English is regularly taught in continental schools. I do not think masters are much to blame because it is not so in England. You have got to break the ice. It is perhaps more difficult for the boy to do so than the grown-up man, and so a certain dogged opposition has probably checked every attempt in that direction. Faulty educational methods are often given as a reason why the English are backward in foreign speech. It is only one out of many causes, and a minor cause or rather effect of the others.

After all, would the average merchant be much better off if he had the gift of tongues? Not from a money point of view. I remember hearing this put very amusingly. The scene was the deck of a Rhine steamboat. We were passing the Drachenfels, the Lorelei or some other rock. An American father and his daughter were discussing things in general. He was not a cultured American, a type remarkable by its careful excision of everything distinctive of the New World. The daughter was or thought herself to be an all-round linguist, she was proud of her German talk and rattled away at a fine rate on every occasion; she kept twitting the old man on his ignorance till he was "riled" in no small measure. He took the big cigar from his mouth, and put the matter in a few emphatic words. He had in two or three years netted how many thousands and tens of thousands of dollars, Heaven only knows, and he could not have done this if he had given up his days and nights to the study of German. If he had, where would have been the profit to him? *He* would have made a bad waiter and not a particularly good courier, whereas he was a merchant prince, and with a share of

his supernuities could hire as many couriers or what not as he wanted. And so if by any chance you have the gift of tongues, do not rashly conclude that it is a blessing from a money point of view. It may be in special cases but not of necessity. The pay of the foreign clerk who knows English 'about as well as you do, and by the necessity of his calling must have French and German at the tip of his pen and his tongue, is, after all, not princely.

I know some of those statements require qualification. The French are possibly worse than the English. Their state of ignorance may well be called invincible. Henri Rochefort was in London, an exile for many a long day. His powers almost amount to genius, but he managed to come to and leave our shores without the possession of an English sentence. Victor Hugo wrote on our island as he did on everything else. His translation of the Firth of Forth as *la première de la quatrième* is classic, but his "bugpipe" for "bag-pipe" seems to me still better. Perhaps the Frenchman who refuses to learn does well. Ignorance may be bliss, but half wisdom is sure folly, and then your Frenchman has no desire to roam. The French language is a perfect instrument. Why use another? France is the best possible place of residence. Why go elsewhere? Why "drag at each remove a lengthening chain?" He will not make himself ridiculous by contemplating, in stupid and unintelligent amazement, the wonders of London or Calcutta or indeed of anywhere else. Everything worth knowing is in France, but more especially in Paris, and most especially and particularly within the inner circle of the boulevards.

There is quite another point of view. You cannot be a highly educated and all-round man, and know nothing of the literature of France and Germany, and you cannot travel with real comfort or real advantage in a foreign land unless you can speak to the native in his own tongue. But such delights are only for the chosen few. You will not make money by them. One can imagine a country in such a state of culture that ignorance of another language might be a disgrace, so that you were conspicuous by your very deficiencies. Three hundred years ago no European had the smallest pretension to education unless he had a working knowledge of Latin. And later on, in some countries and in some circles, French had a like

place. But it is not so here and now at any rate, and though we are rapidly improving, I doubt if we shall ever attain any satisfactory position. And then really to learn another language is no small matter. Miss the days of infancy, miss the long unconscious culture of early years, and the thing is well-nigh impossible. You know Latin was a tongue of the middle ages. Every fairly educated priest wrote and spoke it with fluency, and great scholars like the Scaligers or George Buchanan made it the labour of a lifetime ; and Buchanan was one of the very greatest.

In a famous sentence Dr. Johnson affirmed he was the only great scholar Scotland ever produced, and for myself he is the only writer who gives me the impression of a Roman classic—well, I should say almost the impression, for “all the mind is clouded with a doubt.” I fancy that Cicero’s hair would have stood on end at some of his phrases, and Dr. Johnson himself was one of the best Latinists of his day. But the average cultured Roman of the time of Augustus would have shrieked him down for a barbarian.

The ancient world is, it is true, removed from us by a gulf that no man can pass, but it is equally true that one tongue is removed from another by well-nigh the same abyss. That is one end of the scale. It is almost incredible with how few words you may move with ease in a foreign land. You may murder every idiom, you may err in every gender, your pronunciation may approach the unintelligible. But if it falls short of that, you are understood, and that is the great end of all talk. Probably you only want a bed and breakfast or to know when the next train starts and so you may plume yourself upon full conversational power. Were you to engage in a philosophical argument you would be hopelessly out of your depth in an instant. The linguistic attainments of (let us say) the foreign waiter which perhaps seem to you marvellous, are usually quite limited. He talks the language of the kitchen. His words are the most concrete and familiar possible, and they are constantly repeated in every possible combination. He knows English as well as the horse in the treadmill knows every inch of his limited round. I have seen such men tried in criminal courts and seen them mocked at by judges who ought to have known better, because they demanded an interpreter. What, it was said, you talk English perfectly ! But how are they to understand the

unfamiliar jargon of a court? One would think that everybody knew that the words necessary for ordinary intercourse are few and simple. I have read somewhere that the vocabulary of a peasant contains but some five hundred terms, because it is as the vocabulary of a child, and that, by the way, is the reason why a child so speedily learns a foreign tongue, for it at any rate has so little to learn. And yet of the scholar and the peasant and the child we have one phrase: He speaks English. The phrase means a hundred things, all the depths of English, its subtle cadences, its swelling harmonies, its majestic notes not even the greatest master has ever completely sounded. Alas! here as elsewhere our knowledge is but the little candle ray in the darkness of the unknown.

I have not ventured to apply to India the principles here set forth. I have no knowledge of any oriental tongue and so the remarks I might make would not be of any value. But the Anglo-Indian rarely knows more than a few words of any of the tongues spoken in the provinces where he has for many years resided. His children, of course, pick up the native language from the native nurse though in later years they seem to forget it with marvellous facility. On the other hand, a large body of natives seem to be excellent linguists. The pages of *East & West* conclusively prove that the cultured Indian writes the English language with absolute force and correctness. Is it a question of interest or education or native gift or long use? I must leave this for others to answer.

FRANCIS WATT.

*London.*

## REFLECTIONS ON THE STRIKE OF 1911.

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**I**F the principle of the strike has secured its adoption in our Legal Code on moral grounds, the practice of it has shown itself to be widely divergent from the principle. Its use has grown up through toleration, rather than by design, but its abuse is gradually proving the negation of its utility.

Freedom for capital and labour to engage in a joint operation for the public good has been recognised. Acting on this large numbers are employed, consuming capital till the work is turned out. The capitalist, who has advanced the keep of labour, hopes at least to recover the hire of the capital, or to be able to sell the product with a profit which will pay expenses. It may be, his venture has been a wise one, meeting a public need which has returned a large profit; but evidently the risk has been absolutely his own, and entirely unshared by the work-people. They have no just claim to any of the surplus profits, nor of the hire of his capital. It is, however, to the surplus profits that labour is instructed to cast covetous eyes, by labour leaders and extreme socialists. The strike is the means held out to acquire a large share in these profits.

But what do we see? The strike principle which would apply to the redress of grievances, is practised to inflict injustice and threaten a tyranny. If trouble is to be lessened in the future, legislation will be necessary to define the proper functions of collective bodies, in their action with the public and individuals.

It takes all the time of the scientists to get at the root of a matter, yet it is thought a good thing to let the most difficult talk ~~isms~~ in economics be decided by the least informed masses.

possessing the vote, and questions of high policy to settle themselves by mere luck or the force of numbers.

In the midst of ignorance the crowd acts on its impulses, the very first of which is to impute the "evil motive" to others, and proceed to punish it. Ignorant leaders harp on this string, and thus obtain their vast followings; the wealthy are all corrupt and the "people" are to rule them out of existence. But what are the facts?

Those who have in the past found means to employ the people profitably to the country (the educated experts) have some of them become wealthy, while the least clever or lucky have been ruined. Those who first received the national surplus profits did not wholly consume them. They passed them on for the fresh employment of the people, either of this country or a foreign one, with which England exchanges the products of labour. Extreme socialists forget this aspect of our Labour Question, and fail to teach the wholesome truth, that the brotherhood of man is promoted by a free flow of capital (or savings) internationally. Where would our excess population be, if some other populations were not toiling to produce and transport the food with which to pay for our manufactures?

The whole motive of the directors of Finance and Labour in every country is to try and find out how the food and necessities for the people can be obtained, and to produce useful commodities which may add to the power and profit of the people generally. No "evil motive" can assist in producing good work, but it may cause a hindrance to it, and suffering to many, as it always does in the case of strikes.

With his mind on the employer's surplus profits, the wage-earner, in his limited environment, fails to see why he cannot claim to share equally with the employer in the profits; his union suggests to him he can get it by striking; the unscrupulous agitator says it would be just to do so against the "robber of the poor." The extreme socialist asserts that labour, in doing its daily work, is creating wealth, whereas the truth seems to be, it is merely replacing what it consumes each day.

Wages are not settled either by the masters or the men, but by the laws of demand and supply, and what the product will bear as a

marketable commodity. It is only on this understanding that any employer could be found to undertake a job and the risk of it.

The wage fund of the year is roughly the net profit of the preceding year; it may be compared to the stock of corn available till the next crop is reaped. The amount each can have depends on the number of applicants for subsistence. For a legitimate increase of the proportion, the number of workers must be reduced. The balance could then be entrusted with higher duties, and must turn out an increased amount of work to make up for the reduced number engaged. This can be effected through the employment of more machinery, which means more capital.

The masters are not the "Tyrants" sweating the poor; their operations are ruled by competition. The wage tyranny, if any, is traceable to the same "competition" of the workers to earn the means of existence. In the natural course of things, if applicants to share in the food supply are in excess of the possibility of production, some must be squeezed out, or otherwise provided for.

Collective bargaining with individual employers, and huge combinations of the masses for general strike purposes, are evidently useless measures to benefit the country; they could never find favour if the scheme of the work of the world was understood. Labour all over the world is interdependent, and capital free to flow internationally. Capital will go where the most favourable conditions for its employment exist; so will labour.

The result of association, either of capitalists or of labour, whether effected by regular or irregular means, is to establish a monopoly of power or profit, which if not met by competition elsewhere, thrives at the expense of the public. If the power or expense is used for the country's profit at large, it is cheerfully accepted; but if profits are to accrue to the monopolists by causing great loss to others, the case is different.

The general failure of strikes on a small scale, to end in the appropriation of any extensive portion of the employers' surplus profits, has culminated in the notion that for the full effect of a strike, it must be on a universal scale. The brotherhood of man is appealed to that strikes may be made international, simultaneous, and without notice. The humour of the situation must then penetrate

the dullest imagination. When all have ceased to labour, where is the food supply to come from ?

The drawback to the practical application of strikes is, that they seem only to thrive by the reversal of the natural laws which govern a society which lives by co-operation. Thus physical force must take the place of "freedom," the observance of the moral codes, and working by agreement. Obligations of duty may be cast aside, and contracts repudiated ; accredited leaders ignored and the Government flouted.

It evidently becomes then the duty of all Governments and peoples to hold in check the disintegration of society through the dissemination of false doctrines. England has the reputation of being liberal, but she must not be deceived by the illusory prospects held out by extremists in the Councils. She has an active international competition to face, and requires it to be strictly met on sound scientific business principles. If sections of the workers are going to revolt from the general co-operation, they must be confronted by a united public opinion backed by practical measures.

As regards the principal elements of the strike, it originated with the dockers. Loading and unloading of vessels is an intermittent operation depending of their arrival and departure, the quantity and nature of the freight, and a number of variable conditions. To meet these, a crowd of labourers attends the dock gates, ready at call to work for an hourly rate. This rate, if for a constant job fully employed, would result in coolie wages, being paid equal to those of a skilled artizan. The average wages of an engine driver are stated to be 35s. a week. But the work offering to the driver is mostly constant, while that of the docker is more or less temporary ; and the total earnings of the docker are dependent on the number of men offering for the job to be done in the time. It is evidently an extremely difficult thing to adjust the operations so as to, at all times, satisfy all the men with a constant wage.

The whole work of the country is similarly more or less intermittent ; and with labour anxious for a constant wage, the problems presenting themselves to employers and the Government are insurmountable. It is only on the railways, shipping, and large factories, &c., that permanent employment can, to a considerable



extent, be found. There is in consequence a large body of labour, always hoping for constant work and good wages, which however can only get it when trade is brisk. As trade rises and falls steadily, like waves of the sea, in periods of about ten years, the wages that can be offered of necessity rise and fall in like degree. How then can any proposal for a standard wage be carried into effect?

These are not matters which employers or workmen can settle collectively; they settle themselves individually, by the amount of work offering to supply the public or a foreign demand, and the total number of labourers offering to do the work. The total supply of labour of the country adjusts itself periodically to an average demand for it; and by distributing itself to localities where wages are highest. With a superabundance of labour for the needs of the nation, it can only accept low wages or emigrate. But Union leaders try nevertheless through the strike to prevent labour accepting the lowering of wages with a falling trade, and to secure higher wages when trade is brisk. The effect is to make the prices of the articles turned out of the factory dearer, and less able to compete with others in the markets, while it upsets the estimates and contracts of the employer, and diminishes his power to employ.

But a theory is preached that wages can be indefinitely increased by the strike, and work found for the unemployed; but it there is no demand for it, nobody will pay. So the State is requested to find the employment and the money. There are ways in which something could, no doubt, be done within limits, which would be of value to the State, and act automatically, through a liability of the unemployed for military service in return for maintenance. This would include too the hooligans and wastrels who disturb the peace, and perhaps make them useful. The Government in India has a regular scheme for relieving famine, but its resources are not unlimited. It seems to be forgotten that when we begin to live on our savings, without producing profits, we are on a downward course, and the end is not far off.

The Railway employes, though enjoying a large measure of permanent employment, were drawn into the strike by "sympathy;" but no less by the Locomotive Drivers, by the failure of the Conciliation Boards, or Arbitration, to intervene successfully between the officers and the men. Where efficiency, safety and economy

of the service have to be ensured at all costs, this can only be effected by a system which includes fines and other methods, to ensure activity, intelligence and attention in the working. It is impossible for any one not charged with the responsibility, to investigate the failures, and determine the compensations due. The only ground for complaint, calling for outside interference would be, if the net wages received were below the average for the class of work. The Sectional Conciliation Boards are supposed to take up these sorts of questions. If they have the inclination, and can pay a man to look into the details, the chances are that if this has ever been done, the man so employed would have found that the officer's view of the cases had been quite just. These and similar matters do not really call for the drastic measure of a strike at all; but the general unrest caused by the false doctrines being preached, induces men to follow a blind lead, without any distinct idea what the strike is about.

Wages could be temporarily raised by adopting a tariff for certain things under which capital would be protected, and encouraged to compete through small ventures. But if wages rose in consequence or prices fell, an additional influx of workers would ensue, claiming to share in the work, and things would soon revert to the normal again. If "consuming" prices rose, they might overbalance a rise in wages. A tariff would, however, check the "dumping" of foreign surplus production on English shores.

Strikes, which develop under the protection of the law, making the strike leaders and the corporate funds immune from liability for damage compensation, develop into such proportions as to be a menace to the State. On such a scale the application of organised collectivism passes the "useful limit," and the military and civil population are likely to be brought into collision. Before this occurs the strikers, if they have a clear case, could do good service by wearing authorised badges of their Association, co-operating with the police, and opposing a bold front to mere rioters and hooligans. They might then fairly claim reinstatement for service rendered. For this purpose, the shorter the strike, the more effective it would be. Nor need a strike take place at all if Conciliation Boards are used to ascertain facts and dispel errors. The wanton destruction

of property and machinery merely puts labour out of work and causes waste of the public resources with profit to nobody.

The work of England is that of a Commercial Empire ; and here security and prosperity rests on a policy of international exchange of the products of work. Her position is strengthened by aiding in promoting the prosperity of other nations. A selfish policy resulting in consuming all her profits would materially interfere with her progress, and the power to employ the people. The need for extravagant Naval and Military preparations disappears with a universal fusing of commercial enterprise for mutual benefit ; this will come about, not by "sentimental socialism," but under the aegis of a free flow of capital, and the maintenance of the balance, of power.

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*England.*

## THE CONQUEST OF SOMNATH.

**T**O a close and impartial student, the history of India presents a most interesting series of eventful periods which has few equals in the history of humanity. Centuries after centuries, teeming with mighty revolutions, splendid achievements, figures of titanic dimensions, pass before the eye in one glorious procession enchainning the attention of even a passing reader. The intellectual refulgence of the ancient Aryan Empire ; the dazzling magnificence which characterised the Mahomedan conquest ; the feverish heat which spread round the Marhatta rule a temporary but unfading lustre ; the cool, indomitable precision which won for Britain a mighty Empire : these combinations invest the history of India with features of unrivalled interest. The poetry and history of future Indians will have no greater mission than to rescue them from oblivion and misrepresentation. To sing the past is always the noblest occupation of the present, and the highest inspiration for the future.

The Mahomedan conquest of this country, like that stupendous movement of which it formed a part, is one of these attractive chapters. A desert race, unknown to history and unused to conquests, bursts upon the world, sweeping all races, all nationalities, before its irresistible fury. Empires which had withstood the encroaching power of Imperial Rome bent before it ; religions whose origins were lost in the dimness of unknown antiquity were submerged ; societies as old as Time itself tumbled down like card-houses before this world inundation. And all this was achieved with a speed and energy which garb the sternest history with the waywardness of wildest fancy and the incongruity of lightest romance. The conquest of Somnath forms one of these stirring cantoes of this vast epic. The sublime boldness of its conception,

the dauntless heroism with which it was carried out, make it one of the boldest strokes of man's enterprise. Such examples of power and organisation are rare even in great historic races. A Xerxes leading the Persian host to the unconquered shores of the West, a Mahmud piercing to the very holy of holies of a heroic race; a Napoleon sweeping over civilised Europe to beard the Russian monarch in his citadel of snows—such events few can plan, a few can appreciate, but all must admire. Sometimes they bear no fruit—often are self-destructive—always ornamental. They are the fire-works of historic festivities—a jubilant waste of energy prompted by an overflowing abundance of enthusiasm, of ambition, and of genius.

In contemplating such gigantic events what strikes us with the greatest awe and interest are the principle and the master-mind which work behind. A thorough grasp of the designer's character lets us into the secret of the event: its purpose, the way in which it was achieved, the force which led to its accomplishment. Any one who has understood the Corsican Emperor, his indomitable genius and ambition, will not be at a loss to understand the huge folly, as it is sometimes styled, of the Russian Expedition. Like the mythical hero Hanumana, he might burn himself, but with the confidence of superhuman strength, he must vault into the heavens to grasp the orb of the day. And before the invasion of Somnath is fully understood, a study of the invader, one of the most prominent figures in Mahomedan annals, is in no way dispensable. The child of later Islamism, he threw round its conquests a glamour which partook of the splendour of Abbasids, and the invincible vigour of Meccan Caliphs. He presided over the prelude to that glorious drama which, after a brilliant duration of six centuries, closed with the narrow-minded, but no less heroic Aurangzebe, and which enrolled India into the list of those countries which bowed before the potent gospel of the prophet of Arabia.

This passionate dreamer of the Desert in whose name India was invaded by the Sultan of Ghazni, and who out of chaos, created a faith and an empire, indisputably enjoys the first place in the rank of creative geniuses, if enduring effects and overwhelming mass of worshippers are made the measure of superiority. This illiterate, simple-minded camel-driver of Mecca became the inspired

prophet of a new faith, expressed himself with the burning eloquence of a poet, and the calm sagacity of a statesman ; moulded from the unwholesome materials of savage life monarchs, warriors and statesmen of exceptional *calibre*, who have no peers in history ; brought into life a spirit, an enthusiasm which even at the distance of eleven centuries burns bright and fierce with undiminished lustre. Like all great natures who have moved humanity, he will, for the most part, remain unfathomable, inscrutable as the very Sphinx. In his uninspired moments he was no extraordinary mortal. He had energy, shrewdness and intelligence, but the abnormal strength of his passions and the inherent instincts of wild Arab life weakened a will beset by allurements of no feeble kind. In later life love, of power undermined even the undoubted sincerity of his soul ; and attractions of beauty often betrayed the rigorous righteousness of the ascetic. But when these very passions, which sometimes degraded him, were inflamed by a higher inspiration, the Mahomed of common life was metamorphosed into a different being. All limitations, all weaknesses, which cramped his usual self, vanished. A penetration that looked into the very heart of things, an intelligence which in its comprehensive embrace grasped and arranged all the varied affairs of life, an eloquence which moved the very sands of Arabia to rise and unite, were all brought under the subordination of a vehement will, inspired and guided by an enthusiasm which, though little short of insanity, was the purest and fiercest ever seen. He became the prophet of Islam—the glorified apostle of Allah.

Herein lies the greatest peculiarity of Mahomedanism, the most substantial service which it rendered to the cause of humanity. The blind and perverse fanaticism of that faith is its greatest title to our gratitude. It was the religion of the fanatic, of the blind enthusiast, of the obstinate, uncompromising puritan. It spread over every phase of lowness the red-hot glow of emotional fire and brought out whatever intrinsic worth it had. At that time mankind was sunk in a degrading fetish-worship of man's lowest instincts. The Western Asia of that period consisted of a host of different races vegetating in widely different stages of civilisation, who scrambled through the uneven tenor of their lives in a violent and ignoble manner. Everywhere was found a total absence of

that fervour of enthusiasm, that nobility of purpose which distinguishes the low from the high, the savage from the civilised, the grovelling man-beast from the aspiring man-angel. Islam came to the rescue. Creed and lust and conquest were dedicated to the sacred cause of God, elevating men's minds from grovelling depths. Men standing at different poles of civilisation—the polished Persian and the brutal Tartar, the intellectual Indian, the fierce Arab and the sub-human Æthiopian, all were blended into one vast brotherhood with the same intellectual level, the same ideals, under the guidance of the same prophet. The normal process of evolution which would have taken centuries to place the Nubian on the same level with the Indian was shortened into a single lifetime by the fiery enthusiasm which Mahomed preached. This was the principal contribution of Islam to human progress.

The primitive Islamism of the Prophet was widely different from the unbridled license, the ferocious cruelty, the pomp and luxury which we generally associate with the rampant Mahomedanism of later days. It was the religion of the devotional zealot. Though justifying self-defence at any cost or by any means, it inculcated a rigid purity of thought and conduct, and taught the vagrant, irresponsible Arab the stern discipline of inexorable law. The early faithfuls were typically reflected in their great commander Omar, one of the greatest men of action known to history. The sublime self-effacement of this noble hero, and the divine respect in which his contemporaries held the Prophet, have left no trace of the degree to which the latter was indebted to this man, perhaps the greatest Mahomedan on record. If Mahomed lent his boundless enthusiasm to the movement, it was to Omar that it was indebted for the systematic method which converted it into an everlasting force, for the sustained energy with which its conquests were perpetuated. In some respects we may call him the superior of the two, as a combined Garibaldi and Cavour would be to Mazzini, as the careful constructor to the impulsive inspirer. Even the master himself, though conscious of the staunch devotion of Omar, sometimes felt the wholesome curb of the stern and unwavering follower's rigid straightforwardness, and bowed before it. He seemed more faithful to the creed than the founder himself. If any one appealed to him against the Prophet's authority, he would summarily

cut the recalcitrant follower in twain; but if the master wavered, he was the first to rebuke him into the strict path which his mission required. And his services were gratefully appreciated. "If God had to send another prophet on earth," said Mahomed, "Omar would be the object of his choice."

The most rigorous tenets of the faith were translated into action by this zealous representative of early Mahomedanism. Simple and strict in his habits to the very verge of asceticism, it was his chief glory to have communicated that spirit to his followers who, at the very pinnacle of military success, when nations after nations poured their long-accumulated treasures at their feet, retained, firm and undistracted, the unaffected routine of an eremite's life. It was this rigour alone that restrained the roving zeal of these free sons of the desert. And it was this rigour alone that gave a sombre and coarse turn to this early régime. Poetry, literature, sculpture, all that serves to embellish the mind or the body, was not only disregarded, but emphatically denounced and prohibited. It was the age of puritanism on a scale grander than was ever witnessed even in England.

Omar's career of conquest was ably seconded by his unrivalled statesmanship and foresight. What the first acquired, the second retained. And the movement over which he so ably presided, received an additional impetus in 636 A.D. when the battle of Kadesiya ended the Persian Empire. The last of the Sassanides, Yezdegird III., fled for his life to end it ignobly a few years later, after, fruitless attempts to secure some asylum of safety. Four years later, the victory of Nehevand—the last heroic effort of a struggling, heroic nation—added Persia to the Mahomedan Empire. And with it began the transfusion between the two civilisations. The grace and charm of the Persian tongue, the polished ease of their manners, their exquisite appreciation of the beautiful which made Persia the home of elegance and refinement, began to enter into the rough impetuosity of the Arab character, whose desert dryness could no longer satisfy the cravings of the invincible conquerors of Islam. Persian culture became the pride of Arab heroes. Persian methods of administration became the standard ways for the government of the empire. The cultured intelligence of that versatile nation aspired to every avenue of public life. The Arab element fast began to



disappear. Like Greece, conquered Persia had conquered her conquerors.

The combination of these two powerful elements gave birth to the proverbial magnificence of Islam under the Abbasids, so beautifully represented in the glorious traditions which surround the greatest of the Caliphs, Haroun-Ar-Raschid. An historical passion for conquest was no longer seen; and the excellence of internal administration became the chief aim of the Caliphate. Poetry, music, the intellectual hoards of China and India gravitated towards Bagdad, making it the centre of Asian greatness and brilliance. But this 'golden prime' soon began to decline. The effeminacy of such a luxurious civilisation began to paralyse the Islamic energy.

But the savage hordes which inhabit the unapproachable wilds of Tartary had received a faint glimmer of the Desert Gospel. In the state of nature in which they wandered, they had scarcely felt the necessity of any religion whatever. But this barbarous force which loved brutality almost for its own sake became an inestimable weapon in the hands of wily and ambitious Mahomedans. Tartar mercenaries became the rule of the day. Their irresistible energy grew indispensable to the indolence of their imbecile masters; and Tartar slaves became no mean power in the Islam world. It was this which added that degrading feature to Mahomedan conquest which henceforth became identified with rapine and plunder. Wherever the Turkish viceroys appeared, the country was devastated, cities razed, population massacred, crimes, from whose hideous atrocity even the fierce Arab conscience shrank with horror, were perpetrated in the name of Allah, for whom they did not care in the least. They were fanatics not with the sublime faith of Omar or Khalid, but because fanaticism procured them the means wherewith to satiate their bestial appetite and ferocious lust. Thus was evolved that complexity in which disproportionate features were oddly mixed, melting only sometimes into harmony as in Sultan Mahomed, our present hero.

These conflicting elements soon brought about the dismemberment of the Moslem Empire, and every soldier of fortune began to carve out a small kingdom for himself out of the crumbling fabric. The provinces of Transoxiana and Khorasan passed into the power-

ful hands of the house of Samani. It was the fifth prince of the line who, discovering the splendid abilities which lay hid in a petty mountebank, raised him to the governorship of Khorasan. Disaffection soon led this intrepid adventurer to raise an independent standard in the mountains of Solaiman. He forced his late masters to recognise him as an independent power, spread terror among the Hindu Kings of Northern India, and left no insignificant legacy to his slave and successor Subktegin. To the Persian mistress of the latter monarch was born the future conqueror of Somnath, in 967 A. D.

Even at the early age of 14 this embryonic conqueror astonished the veteran warriors of his father's court by foiling the efforts of the King of Kabul. But till the death of Subktegin in 997, very few considered him a factor of any importance. He was merely the governor of Khorasan, while his brother Ibrahim, as the legitimate heir, ascended the throne of Ghazni. None favoured the pretensions of the penniless governor, branded as he was with illegitimacy. But his well-assumed submission being ill-received by Ibrahim, to declare war, and to capture Ghazni, was for such a warrior the work of a moment. It was from this period that his military powers blazed out into sudden importance, distinguishing him as pre-eminently the first warrior even in that age when every man was a soldier, and every village a camp. Frantic impetuosity was predominant wherever the sword was drawn in the name of Allah's Prophet; but Mahomed's campaigns were a combination of rare foresight, keen shrewdness and splendid genius. His powerful personality, his iron will, and the constant success which attended him, inspired his armies in their deepest despair. Even if no other conquest had been credited to his name, Somnath alone would have given him a place in the front rank of generals of all time.

If he was a conqueror, he was a statesman too, and of no mean calibre—an uncommon quality in an Asiatic warrior. If he had the virtues of Haroun-Ar-Raschid, he did not prove faithless to the wily traditions of his Turkish ancestry. What his cunning contemplated, his craft accomplished, and his heart ennobled. That he did not leave behind him even a faint vestige of an organised empire detracts nothing from our estimate of his ability. The methods of these times were totally different. Up to his time

Mahomedan conquest never retained what it did not convert. To rule over a country whose people followed an alien religion was to the statesman of that period an 'inconceivable idea. And it was Sultan Mahomed who broke this traditional method of founding an empire, and taught, not so thoroughly though, the way to rule those whose hearts paid no homage to the Prophet of Mecca. This was no small achievement. Another quality which he inherited from his Persian mother, also distinguished him from other monarchs of his time. In that age of unquestioned allegiance to physical superiority it was his distinction to be an enlightened monarch. He had the breadth of philosophic vision which characterises the typical oriental, a taste for the refinements of manners, language and life which makes the Persian, the French of the East. His Turkish rigour saved him from the enervation which follows superfluous enjoyments; his robust good sense made him superior to the temptations which have been the bane of Asiatic royalty. In him, military hardihood and cool-eyed statesmanship were seen combined with a love of knowledge and a taste of poetry which were exhibited, if at all, in Akbar alone. The rancour of a dissatisfied genius has made him a bye-word for avarice. But a charge of this nature ill suits one who made Ghazni the most magnificent city in Asia; whose munificence drew the best intellectual lights of his time to his hospitable court; who founded a university which had few equals for wealth and erudition in the whole of the world; at whose command the glories of ancient Persia rose resuscitated, embodied in the eternal verses of Firdousi.

His unerring foresight was nowhere more clearly seen than in his treatment of his Hindu warriors. These infidels whom every true Moslem since the days of the Prophet made it a point to execrate, were the recipients of an honour and appreciation which made them the ungrudging adherents of the fortunes of his house. Al' Uthi, the Sultan's historian and Secretary, mentions Indians as playing an important part in the victories over Ilak-khan in Balkh. The son of his Wazir Khwaza Hasan Maimandi had married into a distinguished Hindu family of Rawal. Five years after the Sultan's death, the faithful Sewand Rai is seen commanding the forces of his son sent to quell a rebellion. We also find Tilak, destined to be the future preserver of his line, snatched from obscurity by the

Sultan and raised to a dignity where his abilities and accomplishments had free scope. To have done so in an atmosphere of stifling bigotry five centuries before the broad national statesmanship of Akbar and a thousand years before the present period of enlightenment in which even the British hesitate to adopt it, evidences a real greatness of mind.

He also possessed that rare gift, so incompatible with diplomacy of such complex character, which made him, if such a term may be used, a poetic warrior and a poetic statesman. His boldness of conception was tinged by an almost boundless imagination. His actions were prompted by a grandeur of fancy, which but for the sounder basis of practical insight in which his genius abounded, would have classed him, like Mahomed Taghlakh, among well-meaning dreamers and fools. Had he spent his life in organising his own kingdom or founding a lasting empire on the ruins of the Caliphate, his task would have been far less arduous and more permanent. But his restless imagination yearned to achieve deeds inconceivable—to overshadow the martial glory of Omar and Amru—to be the premier conqueror of all Islam. For this supreme ideal craving he taxed to the utmost his mind and means, both of which were practically unlimited. He saw before his very feet a vast land, whose richness and beauty recalled the fairyland of the Arabian Nights, whose pristine greatness was the theme of every historian and every traveller, whose mysterious lore was the admiration of the whole East. It lay before him enveloped in a misty sublimity, its extent unknown, its resources unfathomable. Mahomed's imagination turned to it with exultation. He made its conquest the sole purpose of his life.

From the earliest periods of Islam's supremacy, India was the coveted prize of many an aspiring monarch. So early as 636 A.D. Omar sent an expedition against Burz—modern Broach—perhaps the principal sea-port of the country. The governor of Bassra, a century later, sent his nephew, the famous Mahomed Kasim, who made the first lasting impression by his conquest of Scind. Cheetore, the citadel of Rajput strength, was the next to receive the martial attention of some Khorasan conqueror in 836. But with the growing weakness of the central executive, India had been left unmolested for some time. And it was Subktegin who first

contemplated any serious conquest of the land. But before following up the dreams of his ardent mind, Mahomed first turned his attention to making his own position secure in Central Asia. Very soon Ilakkhan, a very powerful factor there, to whose nod the Samani princes looked up even for their very existence, was forced to recognise an element of no inconsiderable importance in the new Sultan of Ghazni. Notwithstanding the king-maker's efforts, the latter threw off the allegiance to the Samani house, proclaimed himself an independent sovereign and turned to the conquest of India with the large army, the sole legacy of his ambitious father, which had received its first lessons against the Rajputs on the historic soil of Hind.

(To be concluded.)

KANAIALAL M. MUNSHI.

*Bombay.*

## THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

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### THE FIRST CITIZEN IN THE CAPITAL OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

**L**ONDON has this year been more than ever the centre of the English-speaking race. The year 1911 has brought to it enormous numbers of visitors from all parts of the Empire. The Royal Coronation, the Imperial Conference and the great Festival of Empire at the Crystal Palace have attracted the over-seas subjects of King George V. in a way that is without precedent. The past summer in London has been the most brilliant of modern times. And of all the many thousands of visitors, there must be few who during their stay in the capital did not see or hear much of the Lord Mayor of London.

Of all the historic offices that loom largely in the public eye in England, the one that, next to the King, is best known is probably that of the Lord Mayor of London. There is a world-wide respect and veneration for that office, but it is at the same time enshrouded by considerable mystery. The Lord Mayor is a well-known character, he is frequently mentioned in English history, and to-day he often appears in the chronicles of London life; but nevertheless, there is a wide-spread ignorance as to the true nature of his functions. And further afield, though well-known throughout the English-speaking race, there are probably few who understand what duties he performs and in what relation he stands to the national and to the municipal government.

It can hardly be wondered at that the public at large has but a scanty knowledge of this historic office. The Lord Mayor is indeed the premier citizen of London, but he lives in a world that is apart from that of his fellow-citizens. He is the centre of the civic life of London, but the ceremonial pageantry surrounding

him makes him different from other holders of high municipal office. Other cities in England have their Lord Mayors, but they are as far distanced from the Lord Mayor of London as is the King of England from the monarch of a small tribal state.

The earliest mention of a Mayor of London in any formal document was in the year 1189, and the first Mayor is said to have held the position for twenty-four years. The appointment, however, soon became annual and in 1354 the King gave to it the more dignified title of Lord Mayor.

To understand the position of the Lord Mayor of London it is necessary to glance briefly at one of the main features in the history of the city over which he rules. For the Lord Mayor is monarch of his city in a sense that is quite inapplicable elsewhere. His great privileges of independence are now of historical importance only, but previous centuries show numerous cases where they were the cause of a violent conflict between London and the royal power. In 1264, for instance, the King was sorely troubled by the independent spirit of London's Mayor and the latter is reported to have informed his royal master that "so long as you will be a good lord and king unto us, we will be faithful and duteous to you." Probably this boast was an exaggerated interpretation of the relations between monarch and mayor, for in the following year the latter suffered imprisonment. And later on, when King James I. threatened to remove his court from London, owing to its opposition to him, the Lord Mayor replied, "But Your Majesty cannot remove the River Thames," showing that he at least appreciated the true source of his city's greatness.

And to-day the Lord Mayor has precedence in the City over every subject of the Crown, not excluding princes of the royal blood.

It is important to remember that in Roman times London was a walled city and that the area once contained within these walls is practically the site of the modern City of London. In the course of time these narrow limits became inadequate, but from the very beginning the powerful, self-contained and well-organised City of London never showed any desire to extend the area of its jurisdiction. All around the City grew up numerous communities, but the City consistently preferred to remain as of old, and its suburbs were thus left to be governed as independent country villages. By its

enormous wealth the City was able to extract from needy Kings exclusive rights and privileges and it thus successfully insisted, whenever reform was threatened, that its ancient constitution should remain intact. When in 1835 Parliament undertook the work of reforming the municipalities of the country, the City secured a complete immunity from the provisions of the Act. It preferred to remain the jealous master of a narrow area and of an ever-dwindling population. And again twenty years later, when the conglomeration of areas surrounding the City were united into a single unit of Government, the City once more insisted on its independence. Finally, when in 1888 this larger London became the modern County, still the City remained isolated in its government though physically amalgamated with its surroundings. The ancient City is in constitution practically as it was many centuries ago, and all around it the modern London County Council (commonly spoken of as the L. C. C.) exercises its ever-increasing powers.

This fact is important because it is the old City that elects the Lord Mayor. Even to-day Londoners outside the "one square mile" of the City have no voice in his election, though in fact the whole of London looks upon him as the representative of its corporate life. It will probably be said that this dual Government must result in confusion, and this, in the abstract, it will be hard to deny. But the apparent anomaly has roots of enormous depth and it is impossible here to enter into the possibilities of its termination.

The Lord Mayor receives from city funds an annual grant of £10,000. In the past an occasional Mayor might, by keeping a strict control over his expenditure, serve his year of office at a profit to himself, but to-day the holder of this august office invariably spends a large sum out of his own pocket. An interesting record has been left by a certain Sir James Saunderson, who was Lord Mayor in the year 1792-3. He published a minute account of his mayoral expenditure and from a lengthy list the following items have been extracted:—

				£	s.	d.
Butcher for twelve months	...	...	...	781	10	0
Wines	...	...	...	1309	12	0
Dress for Lord Mayor	...	...	...	309	2	3
Dress for Lady Mayoress	...	...	...	416	2	0
Dress for servants	...	...	...	724	5	6



The total cost of the year's term of office is given as £6,055-14-7, and the Lord Mayors to-day will probably have little cause to accuse their confiding predecessor of extravagance.

The official residence of the Lord Mayor is the well-known Mansion House, situated in the heart of the City, which was built in 1739 at a total cost, including furniture, of £70,985-13-2. Here, most of the time of the Lord Mayor is occupied with his duties as leading citizen and chief magistrate of the City. He also attends each session of the Central Criminal Court, which is the principal criminal court in the kingdom. In the historic Guildhall he presides over the meetings of the City Corporation and carries out his multifarious duties as the head of a great municipality. In fact, so numerous are the duties of the Lord Mayor that scarcely any civic function is performed without him.

The annual election of Lord Mayor takes place in the autumn, and there are many ceremonies to be gone through before the new Mayor can undertake the duties of his office. On November 9th takes place the ceremonial journey to Westminster, popularly known as the "Lord Mayor's Show." The earliest civic pageant was in the year 1236, and at one time it was customary for the Lord Mayor to go from the City to Westminster by river. Now the newly-elected Lord Mayor drives in his state coach, which weighs  $3\frac{1}{4}$  tons and is drawn by six horses, through the principal streets, followed by representatives of the various public bodies and by many cars gaily decorated. In the evening, there is a great reception and banquet, at which the leading public men are present, and at which the Prime Minister is expected to say something on the principal political topics of the day. The cost of the "Show" and of the banquet usually amount to about £4,000, half of which is defrayed by the Lord Mayor. On the day following the banquet, whatever food is left unused is distributed to the poor.

But the functions of the Lord Mayor are not confined to London; he has also important national duties to perform. On the death of the Sovereign he becomes a temporary member of the Privy Council, which, according to the constitution, is bound to assemble as soon as the news of the national bereavement is announced. The Lord Mayor is the dispenser of national hospitality and in that capacity he entertains at the Guildhall

the foreign monarchs and potentates who pay state visits to the shores of England. During the last few years he has had the honour of entertaining the German Emperor, the French President and Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. It is, again, the Lord Mayor who organises funds for the relief of those suffering from great calamities at home and abroad. During the closing quarter of the last century the various Lord Mayors' funds amounted to no less a sum than £3,000,000, or about £120,000 a year.

We have now briefly traced the history of the mayoralty, we have watched his election and have enumerated the main duties attaching to the office; we now know generally in what relation he stands both to London and to the kingdom.

The fact that the City of London has retained to this day its civic independence and has preserved for so many centuries the customs and traditions that have been handed down from generation to generation, is a powerful tribute to the vitality of its constitution and to the personal worth of the vast majority of its successive citizens who have filled the time-honoured rôle of Lord Mayor of London.

CLAUD W. MULLINS.

*London.*

## ENGLISH BEGINNINGS IN INDIA.

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THERE is something delightfully quaint and *naïve* in the accounts which our great-great-grandfathers recorded of their doings in India. It was a long time before they came in contact with the Native rulers ; but from the first they were constantly engaged in encounters with the French, the Dutch and the Portuguese. The King of Portugal had been lord of the Indian seas a hundred years before the first English mariners sailed to the shores of India. The nation which was to surpass all other European peoples in the contest for supremacy in the East was slow to commence its task. Blindly and with uncertain footsteps the English worked out their destiny. But of one thing they absolutely made up their minds ; and that was that they would stand no nonsense from traders of other nations who wished to exclude them from a share in Indian commerce. Here is an admirable description of a fight with the Portuguese in the west of India in 1630, just twenty-three years after the intrepid Hawkins, the first Englishman to reach India, had sailed into Surat. \*

“ The English having divided themselves into three squadrons appointed only one to appear in sight of the enemy, towards the water side, and the other two to wheel about behind the sand hills, that so inviting their foe to encounter with the lesser number, they might ( when drawn within the distance of musket shot ) rejoin their full strength again, as they did ; when as the Portugals, who less cautiously had opened and spread themselves in good order the full length of all their brigades, as they purposely had contrived themselves close amongst the shore, as well for the safety of their own people as to terrify ours not to dare any further for fear of their great ordnance, which with their harquibuses usually mounted on their frigates' sides, was the refuge it seems they mainly depended on.

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\* From “Bombay State Papers” edited by George W. Forrest, C.I.E., B.A.

But such was the undauntedness of our English, being stirred up to a great measure of fury by the hourly vexations and bravings of the enemy, as being now come within shot, with a general resolution rejoicing at the occasion, after a shot or two received first from the Portugals, pushed on in the very face and mouth of all their frigates, and perceiving that but three of them could use the advantages of their prowess against them, and that some of the rest were brought aground, and had only their harquibuses to greet them, advanced forwards still plying their small arms with very good discipline, and the Portugals no less valiantly replying with their double forces, as well from the frigates at sea, as the squadrons on shore, but not able it seems to endure the obstinate rage of our people, they began to give ground, and ours most fiercely following, entered pell mell amongst them, even into the water, within less than pistol shot of their frigates ; many of the English not fearing to run up to the chin in water, even to the very sides of their frigates, pursuing the victory with great slaughter both at shore and at sea, and at length returned with twenty-seven Portugals prisoners taken alive, without the loss of any more than one ancient man (a corporal) not wounded, but suffocated only with heat, and the wounding of seven more of our people. This they happily performed in sight of Mirza Bakar, and divers of other country people to their great admiration and our nation's greater honour. To that good God who led them by the hand be the glory."

There is no lack of pious sentiments and commendations to the Almighty in the letters which the factors at Surat addressed to the directors of the Company in London ; and great importance was attached to religious services. The following despatch is quite a gem :

" We have separated a place apart for God's worship, decently adorned it, wherein stands your library, and amongst them those several volumes of the Holy Bible in the languages which is much esteemed by those that are learned amongst these people ; that if any eminent person came to your houses, his greatest desire is to see the chapel ; wherefore we entreat you, for further ornament, to send us out a large Bible in a frame, gilded and handsomely adorned with Moses and Aaron holding the two tables containing the ten commandments, the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, written in letters of gold, and in the midst, at the top, in triangles, God's name written in as many of these Eastern languages as Arabic, Persian, etc., as can be procured ; which if you please to honour our chapel with, it will be a glory to our religion, as that which is more taken than anything that they shall read besides, and yet our meaning is that the commandments etc. be wrote in the English language."

Besides fighting and religion the factors attached great importance to outward show and trappings wherewith to impress the Natives. In order not to be surpassed by the French and the Dutch, we find them writing home for a trumpeter, who must possess unexceptionable qualifications.

"We are in want of a trumpeter," they write, "and wish you would be pleased to send us out one that is able, for that these great men do often fancy the sound of our trumpets, and send to us for them when we have one, and in regard the French have two and the Dutch one, 'twill not be seemly for us only to be without; we at present, serve ourselves for fashion's sake, of a young man who hath little or no skill; if you please to favour us therein, we entreat that care may be taken that he be orderly and well disposed in conversation."

There is a curious list of twenty-eight factors at Surat; opposite the name of one of them, Val Hurse, we find the note, "drinking sot."

In 1684 the presidency was transferred from Surat to Bombay which island had in 1661 been ceded by Portugal to the British Crown as dowry of the "most excellent Princess the Lady Catharine Infanta of Portugal," upon her marriage with the "most Serene and most potent Charles (the second) by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland etc." The early Government of Bombay was a paternal one; and rules were drawn up for everything down to the minutest details. There was no thought of free trade in those days, as will be seen from the following extract from the regulations.

"That for the encouragement of good husbandry, by preventing the vain or immoderate excess of apparel, as also for the greater consumption of our own native manufactures, a standing law be established, that no apparel or outward garments, to wit, tunics, vests, doublets, breeches, be used or worn by any Christian inhabitants of the said island, those of the Eastern church excepted, of what quality, nature, and condition so-ever, but such as made of English manufacturers, or brought out of England in our own shipping, whether of wool or cotton. That for the greater decency of the military order, all the soldiers, as well officers as others, be required to wear red serges, or perpetuanoes only in the summer time, or red cloth in the winter, which should be afforded them at reasonable and cheap rates from the Company's warehouse."

The factors raised a small troop of forty horse, "than which nothing can be of greater safeguard to the island, for besides the

extraordinary fame of horse in these countries—one horse being esteemed equivalent to fifty foot—they are such an ubiquitous force (what an adjective ! ) that in half an hour's time, by taking up forty soldiers behind them, we can have eighty men in any part of the island completely armed, ready to impede an enemy's landing, or to quiet any sudden insurrection."

The climate was held to blame for sundry diseases and divers kinds of death ; but some of the factors diagnosed the evil more correctly. "The soldiers," they write, "do not die by any such fatality concomitant to the clime as some vainly imagine, but by their irregularity and want of due attendance when sick. For to persons in a flux etc., which is the country diseases, strong drink and flesh is mortal, which to make an English soldier leave off, is almost as difficult as to make him divest his nature, nay, though present death be laid down before him as the reward of the ill-gratifying his palate. This is the true cause our bills of mortality have come so high."

Religious tolerance was rigidly insisted upon. "The free exercise of religion," ran the regulation, "is permitted to all with the use of their ceremonies at weddings and feasts, the Bannians etc., always burning their dead without molestations, neither do we permit any person to kill anything near the Bannians, who all live by themselves, much less can any person presume to enter anybody's house or compound without the owner's license, and for forcing people to turn Christian against their wills, the whole world will vindicate us, neither are any persons forced to carry burdens against their wills."

What a contrast from the methods of our Portuguese rivals, who compelled conversion to Christianity by the sword and the Inquisition !

EDMUND C. COX.

\* *Isle of Wight.*

RASILI :  
THE STORY OF A VILLAGE GIRL.

CHAPTER VI.

RASILI and her father were more than comfortable now. They had all they desired and more: plenty of food and plain clothes and a little cottage of their own. They had also their share of the good things. No month passed without a festival of some kind or the other, and then they received in abundance delicious dishes and sweet delicacies, such as they had never known in the village before. Ram Charan had no particular work assigned to him. He now belonged to the privileged class of the Raja's household; his principal duty was to attend the miniature court of his master, and flatter and serve the chief servants of the State. He was occasionally asked to massage the limbs of the Raja, and beat his legs with his fists to put him to sleep.

Ram Charan seemed to have changed his skin, and he no more looked like a village barber. A white muslin shirt, and a white flowing *chaphan* now draped his brown body and fell over a clean white dhotie. A small white muslin cap rested on his oiled head, poised slantingly in one corner and held by a pin, after the fashion of the city people.

Rasili, too, had forgotten the past, and was her old self again, bright and cheerful like a spring butterfly. Life expressed itself through her every movement, and her old songs were on her lips again.

She slowly found her way to the Zenana. The Rani sent for her to pare her nails. She wished to have some one fresh from the outer world to talk to. At first Rasili was a little shy, but the Rani was so frank and familiar, that she felt quite at home and chatted on with her usual vivacity. The Rani was very much amused, and took a great liking for Rasili. She kept Rasili all the time with herself, allowing her only to go to cook meals for her father. She would often send food for Ram Charan from her own kitchen, and would not allow

her to go at all. Rasili spent a joyful time in the Zenana, mimicking men and women, dancing and singing and telling stories.

The Zenana was a four-walled enclosure opening on a broad courtyard, with a little garden on one side and rooms in the quadrangle. The doors of the rooms opened on the courtyard which had only one gate leading to the outside world, guarded by a couple of doorkeepers.

It was here within its four-walls that the ladies of the ancient house of Rama Singh had lived for many generations in strictest seclusion. They came young and bright, and only their dead bodies were carried out to the funeral pyre. Their life was not as dull and monotonous as may be imagined. They were like birds born in a cage, living their little lives in the golden prison, and trying to put in as much enjoyment as possible. Now and then a passionate soul, all athirst for life, took the law into her own hands and broke it, dashing her little life against the stone walls. Love and musk never remain concealed. She would be discovered, and then nothing would be heard of her again. She would simply cease to exist. Some whispered talk in all the Zenanas, and that was all. . . .

Usually the Zenana ladies led their short lives in great decorum. There were so many things to keep them busy; hundreds of festivals to relieve the monotony of their lives. Then lady visitors would occasionally come and bring all the news of the outer world; the sad tale of the doings of their brothers, husbands and fathers, providing topic of conversation for months. This visiting is quite a new institution. The ladies come in closed carriages, alight in closed courtyards, and enter the Zenana screened by cloth walls; and yet they manage to peep through and get a glimpse of things, and take in every detail. They talk of the streets they pass through, men and women they glance at, and many other things, which for them have all the charm of the unknown. What with sleeping, dressing and talking and occasional outbursts of dance and music, the time is not allowed to hang heavy in the Zenana.

To the poor village girl everything seemed so bright and beautiful. Time passed imperceptibly as it does when life is full of promise, and has all that it desires. The rainy season was now well nigh spent, and out in the villages people were starving. The Government opened relief works which were swarming with men, women and children seeking bread. There, in the Zenana, the rainy season was remembered only for its succession of festivals.



The *teej*, the third day of Sawan, is particularly a festival of women. It comes in July or August when clouds ride up on the wings of cool fresh breeze, and bring life-giving showers. It is the harbinger of rich green crops, and fills the hearts of the people with hope and joy. It came in this year of drought as usual and the ladies were as eager to celebrate it. There were great doings in the Zenana. It was all bustle and gaiety. Swings were put up, and delicious sweets were prepared. The courtyard seemed as if filled by a swarm of gay butterflies as the girls and wives flitted about in their variegated shimmering silks. The Rani with great blandishment mounted the swing with Rasili and began to sing in a state of perfect joy. A light cloud also appeared as if unable to resist the temptation of brightening this universal festival of innocent young girls and newly married brides.

The Rani enjoyed swinging for a short time and then flung herself down on a small bedstead dragging Rasili with her. She was only twenty years of age though she had been married for many years. Her brown oval face still retained its sweet childish expression and her black wistful eyes had the sparkle of mirth which even the responsibilities of an early wifehood had failed to cloud over. She was draped in heavy rustling silks, and loaded with gold and jewels, sparkling and tinkling with every movement of her body. She was hardly ten when she had been married and ever since she had never ventured beyond the four walls of the Zenana. At first, when the Raja spent all his time with her, she was supremely happy. She loved him with that unselfish devotion which is the characteristic of Rajput women. But, alas! her happiness was short-lived. The Raja began to absent himself from the Zenana for days and days. She missed him beyond words, he was the centre of her life and his neglect crushed her heart into pieces. She became listless and joyless, like one to whom life has nothing more to offer. But on festival days, she expected to see her husband and tried to be gay. She was unusually vivacious this morning.

"You are getting more and more beautiful every day," she said to Rasili. "I hope you will have a good husband on whom to shed the fragrance of your youth."

"I am quite happy as I am," said Rasili with a sigh : she did not know why she sighed.

"One never is happy," said the Rani sagely, "one is always wanting something, and for ever searching for the unattainable."

"Life is beautiful," murmured Rasili, and again sighed.

"It never is satisfied with itself," remarked the Rani, "one wants to love and be loved. Now tell me why you sighed."

"I do not know why I did," replied Rasili.

"There is something within that knows, and sighs for fulfilment. There is always something wanting ; otherwise, life and happiness would be synonymous."

"One wants to be loved," said Rasili, modestly holding down her head. "It must be supreme happiness to have the love of one's husband."

"Man is a strange, restless, and uncertain master. Nothing satisfies him. Any new face maddens him. He plays with a woman's heart as if it were of no value."

"God has created the pair," quoth an old woman (nurse of the Raja). "What can be more dear to a man than a woman?"

"They are never content with their pair," protested the Rani.

"If my husband is not faithful to me," said Rasili emphatically, "I will never see his face again."

"You are young," said the old lady, with a sardonic smile, "you will soon know that man can do anything. A woman once married has no choice. She is married for ever ; as for man, he is free as daylight and can shine upon a new flower whenever he chooses. The father of the Raja was a fine man. He married almost every year, changed his mistresses every month, and made love to any one and anybody. He was as fair as pure milk, the red juice of betel as it passed through his throat could be seen in its passage."

"He too is following in the footsteps of his father," sighed the Rani, her eyes on the door thirsting to see the Raja.

"By the grace of God he is young," said the old lady, "youth is always mad. I know when I was young, I felt as if I trod on air. What these eyes of mine have seen no one can ever see."

"My good mother," said Rasili, "do tell me what you have seen. Did the Raja make love to you?"

"Of course, he did," said the old woman proudly. "I have seen such beautiful days and had such gay times. I too was once young. Wherever I went people made remarks and admired my beauty. Then the Raja began to love me, it was only for a day, but I can never forget it. He loaded me with costly presents and beautiful clothes. . . It is good to have enjoyed one's youth. I can die contented."

"Have you heard what has happened to-day?" said another woman coming from the outside and taking her seat near the charpoy of the

Rani. "Zahuran is angry with the Raja Sahib. Raja Sahib is entreating her with folded hands, not to go away and desert him."

"I have seen Zahuran," quoth Rasili. "Men have no eyes; she is not worthy even to touch the feet of our good mistress."

"Rasili," said the Rani. "It is fate, it is Karma, who can explain it? He was once so kind and loving, but I never see his face now."

"He is never sober," said Rasili. "The day is spent in drinking, the night in dance and gaiety. He has no time to think of anything."

"It must be so," sighed the Rani.

"It is these hangers-on who want to live well without doing any work," said the old woman. "They never allow him to come to the Zenana lest he may get out of their power. Where can they find another place like this?"

"They live like princes here," remarked Rasili. "Our master is so generous."

"They are all *badmashes*. I know almost every one of them: the sons of pigeon-sellers, kite-makers, and illegitimate sons of dancing girls, have become the companions of our Maharaj," quoth the old woman.

"They are men who should not even have permission to enter the courtyard of a nobleman," said the Rani, "yet they are bosom friends of my husband. May lightning fall upon them and consume them! They are more dangerous than thieves and robbers."

"One of them seduced a young innocent girl," said the old lady, "he has deserted her now. The girl is heartbroken but he laughs at her and boasts of his conquest in open Durbar."

"The scoundrel," said Rasili. "He ought to be hanged."

"Men are awful," said the old lady, "they never know what truth is. As for us, poor women, we are like flowers; one touch and we are done for ever."

"A woman's heart, once given, is given for ever, men seem to have no heart to give. They have mere words and that is all. Fickle like the bulbul, they flit from flower to flower, never contented, always dissatisfied, always changing and never finding what can never be found in shadows," said the Rani.

"Rani Sahib," said a young maid-servant who had just come in from without. "There is great excitement to-day. Zahuran is very angry and our Raja Sahib is trying to soothe her. I went to the small room near the big hall, closed the door and heard and saw all that was going on. She is sitting in the centre of the room like an angry cat, her

nose high up in the air, her *saree* off her head, showing her blackened teeth which make her mouth look as if it has been burnt out from within. I wish I could close her mouth with a flame of fire."

"What did she say?" enquired the Rani, rising and sitting languidly on her bed."

"Go and lavish these cold caresses on your wife," she said. "I am not married to you, to endure for ever your empty flatteries."

"Did he say anything in answer?"

"Nothing at all. Pardon my saying so, but he heard everything like a wet cat, and redoubled his caresses and importunities."

"These women conquer the heart of a man by some magic," said the Rani, "they administer some love potion and hold a man captive. Just imagine his putting up with a woman who insults his wife. I wish I could find some love philtre."

"There is a saintly Sayed," said the old woman, "I can get a charm from him. I am told his magic never fails."

"I have tried many before, they are no use."

"There is no harm in trying again," said the old woman, "who knows for once the arrow may hit the mark?"

"Zahuran is not at all beautiful," repeated Rasili, "only her ready tongue works like a pair of scissors. She is talking, singing and cracking jokes almost the whole day."

"She is very young," said the Rani with a sigh, "she is only seventeen."

"May fire burn such youth," said the maid-servant, "even a she-ass is young in her life. What is youth without the gift of beauty?"

"Men go mad after a young girl even if she is as black as a charcoal," sighed the Rani. "They console themselves by calling it a saltish beauty (Namkin)."

"What real love can these dancing girls have?" observed Rasili who had been thinking deeply. "Their life too must be sad beyond measure. They sell their very soul for money."

"They seem to be quite happy," said the Rani, "they love money, fine dresses and jewels. They get these in plenty and when they have sucked a man dry, they leave him to the kind offices of the flies."

"They too must have hearts like us," observed Rasili. "How can they feign love for every one they meet? It is wrong. It is unnatural. Perhaps when youth is gone, when no one cares for them, they pay the penalty, and discover that they lived in vain."

"Some of them are very faithful. My father had a dancing girl as a mistress. When he died, she took his death so much to heart that three days after she too followed him to the grave. She dressed herself in her very best and as usual she sat on her bed with a looking glass in front of her, arranging her hair. She took pains at her toilet and then when she was dressed, she looked towards the heavens, her face brightened as if she saw something very beautiful, and then she said, 'I am coming, I am coming' and in a moment her body fell back on the bed like a discarded garment which is thrown off by the wearer, and the spirit was gone. My brother raised a mausoleum over her grave. People now offer garlands of flowers on her grave and gain their hearts' desire."

"Was she very beautiful?" enquired Rasili.

"She was not very fair," said the Rani, "but her features were very regular. She was very fond of me, more fond of me than even my mother. She used to sing to me so sweetly. It was she who taught me to sing and play properly on the sitar. She used to make such beautiful dresses for me. She was always amusing and talked so beautifully. I owe a great deal to her. It is an education to be with one of them. There was no reserve about her. She was very natural. She talked with such freedom, such fluency, while my mother, poor soul, sat most of the time on her bed and talked to servants, of ordinary things, of no interest to anyone. In her old age she spent most of her time in the worship of the gods."

"You have a miracle of a voice: won't you sing to-day?" asked Rasili.

"Will you dance?" said the Rani.

"I will dance," Rasili assented, "though I do not know how to dance properly."

"You dance well," said the Rani. "It seems as if music touches your very soul and finds expression through every movement of your body."

The Rani took up her sitar, her finger deftly moved over its strings and in a minute she had attuned it. There, before her, stood Rasili, all excited, all eager like a delicate instrument, ready to respond to the lightest vibrations of music.

The Rani passed her fingers over the strings and played a tune; it seemed as if her heart went into the sitar itself and gushed forth into a stream of music. As for Rasili, she danced as if in response to some hidden power. Now she glided lightly with open arms as if

longing for love, then she slipped back slowly, her arms thrown back, her eyes aflame, and her delicate head held proudly over her swanlike neck, then she whirled round as if mad with joy, all in response to the music which the sitar poured forth.

The Rani sang, it seemed as if the notes of the sitar had melted into a rippling, thrilling human voice, expressing all the yearnings of her soul.

Therefore, now that the dark shadows close  
And the mists rise weird and white,  
While time is scented with musk and rose  
Magic with silver light.

I long for love, will you grant me some ?  
Day is over at last,  
Come, as lovers have always come  
Through the evenings of the past.

Swiftly as lovers have always come,  
Softly as lovers have always come,  
Through the long forgotten past.—("Garden of Kama.")

'Here am I,' said the Raja, stepping up. He had been listening and watching for some time and was very pleased.

The Rani hastily rose from her bed, adjusted her *saree* and took her seat on a low seated chair which was lying close by. Rasili and the maid-servants at once disappeared. The Raja sat down on the bed and drew her *saree* from her face.

'You have grown old in wedlock and are silly enough to cover your face from me still. It is absurd.'

'Who cares for the old people?' she said pointedly. 'Go and amuse yourself with the young ones. You are welcome to their false smiles and their dark faces which even English powders cannot make white. Go, they will give you more pleasure, go!'

'It is not their fault if God has not endowed them with such a beauty as yours,' he answered coaxingly.

'You cannot please me with a shining necklace of false pearly words. Please reserve such presents for your dear ones.'

'You are very suspicious; even when my hair grows white and my mouth is toothless, you will be coupling my name with some one,' said the Raja yawning.

'By the grace of God you are not a toothless old man,' she said with a smile. 'The desire will never leave you even when you are a hundred years old. What was going on to-day?'

"Zahuran has left me. I have sent her away. You ought to be pleased now."

"Has she? It is all the same to me; some one else will take her place. How did you let her go? You were mad after her."

"She used to sing well, but nothing like you," said the Raja. "When I came in to-day, I stood for quite a long time listening to you. Who was the girl who danced so beautifully? She is a new face in the Zenana."

"Is she going to be your new flame?" asked the Rani. "She is more beautiful than the one who has just left you. She is a poor innocent barber girl. She is my friend, so pray don't think of her."

"I will marry her at once."

"Try to frighten some one else," said the Rani proudly looking up. "Go and marry ten more barber girls, or if that does not please you, have a sweeper girl as your queen. They won't take away my Kismat."

"You will never change," said the Raja, lovingly kissing her.

One kiss, one caress, and her anger was gone like a speck of mist before the rising sun. She took up her sitar again and began singing to him with all the sweetness of her soul.

"Not seeing you, I pine to see! and when I see, to know

That you will go away again fills me with fear and woe,

No joy of love I find in love, if you be near or far;

Longing to have you by me, and dreading when you are!

Life is not life, if we must live thinking of love's last day;

Oh, never come, my Love and Life! or never go away!"

("Lotus and Jewel.")

*(To be continued.)*

JOGENDRA SINGH.

*Kheri Dist., Oudh.*

## W. B. YEATS.

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**I**T is a curious trait in Celtic life that at certain times common and simultaneous literary revivals take place amongst all members of that race, no matter how much they are separated by language or land.

One can point to the literary revivals of the 6th, 11th, and 18th centuries as a proof of this assertion, whilst now, in the 20th century, we have but to glance back at the annals of literature for the last fifty years to see the workings of another revival of the same character; such leaders of continental thought as Bopp, Zeuss and Ebel have founded a Celtic philology. In France, we find M. Le Braz, M. Le Goffic, and the Breton writers. In the Isle of Man we see the national poet, Thomas Edward Brown, and in Ireland Mr. Yeats has started a revival, which is still making headway.

William Butler Yeats was born in Dublin on the 13th of June, 1865. He was educated at the Godolphin School, Hammersmith, and the Erasmus Smith School, Dublin. For three years he was an Art Student, but soon showed leanings towards literature, and when 21 years old, decided to devote himself to a literary career. He felt the call of his native land and tried to found an Irish literary school. The Irish have always been poets, but they have never reached the supreme heights of their art. Even as late as the 18th century, many strolling minstrels were to be found in the country, and such was the literary enthusiasm of one innkeeper in Limerick, that he had painted above his door an invitation, in Celtic verse, to all poets, whether their purses were full or empty. His invitation met with a ready response and his house was always full. Generally, however, the purses of his guests were empty. We read that the liberality of the innkeeper ruined him, and



that he was obliged to become a swineherd. He died in rags, but his heart was happy with the thought of the help he had been able to give to the glorious cause of literature. Most of the Irish poets who wrote in English became English in thought and idiom. One hardly reckons Goldsmith, Thomas Moore or Thomas David as Irish; the first two became entirely English, and though David expressed an Irish sentiment, he used essentially English means to achieve his end.

The real beginnings of a purely Irish revival date from Callanan's translations from the Erse. He turned men's attention to the past, and inspired Mangan to seek his subjects in the Irish folk-lore. Mangan was a kind of Irish Burns, though he lacked the Scotchman's genius. His work shows the marks of true poetic power ruined by an incompleteness of culture and a too great liking for opium and spirits. He has left, amongst much inferior work, some of the most beautiful and some of the saddest lines to be found in the works of the Irish writers. His most popular work is "Dark Rosaleen," in whom he typifies Ireland.

The work thus begun was carried on by Allingham and Fergusson—the one with more art and the other with greater power. Both drew their inspiration from the old national traditions.

Allingham is the bard of Ballyshannon—the painter of the melancholy peasants of the west; whilst Fergusson is the recognised forerunner of the young contemporary Irish poets.

The Renaissance had begun but still had to overcome the obstacles of nature and race. The very sociableness of the Irish was a handicap. The idea expressed in their proverb, "It is better to quarrel than to be alone," explains why they prefer the arts that sway the crowd, rather than those which are more suitable for private meditation.

The higher classes, however, aided by their wider training, have begun to form an Irish literature in the English tongue. They have resolutely shut their ears to all outside influences and are seeking their inspiration in their native land. It is no longer the work of amateurs, but the life-study of artists. It does not deal any longer with the political influences and reactions, but turns to the myths and sagas of long ago, and seeks to show the true spirit

of the Irish. It is, above all, religious; not in the formal manner of English poetry, but in the exuberance of poetical mysticism.

We ought to place among the leaders of this movement Mrs. Hinkson, Miss Hooper, H. E. Johnson, Lionel Johnson, and more especially Mr. Yeats, in whom—to quote Mr. Brook—the three tendencies of Irish poetry (each with its Celtic spirit clearly marked) towards religion, towards mysticism, and towards a union of the two, are united.

Mr. Yeats in "Poetry and Ireland" (1907), tells us the aim he put before himself when he began the renaissance. He says: "When Lionel Johnson, Katherine Tynan (as she was then), and I myself began to reform Irish poetry, we thought to keep unbroken the thread running up to Grattan, which John O'Leary had put into our hands, though it might be our business to examine new paths of the labyrinths. We sought to make a more subtle rhythm, a more organic form than that of the older Irish poets, who wrote in English, but always to remember certain ardent ideas and high altitudes of mind which were, to our imagination, the nation itself, so far as a nation can be summarised in the intellect."

To fulfil this ideal Mr. Yeats set to work to learn Erse, and then impregnated himself with the Irish folk-lore, by visiting the outlying districts and talking with the older inhabitants. It is, therefore, strange that the proverbial Irish jollity is lacking in Mr. Yeats poems. There are, it is true, one or two examples of merry ghosts' to be found in his "Irish Tales," such as the account of a man who was turned out of his own house by a ghost who had stolen his boots—these articles of dress playing a prominent rôle in his eviction. This close personal intimacy with supernatural beings is characteristic of the Irish. The Scotch regard these beings as cruel and workers of evil; the Irish receive them as friends; as Mr. Yeats says to the Scotch, "You have made the shades your enemies, but we exchange compliments with them."

This belief in the unseen world has given to Mr. Yeats' poetry a mysticism that makes him one of the greatest of modern lyric poets. His work is always so carefully revised that he seems to live on one plane; there is no unworthy or trivial mood in his work; no occasional concession to the fatigue of high thinking. It is just this continuous poetical quality of mind that seems to distinguish

Mr. Yeats from the many men of great talent, and to place him among the few men of genius. A lyric, with Mr. Yeats—as expressed in the symbolical poems that form the whole volume “The Wind among the Reeds” (1899)—is an embodied ecstasy, and an ecstasy so profoundly personal, that it loses the accidental qualities of personality and becomes a part of the universal consciousness. To quote Mr. Symonds, “The lyric—in its merely personal stage, a symbol—can only be expressed through a symbol.”

Mr. Yeats has chosen his symbolism from out of Irish mythology. These symbolical persons are nothing more than the pseudonyms of particular outlooks of consciousness in its passionate dreaming, or intellectual moments. Irish mythology, however, is not well known to the public, and when the poet himself owns in his notes that he is not sure of the meaning of some of the sagas, one begins to wonder if it had not been better to choose some other medium to express these fleeting outlooks of consciousness. But the subject can never take away the fascination which lies in the musical sensitiveness of his lyrics, the haunting note of something remote and intangible.

He produces his best lyrical work when he is obeying the dictates of an emotion—a sentiment. Two of the finest examples are “The Lake-Isle of Inisfree” (first published in the *National Observer*, December 13th, 1890, and afterwards in the volume entitled “The Countess Kathleen” 1892) which expresses in dainty verse the appeal of remembered water and reedy isle to a born dreamer, stranded in the city streets; and “The Man who dreamed of Fairyland,” (first published in the *National Observer*, February 7th, 1891; then in the “The Countess Kathleen”), which gives the call upon the visionary’s heartstrings of the legendary country, where is “the light that never was on sea or land.” This latter poem is perhaps the finest lyric that Mr. Yeats has written. His earliest work, “The Wandering of Oisín and other Poems” (1889), was chiefly devoted to the singing of the heroes of his race. He tells how Cuchullain, being bewitched by the Druids, fought the sea; how the King Fergus goes to seek the science of the Druids, and encounters the various destinies of life; and, in a long poem, he sings of Oisín and his marvellous journeys. This Oisín is none other than Ossian, the Gaelic bard, whose influence had such wide

spread effects, both in England and (more especially) on the continent. But it is the drama that especially attracts Mr. Yeats. In the preface to "Poems, 1899-1905," he writes: "But one can only do what one wants to do, and to me drama (and I think it has been the same with other writers) has been the search of more manful energy, more of cheerful acceptance of whatever arises out of the logic of events; and for clean outline, instead of those outlines of lyric poetry that are blurred with desire and vague regret."

His first work for the theatre was "The Countess Kathleen" (1892), a work that is regarded by many as his best dramatic effort. The plot briefly is this: During the famine that ravaged Ireland in the 16th century, two demons—in the form of merchants—arrive in a certain town (Shemus Rua), and offer to help those who are willing to sell them their souls. On hearing this, the good Countess Kathleen intervenes, helps the people as much as she can, and lets them gather all the fruit in her orchards. This, however, only serves as a temporary respite, and as the ships bearing the grain fail to arrive, the people are driven by hunger to sell their souls to the demons; the Countess sells hers also in order to be able to give more to charity. The drama ends with the defeat of the demons by the angels, and the Countess is carried off to Heaven.

His next work, "The Land of the Heart's Desire" (1894), takes us into a farm in the County of Sligo at the end of the 18th century. There we find Maurteen Bruin, his wife Bridget, his son Shann, his daughter-in-law Maire, and the village clergyman, Father Hart. The young wife, Maire Bruin, reads, without ceasing, a dirty yellow manuscript, the work of an old mystic. Her studies explain to her how the Princess Adene heard a voice singing one night in May, and how she followed it to the fairyland where one remains for ever young. The mother-in-law treats Maire cruelly, but the others are kind to her—Shann excusing her, and the village priest exhorting her to leave her reading and pay more attention to her daily work. On the day when the fairies are expected, Maire makes a path of primroses into the house, gives some milk to an unknown beggar on the road, and lights a pipe for an old man whom she encounters. Bridget speaks severely to her, but is not able to prevent her from invoking the fairies. In answer to her

appeal a song is heard outside and a small being, dressed entirely in green, enters. She is a fairy. All are attracted by her. She makes a circle of primroses round Maire, and none but her husband is able to enter this ring. He does so, and love conquers the fairy influence, and he brings Maire back to earthly things. The calls of the fairies, however, become more imperative and in the end, the young woman dies and her soul flies away to the land of her desire.

"The Shadowy Waters" (1900) must be judged, as Mr. Yeats himself says, in the preface, "as a part of an attempt to create a national dramatic literature in Ireland."

This drama is fraught with the lyric mysticism so noticeable in Mr. Yeats' work: none of his other pieces are so loaded with that dreamy harmony—that symbolic intention. The whole piece is evasive. The scene opens with a staging of green. We see a mysterious ship on a mysterious sea. The King Forgael is sleeping on a pile of skins: a silver lily is embroidered on his cloak, and a small harp is lying by his side. Whilst he sleeps, the crew talk, and we learn that they are disposed to kill their chief—who is leading them towards an unknown goal—and replace him by another. (The whole setting recalls "*La Princesse Lointaine*" by Rostand.) They are persuaded, however, to continue, and soon encounter another ship. A mysterious battle takes place—without noise, and without shouting. Finally, the other ship is beaten, and the crew bring the captive Queen Dectora to the King. Forgael plays on his harp and the sailors and the queen fall into an enchanted sleep. When she awakes she thinks, she is listening to the tales her nurse used to tell her, and has forgotten all her intervening life. But she soon regains her memory, and marries the Knight Aibric. The King Forgael continues to dream his dreams of the past, and—in fulfilment of an old prophecy—the harp plays by itself the wonder-hymn of love.

The last of his plays "*Deirdre*" (1907) is a masterly condensing of the famous tale. If he had not had Mr. Sygne's rendering of the same subject, we might be better able to judge of its merits without partiality; but as it is, the longer play is ever in our minds and invites us to make comparisons. This cannot be done, as Mr. Yeats has taken one epoch only of the story, and with his

artistic facility, clothed it in fancies that delight the mind, and poetry that delights the ear. Of its kind, it ranks with the best of his work.

Such are the examples of Yeats' dramas. We see they are all permeated with the Irish love of the supernatural, and most of them end with the victory of the supernatural.

His prose works are not nearly on the high level of his verse. The most charming is the novel "John Sherman," which he published under the pseudonym of Ganconagh. The tale is of a young Irishman—John Sherman. He is a youth of no great depth of character, and a dreamer, like all his folk. He lives in a small village in the west. A certain high churchman—William Howard—comes to the village, and not being able to gain the sympathy of the villagers, becomes great friends with Sherman. John Sherman is attached to the Rector's eldest daughter, but his mother does not approve of the match and is very glad when John is called to London to enter his uncle's office. Whilst in his uncle's house of business, Sherman makes the acquaintance of a Miss Leland—the daughter of a rich client. Miss Leland is a type of the modern girl. Sherman, with his vague dreaminess, attracts her and she makes him her captive. Her *dot* is not displeasing to Sherman—who seeks a union that will place him beyond the necessity of working. He is, however, so weak that he cannot make up his mind to ask her to marry him. He returns to his native village, and meets once again the Rector's daughter. He decides to give up Miss Leland, and return to his native land. On his return to London, Sherman introduces Howard to Miss Leland. They immediately become attached and in the end get married. Sherman returns to Ireland and finally marries the Rector's daughter. The novel is powerful, but lacks the concentration necessary to make a novel really entrancing.

In 1903 Mr. Yeats published "Ideas of Good and Evil," which is a disquisition on his æstheticism. It is, however, his poetry and his effort to found a school of pure Irish literature that are his great claims to fame. His recent prose writings show no advance on his previous works, but his later works, "In the Seven Woods" (1903)—being poems chiefly of the Irish heroic age: 'the one act play in prose, "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" (1902), "The King's

Threshold," and "On Baile's Strand" (1904), being the third volume of plays for an Irish Theatre, have added to his fame as the founder of the Irish Renaissance.

SELWYN G. SIMPSON.

*England.*

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## FLOWER MYTHS.

### XV—WHITE THORN.

Love lay beneath an April hedge  
Whose thorny blossoms, gleaming white,  
Hung over to the water's edge  
Reflected in its evening light !

Young Love was wanton with delight,  
Regardless of the things he shot,  
And aimed at all, both left and right,  
Of any age, it mattered not !

He struck one passing.—At the smart  
Cried she, "Sharp arrow must thou stay  
To prick for ever one lone heart  
And shame a cheek that knows not May !

Hadst struck at morning's happy blush  
Though yonder hedge were white with snow,  
And redbreasts and the spotted thrush  
Hid there from icy winds that blow,

I could have borne the cruel pain  
For thought that summer lay before,  
But now no summer comes again  
At eve, nor any springtime more !"

Then Love, who heard, yet cared no whit,  
 "The young are foolish game for me  
 They are too ready to be hit,  
 'Twas real sport to shoot at thee!"

"Ah! well" she cried, "the pain is sweet,  
 And if it sorely vexed my mind,  
 Yet my poor life is more complete  
 To know the passion of my kind.

So will I keep thine arrow, Love,  
 For though it rankle in my breast,  
 Yon Venus star that burns above  
 Shall bless me for the dear unrest."

Then passed she on her lonely way  
 As one who plains, yet loves to grieve,  
 For though her onward path was grey,  
 It knew Love's kindling star of Eve!

While Love shot through that April night  
 Into the very rose of day,  
 When woods pierced through with arrowy light  
 Broke into song, for it was May!

MARGARET EAGLE SWAYNE.

*France.*



## EDUCATION.

THEY compare him (the Indian student) not with graduates of England, or Scotland, or Germany, but with an ideal man who loves culture purely for its own sake and into whose mind there never enters, in connection with his study, any idea of personal aggrandisement in the shape either of money or of fame. This perfect character . . . is not, I venture to say, the type of the ordinary graduate in any country known to geographers.—*W. A. Porter's Convocation Address.*

## I.

The Educational Despatch of 1854 laid the foundation of the Indian Universities at three places—Calcutta, Madras and Bombay, in 1857. This despatch was based upon the memorable minute written in February 1835 by Lord Macaulay when he was Law Member of India.

The question whether education in India should be essentially oriental or occidental had long been in the balance when it was set at rest by Lord Macaulay's remarkable minute in 1835. (*Chancellor's Speech at the Madras Convocation, 1909.*)

The function assigned to Universities in the Education Despatch of 1854 was that of holding examinations and conferring degrees, but the Universities were to be instituted not "so much to be in themselves places of instruction, as to test the value of the education obtained elsewhere" (*Para. 7 of the Report of the Indian Universities Commission, 1902.*)

Much of the outcry that is now heard would not have arisen had the model been framed originally after the type of Oxford or Cambridge. But those men knew far better and thought that such a scheme was unsuitable then to the Indian climate and character, and it was only after mature deliberation that the Universities in

India were established. All those that 'now speak ill of that scheme are no doubt wise men after the event.' It is all very well to speak ill of education as the root cause of all evils. But is it their view that "no education" is better? The whole argument against education is—"you create a number of highly educated men with ideas and aspirations modelled on the western lines, who will no doubt ask for the 'loaves and fishes,' which you are loth to give. So the better course is, as far as possible, to restrict higher education to the rich and turn the people adrift to seek other pursuits. These men from the Universities we can easily absorb or we can easily find something for them." If that had been the intention, it could have been easily effected and the pruning knife should have been applied at least thirty years ago when the country was more calm and when any innovation in that direction could have been easily achieved.

## II.

From the start the Universities aimed only at literary pursuits. No serious attempts in the beginning were made for education in industrial matters, till after the mischief had been done. It is no exaggeration to say that the Government did not turn to the industrial side of the question vigorously till they were rudely shaken. Now, since 1860, some of the previously well-to-do in other walks of life, which have been paralysed or crippled, or which have in some other way become unremunerative, sent their children to schools and colleges.

Their (art schools) students have generally sought a literary rather than an artistic education in the hope of becoming clerks rather than silversmiths or brass-workers, just as happened with so many industrial schools. In the case of art schools, however, this is the less to be wondered at, because European competition has so diminished the profits of the better sort of handicrafts that there was little inducement for a youth to undertake any such career. (*The Madras Times*, 21st June 1909.)

A similar argument is equally applicable to other handicrafts. As a result, men of ordinary means and of no means also, but who could borrow books and beg school fees, studied, and became, in subsequent years, highly distinguished servants of the Crown, or

otherwise became useful members of society. An examination of the educational progress from this standpoint will, to a great extent, clear the mist that has surrounded this question.

### III.

I have said that the Madras University was founded in 1857; its progress during the next ten years, till 1867, was very slow. In the year 1868, at the eleventh Convocation, the Hon'ble A. J. Arbutnot remarked—

The University is no longer an experiment. It is an accomplished and admitted success. Its influence is annually attested by the increasing number of undergraduates and by the marked improvement which is taking place in the standard of school instruction throughout the Presidency. The results of the examinations for degrees have not hitherto been so marked. . . . Gentlemen, when we consider these facts and when we look back to the educational condition of this Presidency within the memory of not a few of those who are now assembled in this hall . . . . it is impossible not to be struck by the contrast which the present offers to the past, not to be impressed by the wisdom of the policy laid down in that memorable despatch. (*Convocation Addresses*, pages 43-5.)

In the year 1873, at the sixteenth Convocation, W. A. Porter, the then Principal of the Kumbakonam College, said of the progress till then—

In this space of sixteen years (1857-1873), the progress, if we judge by the numbers that have passed the various University examinations, has been surprising. The advance has been one of triumphant progress without a check. . . The policy of establishing colleges and conferring degrees, the policy in fact of the higher education, has lately been a good deal called in question. The cost, it is said, is very great and the results are of little value. Nay—for to this length the opposition sometimes goes—the effects, it is said, are often mischievous. Morally it produces conceit and politically it is a blunder. . . The earlier pupils of our schools have reached or passed their prime of life, and many of them now hold high posts in all the departments of public life . . . and I believe it is generally admitted that specially in the methods and regularity, and I believe also in the tone of morality, the public service has in recent years vastly improved and this result is only what might have been expected. . . . It is perfectly true that the hope of

advancement is the original motive which sends so many boys to schools. It is equally certain that the majority of our students had to turn their knowledge to immediate use and as a means of living. But after both these admissions, which I make in the frankest manner, I emphatically deny the inference commonly made from them that there is no love of knowledge. Knowledge must be gained before it is loved, and the fact that it is turned to purposes of utility is no proof that it is regarded in no higher aspects. I will put a parallel case. Most men who study Law or Medicine do so with the view of making a living by their profession. And, as soon as they are qualified, they are ready, nay I say eager, to exchange their knowledge for money. Yet no one would say that in the rank of these two great professions there is no disinterested regard for their respective pursuits. (Pages 86-9, *Convocation Addresses*)

Eighteen years thereafter, in 1891, Dr. Duncan, the then Director of Public Instruction, at the thirty-fourth Convocation said—

The opinion is widespread that the manufacture of graduates—for in this disparaging way is the course you have gone through referred to—that the manufacture of graduates is both harmful in itself and far in excess of the requirements of the country. . . Now, taking into account only the graduates in Arts, I would ask whether 2169 is an excessively large number among a population of some 40 millions? . . . South Indian society must be in a hopeless condition if useful work cannot be found for a graduate in every 18,441 of the population. (Pages 273-4 *ibid.*)

On the 31st March 1909, there were on the rolls 9,358 graduates among a population of forty millions. And yet the cry is that the higher education is being overdone!

#### IV.

I have endeavoured to give in the words of those best qualified to speak, uttered long ago, before the present controversies began, an idea of the state of educational progress in the Madras Presidency and I have shown also the hollowness of the saying that higher education is being overdone.

Now, that progress in higher education which is now condemned with all the force of vituperation, calumny and spite, had been attained only after passing through the stringent tests which had been modified and periods of study lengthened in various ways from

time to time. And yet the Indian student, without a grumble, submitted himself to the ordeal and came out unscathed. A comparison of the course of studies existing in the University of Madras with any other University, other things being equal, will show that the Madras student is not such a bad specimen as he is represented to be, nor is the test which he has to undergo an easy one. If fault there be, it lies more in not making the University a teaching one from an early date. The original promoters of the scheme had too many considerations to think about—climate, prejudices of the people, poverty of the country and the absence of easy communication from place to place in this land of distances, the cost of Universities, and many others. It was only after a full consideration of all these that they determined upon having the University on the model of the University of London. Now to go behind and attack them for want of foresight, which the present calumniators seem to think is their right, is of no use and will serve no useful purpose whatsoever.

Now for the educated, what are the openings? After everything has been said, it will be admitted that there are not very many chances, such as the army, the navy, etc., etc. Nor is an Indian able to emigrate and prove himself useful under better conditions. His colour, unfortunately, debars him, and whether he is in America, Canada, Australia, or South Africa, he is a marked man and stringent steps are at once taken to have him ejected.

Instead of throwing open more fields for the educated, the fiat has gone forth to reduce their number and to keep them under manageable control, so that when the cry is raised at a later time for higher appointments, the counter-cry can be easily raised that there are not enough of educated men available in the land. Thus it was thought to allay the "justifiable discontent."

## V.

One of Lord Curzon's twelve tasks, as Viceroy of India, was to reform education.

During the last three years (1899-1902) the attention of the Government has been specially directed to the problems connected with University education in this country. (*Circular Letter No. 854-863, dated 24th October, 1902.*)

A commission was in consequence appointed by a Resolution of the Government of India in the Home Department, dated 27th January 1902, (1) to enquire into the condition and prospects of the Universities established in British India, (2) to consider and report upon any proposals for improving their constitution and working, and (3) to recommend to Government such measures as may tend to elevate the standard of University teaching and to promote advancement of learning. Accordingly, a Report was submitted on the 9th June, 1902, which contained several proposals which are now widely known and the purport of the recommendations may be gathered from paragraph 197 of the Report.

Under the system we advocate, the expense of college education will in many cases be increased, and it may be argued that the measures which we propose will have the incidental effect of narrowing the popular basis of the higher education. To this argument we reply that in all matters relating to the higher education, efficiency must be the first and the paramount consideration. It is better for India that a comparatively small number of young men should receive a sound liberal education, than that a large number should be passed through an inadequate course of instruction, leading to a depreciated degree.

This is another instance in which the Government thinks that it is better able to guide the destinies of the people committed to its charge, than the people themselves, owing to the inherent incapacity of the dependent to think for themselves.

## VI.

Before I deal with the question—Is the number excessive?—I should like to state that there is also an increasing rate of mortality among the educated as they advance in their educational career. Speaking at the convocation of the year 1890, Rai Bahadur Ranganada Mudaliar said,—

I find from the records of the University that 1,974 graduated in Arts up to 31st March 1889; and that of those no less than 118 have passed away, one out of every 17. Among the Masters of Arts, the rate of mortality is one out of every 9; among the Bachelors of Law one out of every 8; among the Bachelors of Medicine and Masters in Surgery one out of every 7 . . . . These figures are such as to cause the gravest anxiety. And what is peculiarly painful is that the higher the academi-

cal standard attained, the greater is the rate of mortality, indicating that the physical energies have collapsed under the strain of the higher studies. (*Convocation Addresses*, p. 262.)

What it was on the 31st March, 1909, may be gathered from the following statement :—

	No. of candidates.		Proportion of deaths.	
B.A.	...	9,358	about	1 in 11.6
M.A.	...	213	„	1 „ 6.714
L.T.	...	680	„	1 „ 36.765
B.L.	...	2,045	„	1 „ 13
M.L.	...	27	„	1 „ 5
L.M.S.	...	220	„	1 „ 14.625
M.B.C.M.	...	80	„	1 „ 10
M.D.	...	11	„	1 „ 4
B.E.	...	112	„	1 „ 13

## VII.

Now I shall turn to the question as to whether the number of graduates is excessive. Mr. Orange, the Director-General of Education, has given a review of the progress of education in India for the five years 1902-1907. The *Times of India*, in its issue of 1st April, 1909, reviewing the report under the heading of "University Education in India" observed as follows :—

He (Mr. Orange) conclusively shows that the cry that higher education is being overdone in India, has no basis in fact. The number of persons who graduate in a year from the Indian Universities is, on an average, about 2,000. About one-fourth of this number join the Bar, leaving about 1,500 graduates available for the other professions, for the branches of the public service in which graduates are employed, for teaching the colleges and schools and for service in Native States. According to a return made in 1903, the number of Indians employed in the public services on more than Rs. 75 a month was 16,000, equivalent to nearly 12 years' output of the Universities. This does not show that there are many university men in India. On the other hand, considering the population which is served by the Universities and considering that young men of education are wanted, to quote the words of the Madras Government, "in the interests alike of the efficiency and the purity of the administration of the State, for the extension of

primary and secondary education and for the development of the trade, the industries and the resources of the country," the number of graduates turned out by our Universities must be regarded as inadequate to the manifold needs of the country.

Now the 2,000 graduates in relation to 330 millions of population of India works out as one graduate for every 165,000 of the population! Indeed, to quote Dr. Duncan's words with some variation, "Indian society must be in a hopeless condition if useful work cannot be found for one graduate in every 165,000 of the population!"

Taking the United States of America with a population of a fourth of India or thereabouts, and taking the number and variety of its universities, the number graduating there is, I believe, much larger. And even in the British Isles, with a population of an eighth of India or thereabouts with its several universities at important centres, the number graduating every year throughout Great Britain and Ireland would not be much less than those graduating in India.

Mr. Orange also shows (continues the *Times of India*) that the other charge often made that higher education in India is purely literary is exaggerated. A fair proportion of graduates varying from 25 per cent. in Allahabad to 46 per cent. in Madras, take one or more science subjects for the B.A. examination, exclusive of Mathematics. Next to English, Physical Science is by far the most widely studied subject for the M. A. degree in Indian Universities.

It winds up by saying—

For our own part, we should view with grave apprehension any attempt which would even remotely have the effect of diminishing the number of University men in this country. No British statesman is likely to countenance a change which will be fraught with disaster to the cause of efficient administration and of general progress.

## VIII.

After all is said about higher education, it cannot be denied that the scope, variety and range of employment for the educated classes, taking their number, are much less restricted in India than in any other civilised country. Only a few professions are open to them and these have become the only avenues accessible to them here.



And it is a foregone conclusion, as it is to be observed all over the country, that the average Indian, however learned he may be, is comparatively poorer than his prototype in any other continental or American State. It becomes plain, therefore, that the average educated Indian has to revolve round and round a very small orbit, earning a few rupees. Whether the State is bound to make openings for these or not, may be a debatable question. But it becomes eminently its duty to foresee this contingency and remove as much as possible the cause for any such anxiety.

Though it is possible ten years hence to restrict the output from the Universities, it will be difficult still to restrain men from getting higher education. Higher education has been in full swing for more than half a century. People will have still a desire for it and there is nothing to prevent those desirous of reaping the benefits of a cultured mind and of liberal education. From the point of view of the Universities it may be possible to revert to the state of things that existed in 1860 or 1861. But a decade or two hence, if educated men are required for the services especially, some men of mediocre intellectual attainments would have to be preferred, or the educational policy would have to be considerably modified later on.

But within the two decades, or a quarter of a century hence, so many changes may occur in the body politic that it is not impossible to believe that a Tata or a Pachaiyappa or a Carnegie may arise and may raise institutions throughout the important centres of the country giving scope for young men to get higher education, freed from the limitations and restrictions of the University. Already we are hearing the cry for national colleges or schools, and there is more of the spirit of self-help which will have to find an outlet in the establishment of some such schools or colleges hereafter.

## IX.

There has been much destructive criticism of late in regard to education. It is easy to give a dog a bad name and then hang it.

So far as one can discern, the variety and the complexity of the subjects do not generally tend to depth in any subject, nor do these leave enough time for the cultivation of certain other subjects. The education as imparted in schools and colleges does not produce men of character to any large extent, who are needed more and more for

the country. The advantages of hobbies, intellectual or other, are not sufficiently brought to the notice of the students in their earlier stages, so that they may be expected to take interest in them after school or college life. In the absence of such, many spend their leisure most idly. The schools and colleges are generally content with imparting instruction in the subjects required. Dr. George Smith speaking in 1870 said—

Rest not, however, in mere knowledge, polished, selfish and sterile, but gird your loins like men to translate that knowledge into action, alike for your own good and for the weal of your brother man. (Page 65, *Convocation Addresses*.)

So the importance of action and of hobbies for leisure hours should be one of the first aims of schools and colleges. This has been remarkably neglected. In other words, Indian boys are generally over-educated solely with reference to the purposes of the various examinations, and no serious attempts are made either at school or college at the formation of character, or the necessary books taught for that purpose in the course of instruction in the class, or otherwise, or the art of losing time wisely learnt in the earlier stages. Owing to some of these causes many students content themselves with school or college education. If at all these principles are inculcated, they must be learnt at school, when the minds of boys are more impressionable, and any time spent in this direction, even at the expense of school studies, will make them more useful and self-reliant citizens of the country, though not highly intellectual. The country requires more men of character than of intellectual eminence simply. It is everywhere true that a man of character is worth more than an intellectual man as such. The present-day education and the changes effected in the Universities tend to the development of the intellect only. Again,

The administration of our country, as it is carried on at present, is not conducive to the development of human character. Brought up from the beginning to lower ideals, and taught to aspire from youth to a lower range in the work of active administration, a free and large growth of the mind is almost impossible. (*The Indian Patriot*, 22nd June 1909.)

From any point of view, therefore, a greater production of men of high moral character and integrity is highly essential for the good

of the country, men who will have the courage to say a thing and stand by it.

A systematic course of instruction in this direction will be worth the cost of any money spent, and it must begin from the bottom. Special teachers, like religious instructors, imbued with high ideals and men of high moral character, should be appointed to impart instruction. For in this, much depends upon the teacher who imparts the spark to the students.

The men of character we have at present are those mainly formed by force of circumstances and at other places than at schools or colleges. The education as imparted does not tend to produce men of character, as most of the time is frittered away over a multitude of books and subjects.

#### X.

Another important subject which has not been sufficiently attended to, is the physique of the students. Hardly any time is devoted to it. The Indian school-boys are generally effeminate and there are no manly sports arranged for the improvement of the physique of the boys in schools or colleges. Half an hour or an hour at the fag-end of the day, makes up the whole of the physical culture of the student. Further, the great amount of book-learning which is expected of an Indian student in general, acts as a deterrent.

The absence of any manual training or good physical sports is the cause of much of the timidity and effeminacy that are prevalent among the generality of Indian boys. Some of the bad effects from which our students suffer are over-education, absence of good and invigorating sports or handicrafts, and the enervating climate.

With a variety of examinations to pass, with the high pressure methods of imparting instruction in vogue, and with a hereditary aptitude for conning things by heart, the Hindu youth is sorely tempted to pore over his books day and night, forgetting that he has a bodily frame to build up as well as a mind to stock with knowledge. Such utter disregard of physical health, out of excessive anxiety to cultivate the mind, must produce the most disastrous results—feebleness, want of spirits, functional derangement, premature arrest of bodily growth, if not death itself. (*Convocation Addresses*, page 263)

P. CHINNASWAMI CHETTI.

## IN THE SACRED CIRCLE.

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A SERIES OF ARTICLES DEDICATED TO ALL PROSELYTISERS.

### III.—SALVATION.

Let us *educate* our people,  
For the coming of the Lord.

**I**N the perfection of our characters lies the salvation of our souls.  
This is the true Gospel.

Salvation is the work of the world, and we must work it out to its perfect finish, before tribulation can cease. Nothing has been more largely written about than salvation. It has been the subject of thought for 2000 years. It has been expounded by the greatest churchmen, yet it has sailed under false colours. It has been misunderstood, accepted, and rejoiced over in the most meaningless and useless interpretation of the word that it was possible to give it, and for result there is more doubt about its efficiency, as defined by the church, than can be readily imagined. This is not entirely the fault of the doctrine set forth. Limits of intelligence and language must always have a large share in the mystery or error, and salvation is too comprehensive in its entirety for human view and scope, but there is little excuse for a belief that limits its power to the ministrations of one man, and changes its character to something easily allowed by superstition, but not readily understood by the more thoughtful. Its real character is totally different from that ascribed by centuries of false teaching. Christ was an educator. It was his followers who proselytised.

Let us see what the generally accepted idea of salvation is. It is supposed to be a benefit created for us by an act of God, and conferred in pretty much the same way that a king confers a title. It goes by favour, we are taught, and we are commanded to seek it like scholars do the prize in a competitive examination. It is for the few, and the same comfortable doctrine limits competition to one trial.

Truth, however, proclaims that salvation is for all. It is not creedal. It proceeds indeed from the hand of God who is the embodiment of a force that cannot cease to fight for right, but it is not a gift in the accepted sense of the word, and it cannot be withheld. It is rather a result, the crowning end of a transition stage evolved by degrees out of a condition of anarchy to set all things right. It is revolution and evolution. All are drawn in time within its charmed circle, and all at last gravitate to the centre. We would understand this better, and have less confused ideas of the character of God, if the pious incompetents of early days, misled by zeal and pride of place, had not perverted the teaching of the Bible to bring it into line with views which could not at that stage of the world's development grasp the full meaning and power of Christ's utterances.

The decay of religion, and the increasing number of the indifferent, is causing alarm among churchmen, says one of the daily papers. That there is decay in the church is certain, but it is not to be condoned except for what it reveals, and there is no cause for alarm even though the whole structure fall. Whatsoever is not of the truth shall perish; nothing else can. It is not we that shall keep alive anything that has not life in itself. Neither, for the same reason, can we kill what is creeping on men's minds, and shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. The image of our jealous love must fall, and the stone of prophecy, an agglomerate hewn out of the great strongholds of religion, the barren quarries that we call our faiths, be all in all, for all.

Salvation is the work of the world, and we must work it out to its perfect finish before tribulation can cease. All our occupations, trades, pleasures, businesses, etc., are side issues, mere scaffolding upon which we work towards perfection. How necessary, then, to start with a clear and certain idea of what our part is, so as not to cripple the power and speed of the plan. Our beliefs can but check its activity if they are not in harmony with truth, and truth excludes nothing possible.

Salvation is not bestowed, it is worked out in our lives, and this working out is so important that without our co-operation, God's part in the struggle he made for us, the mere beginning of it, is of no avail whatever. It is *our* effort, coupled with his assistance, that raises us whither he is drawing. It is not by a miracle, in the twinkling of an eye, by a sudden transformation from evil to good that souls are redeemed. The creator of Law works too by law. He too waits years, and sometimes centuries, for the fruition of the seed he sows. The salvation of the church is not the beginning of things. It is the finish,

the blessed end of the long struggle, the knighthood conferred by the king according to his pleasure, but at the same time the crowning glory of the merit that called it forth. In the perfection of our characters lies the salvation of our souls.

How few preach the truth ! How much does the church, taken up with listening to her own, hear the divine voice ? There is no institution in the world that has so wasted the time and capital of its divine head as this faith has by propagating doctrines not framed by the Galilean, but by self-confident men at a time when we were all but idolatrous in our ignorance. Agnosticism has grown out of a false teaching of the truth, not from a wilful indifference to it. It is not possible to believe in a jealous God, a capricious being who will have mercy on whom He will have mercy, a God of deadly righteousness and cruel partiality, without sympathy for those not of his number, who makes every sin a personal insult, who chooses whom he will save, and consigns the rest to everlasting torture for his glory.

It is scarcely necessary to say that this conception of God is false. Perfect purity and goodness cannot be moved by any one of the human attributes of jealousy, cruelty, partiality, or other ungodly passion, and it is inconceivable how man who created the image out of his own fierce, vindictive, Israelitish mind, can still believe that it is the image of the God of love. He is all that we love and worship in the best on earth, and much more, but it is questionable whether He is Almighty where we are concerned, and it is in attributing this power to Him that all our misconceptions of Him have arisen. If we would see Him clearly, we must rid ourselves of the personal that everything takes in our minds. God is not man. Our inadequate conceptions cannot portray Him. His ways are not our ways. We judge Him by ourselves when we explain Scriptural inconsistencies, and doctrinal beliefs in the approved way. Those ways are our ways, not His.

Confusion and distress were not deliberately planned to furnish the lessons that humanity needs. He created us, and the laws that govern, but that is all ; we have done all the rest. He has no personal feeling against us ; He is not to be propitiated with—

“ Knee-worship, prayer, and praise,  
And toil, and hecatombs of broken hearts,  
And fear, and self-contempt, and barren woe,”

as Shelley sings. The world is in its own hands, and He can do nothing but await our pleasure. He was and is only anxious to preserve the

purity and peace of heaven which is constantly threatened so long as evil exists, for we are its emissaries, and heaven is our goal, and God knows that it is not impossible for us to reach it as Enoch and Elijah did,

If we but knew the way,  
The law that must our God-like will obey,  
And render entrance possible.

Only, if we entered heaven now with full god-powers and the smallest taint of evil, this sorrowful star could not, at its worst, picture one-tenth of the misery and confusion we would create there ; and—this is a terrible thought—there could be no salvation. Scarcely now can we be controlled. Who then could save from themselves, a race of gods whose power, inherent from the Father of the race, is of the mightiest ?

Nay, it behoved the Lord, when evil began, to guard the confines of Heaven and prevent so great a disaster. We can understand, too, why it was so necessary for Christ to become flesh. It was an act of *necessity*, as well as an act of grace. It was to avert endless war, as well as to infuse fresh purity and strength into the almost entirely diseased race and redeem it from itself. There was no need for Christ to die. That occasion was our loss. But there was every need for Him to live. Had such pitiful and all-wise spirits as Christ and Buddha never embodied themselves in flesh to show us the real condition of things and the way out, we would go on for ever fighting our hopeless, endless war with our daily creations, the things by which we tie ourselves to time, and measure miles of pain. We have proved our inability to overcome the conditions imposed in Eden without knowledge, so from time to time teachers have been sent, and knowledge vouchsafed warily, it is true, for danger lieth there ; and we are warned to touch not, nor taste without due consideration, and to be humble rather than wise, as little children not seeking great estate, so that when we enter the kingdom, we shall not seek to overthrow it, as ambitious Lucifer did. The day of great changes is at hand, for we are at last daring to understand, and to battle with our cowardice and superstition. No one can help us but ourselves, and we shall do it quicker when we realise that it is not dependent on an act of God. If it had been, we would long ago have entered into the joy of our Lord, for no one desires it more than he, and no one sorrows more than he over the ruin we have wrought.

We are our own worst enemies. We forge again the chains we break with pain.

## IV.—ON SACRIFICE AND PRAYER.

The origin of sacrifice is obscure, as a certain learned gentleman pointed out at a meeting I was privileged to attend. His subject, the origin of sacrifice, was very interesting, but I was more especially struck with the admission that it was almost impossible to come to any definite conclusion with regard to the original idea. Sacrifice has always played a large part in the religions of the world. It is the earliest devotional act on record, and clearly the most important, and it seems strange that in the main little is known about its origin beyond what is gleaned from the customs handed down from antiquity. After pointing out the principal features of the sacrificial rites that had come under his observation in Southern India, the speaker came to the conclusion that such ceremonies thickened rather than elucidated the mystery, and that the original idea was utterly and hopelessly lost, buried under a cairn of ritual that preserved only the later ideas of communion, gift and abnegation.

In view of the fact that the further back we probe into the mists and shadows of antiquity, the more deeply steeped in ignorance we find the mind of man, and from the early Semitic traditions that appear to have drifted into the lore of all nations, the original idea underlying sacrifice appears to have been *fear*. In his infancy man undoubtedly feared God with a fear that knew nothing of love. The terrible and jealous God, who disturbed the peace and plenitude of nature by such manifestations of His power as earthquakes, famine, pestilence, and sudden death by His bright lightnings, was incapable of inspiring any emotion save fear and servility. We need not then wonder how man came to believe that it was blood and blood alone that could satisfy Him, and strove to please Him by offering the choicest lambs and bulls, and even children, to prevent His appalling raids on life in the form of pestilence and famine so common in the East.

In the West we have come to regard ceremonial sacrifice as futile, a criminal and stupid taking of life to no purpose; and some modern thinkers refuse to believe that it was sanctioned or established by God. However that may be, it does not seem evident from the recorded story that our first parents in any way worshipped God according to rites afterwards introduced, so long as they lived in Eden. The relation was one of communion rather than worship. Even after the fall, when judgment is being pronounced and the guilty couple are expelled to live as best they may under the new



conditions, there is no hint that they were commanded to make amends as far as they could by sacrifice. Cain and Abel did, indeed, offer sacrifice of the fruit of their toil, but the statement reads very much as though the custom rose from a désiré on the part of the young men to propitiate and gain the favour of the God who had cursed the ground for their sake, so that it was not easy to recover anything from it, rather than to redeem their sins, for the same story relates that not until the third generation did men begin to call upon the name of the Lord.

The idea of ceremonial sacrifice is disturbing to a modern mind, because it fails to discover its good purpose. It is false as an article of exchange, and as a gift valueless. Even the terrible God of the Jews, represented as demanding sacrifice for every petty shortcoming, cries out against the senseless slaughter of sheep and goats by an evil and ignorant people. "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me?" saith the Lord. "I delight not in the blood of bullocks or of rams, or of the he-goats. Bring no more vain oblations."

It is not easy to understand how man came to believe that the unnecessary slaughter of innocents could benefit him or contribute to his increase in anything but gross cruelty and superstition as it did in the case of heathen nations whose practices became an abomination. It had its root doubtless in the obscure but certain knowledge that man must strive unto blood, that is, to the utmost of his power, if he would wrest his desires from unwilling powers arrayed against him in hard conditions, and in the belief that he must pacify a terrible God misrepresented by his dark mind as thirsting for blood and vengeance. But sacrifice of itself has no power to produce anything, and it is astonishing that the majority of men can still place faith in its practice. The forces cannot be cajoled. They are without human attributes. But the resolve that makes the sacrifice seem necessary to the believing mind, can certainly evolve success out of the most hopeless state, and produce a miracle. No gain of state or reformation was ever brought about without sacrifice. The lives, or time, or money, given to a cause are but the expression of the "I will" that never yet failed of its purpose. Not by Christ's death on the cross did He give life to the world; that was the result of the friction His doctrines created, but the force of character that could carry on the plan in spite of every hindrance, even through the agonising finish of the last fight, and failed not in courage and

endurance and faith even in that awful hour, could not possibly fail of its purpose and did not. Whatever a man greatly desires to have, he shall have by the law, thanks be to it, but it will result from the strong feeling, the resolve, that will make some sacrifice necessary. We are too prone to measure with our eyes; to form our judgments by what we see. Behind the works of our hands are the real works that push us on our way. These are the prayers, the sacrifices, the deeds that bring reward. Shall we not pray, then, for what we desire? Yes, but prayer must be powerful; it must expend itself. It must have the fearless insistence of Jacob. "I will *not* let thee go, except thou bless me." Begging is useless; fear hopeless; and the blood of bulls and goats of no account.

Resolution, then, is the true prayer; the sacrifice, the action that naturally follows the thought; and the answer is the thought materialised by the power brought to act upon it. Thus we see that a partial God who hears or does not hear the prayers of his people according to his pleasure is a misconception caused by ignorance of his character.

Thoughts, powerful thoughts, are the only real prayers that bring us whatsoever we desire; they are the expression of our very selves, the mighty magicians that work for us whatever we desire. Good and evil tread in their wake. The gifts of grace that bless us are not voluntary acts of kindness as the church teaches. They are for all who would lay hold of them. God cannot deny himself, and He gives of His attributes whenever they are desired. In the same way evil influences flow to us if we call them to our use. The evil desire is as much a prayer as a good desire is, but it is not a devil that supplies the need. The forces exist. They are attracted by the mere power of thought as a magnet attracts the needle over which it is held. This is how the wicked prosper when they are strong and clever men. All the human race is under the law of the forces, and the currents flow through sympathy wherever the faintest desire compels. I, the Lord, create peace and make evil. I, the Lord, do both these things.

Yes, let us pray powerfully, not with a vain repetition of words in the belief that a discriminating God will decide the issue, and answer or not as he pleases, but with conscious power, and unyielding resolve, determine to have, knowing that God himself has no power to withhold. That prayer is most powerful that breathes itself out of action.

A day will come when the sacrifice of the all-powerful, potent *Self*, will be recognised as the only sacrifice that can claim attention from God. No substitute ever has, or ever will serve as a substitute for it.

M. L. F.

*Bombay.*

## EDITORIAL NOTE.

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Standing at the threshold of a new century, speculative thinkers  
made various kinds of prophecies a few years ago.

**Large Ideas.** It was expected by some that science would put an end to war by making it terribly destructive and prohibitively expensive; it was considered by others that commerce would so conclusively demonstrate the utility of peaceful intercourse between nations that the iniquitous character of war would be universally realised; while a different school of thinkers apprehended that the struggle between the Orient and the Occident for mastery would reach a more acute stage than ever, whatever the result of the struggle may be. The air is certainly impregnated with large ideas, both here and elsewhere. With all the talk of peace in the civilised world, the blood of the Russian and the Japanese on the plains of the Far East has not yet dried up. When the memory of that war is green, another has broken out between Italy and Turkey. The causes of the present war, though magnified, appear almost trivial, at least not so serious that they could not be dealt with by diplomacy or arbitration. It may end without much carnage. Yet the interesting feature about the discussion of the Italo-Turkish hostilities is that some writers have already begun to speculate about the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire. The rebellion in China may be a serious symptom, or it may be easily suppressed. Such risings in the Celestial Empire have been known in the past and within living memory. But the unrest in China is, in the opinion of some, an indisputable symptom of a radical change in the government of the country. The doom of the Manchu is said to be sealed, though the prophets are not equally positive that the monarchy will be replaced by a republic! All changes and schemes in the Orient are referred to

some great issue, whether they be railway projects in Arabia and China, educational or political movements in India or Persia, or war or *jehad* in Northern Africa.

Like the great anatomist who could fill in all the details of the structure of an extinct animal when a single bone was shown to him, students of history prophesy the general trend of large movements from the small details visible on the surface of current politics. They do not run the risk of being charged with false prophecy, for great movements take a very long time in the fruition, and the personality of the prophet is apt to be nearly forgotten by the time his prophecy is verified or falsified. It was a very large idea that an imaginative professor conceived when he thought that the Mongol would one day spread in all directions, overrun India from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, and sweeping over central and western Asia, would threaten the independence of Europe. The Yellow Peril was a bold vision, exceeding in its comprehensiveness some of the actual conquests and expeditions recorded in history. When Young Turkey showed signs of imitating the more virile and progressive nations of the West, it was dimly foreseen that the whole Muslim world may some day throb with a new life and the old struggle between Christendom and Islam may once more be repeated. These are great possibilities—the apprehended Yellow Peril and Muslim Peril. If Christendom is endowed with an imagination which draws lurid pictures of future perils, it is also conscious of the present advantages which it possesses. It has got a long start in the race. Though the progress of the Muslim and the Mongol world cannot be permanently arrested, Christendom may control the direction and in some measure indirectly regulate the pace, and thereby render anything like a sudden and violent conflict between Asia and Europe impossible. Speculative politicians have therefore suggested that Asia must not left to itself, but permeated by Western influence, and at every turn reminded of the capacity and claims of Christendom. Such leading and comprehensive ideas having found currency in the thinking world, they must be expected to exert some influence on the course of history. Whether statesmen actually engaged in shaping the destinies of nations consult the possibilities of the remote future, or concern themselves only with the immediate present, the press

allows a freer rein to imagination, and to foresee the future is sometimes to shape it.

We are concerned immediately with the large ideas working in India. Ideas in one country nowadays change in sympathy with movements in other parts of the world. It has now become a generally accepted truth that the Japanese triumphs in the war against a European Power exerted an unexpected and dangerous influence on the political theories and temper of some Indians. Events in Turkey and Persia are believed to operate telepathically on the hearts and aims of Indian Mussalmans. India is no longer isolated either commercially or intellectually. A large idea that has come to stay is that of self-government of the colonial type for India. The extreme forms of that idea, which disturbed the peace of the country in Lord Minto's time, found no suitable environment, and are about to be forgotten like a bad dream. Yet such is the intrinsic vitality of certain ideas that it is difficult to eradicate them when they once begin to germinate. Notwithstanding all the preventive measures against the spread of sedition that have been adopted by Government and the vigilance of the police, we have not seen the last of the trials for the crimes that followed in the wake of the anti-British movement. The idea of the "anarchists," as they are called, is more radical than large. Those who try to put it into practice must necessarily be a very small number; they must work in darkness, in isolated centres, and in constant fear of detection. But what is known as the "moderate" form of the idea of self-government is openly avowed by large sections of the educated community; it is an article in the creed of the National Congress; and Anglo-Indians in authority now and then speak approvingly of it. The time is not yet come to realise all that is involved in the idea; for the present we cannot avoid noticing that it is beginning to dominate the smaller details of administration. Whether village panchayats are empowered to try petty civil and criminal cases, or municipalities are allowed to elect their own presidents, whether elementary education is proposed to be made free or compulsory, or universities are proposed to be started for the preservation of indigenous culture, a reference must inevitably be made to the coming self-government and India's place among the nations of the world.

The men who laid the foundations of the British Empire in India and of the various branches of the administration were men of large ideas ; there was vast scope for ideas to expand in their time without presenting the appearance of airy visions. Yet a country's scope for progress is practically unlimited. After university education had made sufficient progress to supply the needs of the public administration, when in fact it was felt that the supply exceeded the demand, the cry for technical education was raised, and it was proclaimed truly enough that the well-being of a country does not depend upon the number of quill-drivers which it produces, but upon its manufacturers and merchants. The late Mr. J. N. Tata was a man of large ideas. He perceived that the scientific knowledge of one country cannot be applied without trial and modification to the needs of another country ; the success of an industry depends upon so many local conditions that each industrial country must have its own institutions for scientific research, and sending students abroad for technical education is an imperfect and sometimes useless method of initiating any industry. The Research Institute for which he gave away lakhs—the largest benefaction ever made by an Indian for educational purposes—embodied a large idea. The iron and steel industry, which he contemplated, but which he unfortunately did not live to see inaugurated, as it has been by his successors, was another large idea. But such is the genius of the East, or perhaps the bent given to the minds of educated Indians by their literary education, that their enthusiasm has now begun to run in a different channel. They have discovered that religious instruction is neglected in schools and colleges, and they want to raise lakhs and perhaps crores for the establishment of denominational universities. In so far as science will be taught in these universities, they will promote more or less the same object, though not quite the same, as Mr. Tata had in view. Between college-taught science and research in its application to the industries there is some difference. Yet one might overlook this difference if the motive was to facilitate the material advancement of the country. The new universities, however, are designed specially to preserve the culture and civilisation of the ancients.

If we turn from the educated classes and higher technical education to the rural population and their requirements, the Govern-

ment is engaged in working out two large ideas—co-operation and agricultural improvement. Without disparaging the co-operative movement and without deprecating expenditure on agricultural experiments and agricultural education, many Indians are running after another large idea, namely, universal education. In a vast country like India every movement for the general benefit necessarily assumes great proportions. Our railways must cover many miles ; our irrigation works, small and great, must cost lakhs and crores ; sanitarians urge upon the Government vast schemes for water-supply and drainage, for the destruction of malaria-carrying mosquitoes, and for the prevention of plague. America enjoys the reputation of being pre-eminently a land of large ideas. For similar reasons India is also a land when the idealist and the speculator may be busy. But we must make a choice between one idea and another. Old age pensions and national insurance are bold conceptions ; their realisation in India for the present would generally be acknowledged to be a wild dream. For universal education enormous funds would be required, and the local cess of an anna in the rupee of land tax may have to be doubled. Sooner or later the taxation must be raised if the growing needs of the country are to be satisfied ; but how, why, and where, are questions which cannot be answered in a hurry. There is room, for example, for the co-operative movement to expand indefinitely. In the present circumstances the societies require guidance as well as capital. One view is that with the extension of primary education the need for guidance will be felt less and less. But the raising of the general level of intelligence and public spirit by means of education takes time ; and another view would be that more organisers and more supply of capital for the co-operative movement would do greater good to the rural population than elementary education, and if money is available, it may in the first instance be spent on purposes more immediately and tangibly useful to the cultivating and labouring classes than a knowledge of the three R's. It must be remembered that primary education is spreading without compulsion, and the question is one of the most beneficial way of marshalling the various projects in the order of their utility, and not preferring some to the entire exclusion of others.



While the main difficulty of the Government in promoting diverse objects of public utility will consist in finding the necessary funds, the people have another reason for marshalling their aims and aspirations in the order best fitted to ensure success. Though one section of the community steadily places before itself, at least in so far as a theory can be formulated, the goal of a common nationality, and of its taking a prominent place in the galaxy of nations, that unity of aim is not yet acknowledged even in theory by all sections of the population. The absence of unity manifests itself even where one can perceive no apparent reason for diversity of sentiment or aim. No one doubts that the Queen's Proclamation of 1858 marks an important epoch in the constitutional history of the country and in the relations between the British nation on the one hand, and the Indian Princes and peoples on the other. It is equally beyond dispute that Lord Minto took a decisive step forward in carrying out the policy emphasised in that Proclamation. All communities participated in the privileges conceded by the constitutional reforms of the Morley-Minto régime. Yet the scheme of erecting a "Proclamation Pillar" surrounded by a "Minto Park" received a support which may more correctly be described as sectional than as universal. We may some day witness the fulfilment of the scheme ; yet in a country with a more homogeneous population it would have received more general and hearty and more practical support. On almost every great question different communities look with different eyes. Some of the earlier recipients of Western education were inspired by the large idea of welding all the communities of India together into a common religious brotherhood ; for the essential difference which divides the population into so many communities is one of religion. But recent events show how that idea has been eclipsed by the more seductive, if not the more noble, idea of preserving and promoting denominational culture and civilisation. Perhaps the growth of large ideas follows a law which is practically not within human control. There may be a Divinity which shapes them, and we may even dimly perceive the finger and the tools. The present and the future must grow out of the past, and the continuity of a country's history cannot be abruptly interrupted. New ideas cannot refuse to take the shape of the mould into which

they have to be cast. Radical differences have existed for centuries, and perhaps at least a century must elapse before those who have inherited them see their way to obliterating them. For a long time to come large ideas will carry within them tendencies towards division, if not seeds of failure and disappointment.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

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Italy has given to the Moslem world a rude galvanic stimulus from outside. Within that world, in Turkey and Egypt, in Persia and Afghanistan, there has for some time been an awakening. While the Moslem in sleep was slowly opening his eyes, while his nerve centres were spontaneously regaining their activity, Italy has given him a slap on the back. The Ottoman Empire is not a well organised and united whole. Mr. Frederic Harrison has been informed by his friends in Turkey, it seems, that not only are the provinces not attached to the central authority by ties of affection and good feeling, but Turkish statesmen themselves are divided into parties. Yet a humiliation of the leading Muslim Power in the world will necessarily be felt in more continents than one as a blow to the historic prestige of the followers of the Prophet. Notwithstanding the alleged differences at home, Turkish emissaries are believed to have been busy for some time past in North Africa exploiting the political attachment of the local tribes to the sovereign Power with a view to strengthening the Turkish hold upon them. These friends might not have been the accredited agents of Turkey, but some visible awakening among the Mussalman tribes, coupled with the march of events in Morocco, might have influenced the decision of Italy to bring matters to an issue and to obtain a settlement of old disputes without delay. The only neutral pronouncement on the cause of the war, which up till now has been made by a responsible statesman, comes from Austria-Hungary. The Austrian version of the cause of the war is that Turkey declined to accept the advice of Austria, approved by other Powers, in regard to the settlement of certain questions affecting the economic interests of Italy in North Africa.

Up till now Turkey has faced the situation calmly, but apparently not with resignation. With her superior navy and general preparedness for war, Italy has been able to land troops at Tripoli and Benghazi, the principal ports in the two Turkish vilayets in North Africa, and has followed up these successes with a proclamation of suzerainty over all that portion of North Africa, from Egypt on the one side to Tunis on the other, which lies outside the spheres of influence of the other European Powers. If this arrangement lasts, the whole of North Africa will have come under the influence of the Christian Powers of Europe. It is therefore naturally suspected that Italy has the sympathy of France, Germany, and even of England, and Indian Mussalmans in England have expressed their fears that their co-religionists in India might grow indifferent in respect of their loyalty to the British Government in case they should receive the impression that the whole of Christendom is in sympathy with Italy. In the first place it is by no means beyond doubt that the Mussalman tribes of Africa will quietly submit to Italian rule, apart from Turkey's ability to protect them. Stern measures have been adopted to disarm the people and to suppress anything like opposition. Yet the process of reconciling the fanatics to alien rule must be slow, and one of the results of the war may possibly be to set the Mussalman population of North Africa "ablaze." In England there will perhaps be a feeling of thankfulness that Egypt is under the vigilant and masterful eye of Lord Kitchener.



Meetings of "protest" have been held by Mussalmans in India. In so far as the protest could be addressed to Italy, that Power already knows that the Mussalman subjects of Turkey are not pleased with the war, and before declaring hostility Italy must have expected that they would show their displeasure in an unmistakable manner. Indian Mussalmans have passed resolutions in favour of boycotting Italian goods, but though the total

Italy's trade with India is considerable, the raw material is exported and imports are consumed by all classes of people, and the injury which Mussalmans can inflict upon Italian trade in this country does not appear alarming. The idea of boycott has not therefore found general favour. The fears expressed about the be-

haviour of the subjects of a neutral Government appear to be rather farfetched, and although leading Mussalmans must be the best and the most authoritative interpreters of the sentiments and tendencies of their own co-religionists, outsiders cannot believe without some proof to that effect that if Italy and Turkey are at war, the relations between Indian Mussalmans and Christian England cannot remain intact. If any signs of such telepathic disturbance are noticed, it is probable that the Moslem League will come forward with alacrity to demonstrate its influence by correcting irrational tendencies and clarifying confused ideas.



If the Turko-Italian war appears sudden and unexpected, the republican rising in China looks equally sudden. The Manchu dynasty has long been unpopular and the nationalistic sentiment must perhaps sooner or later accomplish its extinction. This apprehension has been repeatedly expressed outside China. A remarkable statement that has been made in connection with the rising is that it is partly due to the favour with which the present régime in China treats foreign enterprise. If so, the Chinese patriots, when they gain the upper hand, may sooner or later come into conflict with European Powers and with Japan. The insurgents are alleged to have sympathisers all over the Empire. More certain than their strength appears to be the weakness of the Imperial Government. The coffers are not well filled, the credit of the Government is not very high, the troops are not paid, the taxes cannot be suddenly raised, and the strongest men are not willing to accept a responsibility in which they may not be steadily and whole-heartedly supported. Turkey's and China's troubles are due to a common cause. The Ottoman and the Celestial Empires, like India of old, are geographical expressions rather than political organisms. In the diversity of their composition lies their weakness. If the republicans get a chance of evolving a united China, they may maintain the Yellow prestige with a success hitherto unknown. The Emperor has realised his situation and quickly promised a constitution.

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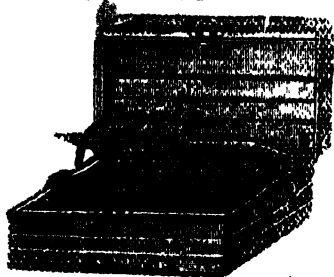
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## THE CORONATION IN INDIA.

**H**IS Gracious Majesty King George V., Emperor of India, is coming to proclaim in person the fact of his coronation to the three hundred millions of his people of various castes and creeds. The people of India, though divided on a variety of subjects and moving in various grades of progress and prosperity, though differing in language and religion, manners and customs, are yet united in their cordial welcome to their august Emperor and his noble Consort. The lively manifestation of joy at the coming event, so marked in every town and hamlet, is not a passing phase or a sudden outburst of unreasoning enthusiasm, but a faithful representation of the well-balanced sense of gratefulness of the people of India. His Majesty's love for his Indian subjects is proved by the constant care with which he had, as Prince of Wales, contributed to their welfare.

The love, the reverence, the almost divine awe and yet the filial confidence which our gracious sovereign and his noble consort inspire in the hearts of the teeming millions of this old country are—as well they may be—objects of ungratified ambition of powerful potentates whose laudable endeavours similarly to captivate the hearts even of their own countrymen have been rarely or only inadequately successful. In India itself they are due not to the native habit of attaching itself to some concrete form of royalty, but to the undiluted springs of self-sacrificing love which the Royal House of England ungrudgingly opens for the benefit of the needy and the poor on every possible occasion. It is a mistake to suppose that the Hindus cannot appreciate abstract forms. Those who have studied the methods by which castes without headmen



are governed, how the village panchayets, before they were ignored or eradicated, were accomplishing works of local utility such as sanitation, education, irrigation, drainage and the like, those who have grasped the depth, the breadth and the height of Indian philosophy where all material forms are treated as illusory, and those who have understood how the country was governed in former times by hereditary kings acting simply as the magistrates and servants of the people, will not fail to perceive that to attribute the unshakable love of the Indians for their English sovereign to their desire for concrete forms is to belittle the greatness of the King and the goodness of the people.

Hindus do not necessarily love concrete forms. Even where they are compelled to show partiality towards them, they unhesitatingly base their devotion on lifeless creations of their own handicraft after endowing them with abstract attributes of the all-pervading Divinity rather than do homage to living persons who cannot command their confidence and respect. The objects of their idolatrous worship are not the images of marble and bronze, but the noble virtues of the head and the heart of which they are merely the reminders. To the Hindus concealment of frailties or a display of virtue is not a self-guarantee of perfect purity. They therefore create harmless forms suggested by their imagination as representing certain divine attributes for the contemplation and imitation of mankind. But if perchance they find a real saint or hero worthy of their high ideal and true to the core, they instantly bend their knees in humble devotion before that person, whether he be a Hindu or a Musalman, a high-caste or a low-caste. Kabir was a Mahomedan, but the struggle which is said to have ensued after his death for the disposal and division of his mortal remains is a striking piece of evidence of the greatness of the man and the catholicity of the Indian mind. Innumerable instances can be cited in support of the fact that the people of India are constitutionally incapable of withholding their admiration and love, their loyalty and devotion from really deserving commoners and kings, whether local or foreign.

It has been the most honourable privilege of the Royal House of England to love and to win the love of the people of India. The

kings of England are constitutional kings. 'They are guided by the constitution and advised by the responsible ministers of the Crown. Their power is therefore necessarily limited. But if their power is limited, their influence is immense. If the might and power of England have governed the whole peninsula of India, the wonderful influence of England's sovereigns has won and subjugated the hearts of millions upon millions of men, women and children. Empress Victoria the Good took upon herself the duties of a sovereign-mother to the voiceless millions of India and performed those duties in a way that made her name ring at every door-step as the great white mother of India—so distant from them and yet so near to their hearts. Her worthy son, the Peace-maker of the world, Edward VII., Emperor of India, made himself, within the short space of ten years of his reign, dear to us by the grant of timely concessions. And who that witnessed the grand spectacle of the Delhi Coronation Durbar held by Lord Curzon can forget the spontaneous and effusive applause with which His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught was received and greeted as the courteous and sympathetic son of their beloved queen-mother? The Indian visit of His Majesty George V. as Prince of Wales gave a peculiar significance to the word "sympathy" for India. That one magic word discovered on the stage of Indian polity an imperial prince who in the fulness of time was to be trusted to enforce by example and influence what he preached as a precept or an expression of opinion.

The practical application of sympathy would naturally work a great change in the attitude of the rulers towards the ruled and of the ruled towards the rulers. In every country in the world there are "die-hards" and irreconcilables. Let us, however, hope that the present visit of His Majesty and his noble Consort will diminish their number and importance and will create an atmosphere of confidence and good-will based on real sympathy. Discourtesy and defiance, high-handedness and recklessness, covert antipathy disguised under hollow forms of etiquette and outward formalities, can have no place where bureaucracy and democracy are actuated by mutual sympathy.

The governance of a foreign country by a handful of civil servants ignorant of the manners, customs and language of the people, on lines laid down by rules of equity and good conscience,

may, like a working machine, be efficient, but it can never be sufficient unless it is constantly oiled by sentiment. After all, reason without sentiment is dry as dust. Time was when difficulty of travel and therefore infrequency of furlough of officers brought into play the personal equation which made good the defects of difference in manners, customs and languages of the rulers and the ruled. That time has gone by. Steam and electricity have shortened the distances and annihilated time. On the other hand, the light of the West has quickened the pulse and opened the eyes of the people of India, whose keen intellect and wonderful receptivity have given rise to new aspirations and new ideas with robust and youthful determination to attain them. It is precisely at such a time that sympathy for the people is required. If the visit of His Majesty King George V. can scatter broadcast the seeds of sympathy in every department of public life and in the hearts of the rulers and the ruled, the indissoluble union which the inscrutable decree of Providence has brought about between England and India will present a spectacle of the greatness of the British Empire unknown and undreamt of before. The acute intellect of the Indian and the sturdy common-sense of the Englishman, when united into holy wedlock and kept together by the golden ties of sympathy, ripened into mutual love and esteem, will, let us pray and hope, defy the forces of injustice, ignorance, misery and even numbers. The consummation of that union is a task which is worthy of the most powerful and progressive country of modern times, and of hoary India with its ancient civilisation that is yet one of the wonders of the world. It is to be hoped that the keynote of this harmonious concord of the East and the West will be sounded and continue to be sounded on and from the day on which the royal word announcing the fact of His Majesty's coronation resounds in the great Imperial Durbar at Delhi and from thence travels into the most distant corners of the Empire.

The event is unique and auspicious. That a sovereign born in the purple, bred in the purple and wearing the purple should travel in company of his charming consort six thousand miles from the seat of his capital to please and gratify the hearts of his alien subjects is an event which has no parallel in the history of the world. The British government of India has come to stay,

but unlike the Mahomedans and Moghuls, the British do not come and have not come to settle down in this ancient land of sages and heroes. The process of amalgamation of the two races is therefore neither easy nor possible. Nor can the interests of individual members of the ruling race in the country be more than temporary or at best lifelong. They cannot be hereditary. There is all the greater need, therefore, for the cultivation of sympathy which alone can give rise to a common patriotism and a common partnership. The loyalty of the Civil Service is not likely to desert it at a critical time like the present, when the nation, reared and nursed by it into adolescence, stands face to face with their beloved sovereign in perfect devotion and with unbounded confidence. Nor is it likely to quail before the new and difficult task of rightly guiding the inexperienced manhood of the nation by the arts of persuasion and conciliation. Times change and with them circumstances. That which was a right course at one time may be a serious blunder at another. Real statesmanship lies in knowing the temper of the times and in moderating its violence or guiding it into safe and sure directions. With the example of our beloved Sovereign who has of his own free will condescended to undertake the risk and inconvenience of a long absence from his capital for gratifying his subjects and for showing to the world that India is an important factor in the scheme of a world-wide empire, it is not too much to hope that the servants of the Crown will take up the rôle of friends, sympathisers and advisers of the young and therefore impatient generation, without attaching exaggerated importance to their wild dreams, crude thoughts and uncouth words.

The most important thing at the present moment for the Indians to do is to deserve before they desire, and also to show that they deserve. Right and righteous actions, more than rhetorical jargon, are the needs of the hour. If by honest, patient and selfless work willingly done within the small orbit assigned to them by the cautious statesmanship of England, they can prove their fitness for higher duties, the Indians may rest assured that the far-seeing states men of Great Britain will not delay the delegation of wider political powers at the right time. Hindus and Mahomedans have lived side by side in peace and amity for a number of generations, and by mutual help and toleration have made themselves indispensable to one another.

The unhappy discord, which is of quite recent growth, may therefore be buried as an unnatural incubus that oppresses the intellect and disfigures the symmetry of a united nation struggling to regain its lost inheritance under the ægis of the virile British nation.

It has been the custom honoured by time and practised by monarchical governments, to order general rejoicing on the day of the coronation of a King or an Emperor. Liberation of prisoners, remission of taxes, gifts to the learned; honours to the deserving, alms to the poor, the holding of grand tamashas for the delectation of the people, prizes to children and other methods suitable to the time and the place are adopted by responsible ministers to proclaim the accession to the throne of a new King or Emperor. In themselves, they are excellent methods and calculated to give pleasure to and obtain blessings from the subject population, but they are not permanent, they cannot make a lasting impression on the pages of history, and they lose much of their charm by repetition.

There can be no doubt that these and similar other methods, improved upon by the ingenuity of love and loyalty, resources and power, will be adopted without stint both by the rulers and the ruled. But it is doubtful whether the full and free adoption of these methods is commensurate with the historical importance of the present event. It is superfluous to dilate upon the great historical value of a constitutional monarch of Great Britain bringing to India the message of the constancy and consistency of the benignant solicitude of his Royal family and his country for the dependent heirs of the great Aryan nation. There is scarcely a discordant note raised against the universal opinion that the present visit of His Imperial Majesty is fraught with great potentialities and is historically an event of the most important character. Such an event cannot be adequately or permanently marked by ephemeral methods of general rejoicing, however important and desirable they may be for the time being. Policy more than pageantry, liberty more than liberation, reform more than remissions are factors which are calculated to save this unique event from barrenness of permanent results.

India has had many monarchs, and not all of them were natives of the country. Some of them were good, others bad, and yet with

characteristic forbearance and the habit of merciless introspection, the Indians of old have forgiven and forgotten their bad monarchs, and while ignoring their existence have attributed their oppression to the deficiency of righteousness in the nation. But with instinctive gratefulness they have remembered and blessed their righteous rulers. Even among those noble Kings, the beloved of the gods, there were some great luminaries the lustre of whose untarnishable fame has pierced the thick and intervening clouds of ignorance and stagnation. Their acts still furnish themes for religious sermons and moral dissertations. Their names are on the tongue of every member of Indian society. It may not therefore be out of place to examine the claims to lasting fame of some of these great personages.

If Prithu was able to inspire unbounded love in his subjects, who named the whole world after him and called it "Prithvi," it was because, in the allegorical words of the poet, he milched the earth, *i.e.*, he for the first time encouraged agriculture, commerce and industry for the production of wealth for his subjects. The construction of the great canals of the Ganges and the Jumna by the indomitable energy of King Bharat and the irrigation of vast tracts of his country so impressed the minds of his subjects, that they changed the name of their country "Madhyadesh" into "Bharat Khand." The philosopher Janaka was able to hand his name down to posterity by his learned disquisitions, which shamed and silenced the exclusive Brahmin pundits of his time. Both Rama and Yudhisthira won prominent places in the history of their country and in the hearts of their countrymen, the former by rendering selfless service to his subjects, and the latter by administering the State on the strict principles of righteousness. Asoka's endeavours for the purification of religion and elevation of morality, coupled with his proselytising zeal, divested of intolerance, placed him in the galaxy of those shining luminaries which shed their lustre beyond their kingly orbit. Vikrama was immortalised by the great literati of his time whom he encouraged, maintained and rewarded with the zeal of a literary enthusiast and the discrimination of a great statesman. The great Akbar endeared himself to generations of the Indian people by a complete equality in treatment of the ruling race and the subject population. With a

robust confidence born of inherent boldness combined with consciousness of good intentions, that sagacious ruler frankly and freely recognised high and noble qualities wherever he found them. Undaunted by the croakings of wiseacres and the threats of conspirators, he freely and fearlessly gave the highest positions under the crown, like those of ministers, provincial governors and commanders of armies, to Hindus and Mahomedans alike. What, under the present circumstances, can be done to place our beloved Emperor in the foremost rank of those kings and emperors of India ? That is the question.

Almost all the principal characteristics of the reigns of those great Indian potentates of bygone times have been more or less existent in the British administration since the days of the transfer of the government from the Company to the Crown. Almost all the noble qualities required for the consolidation of a great empire, torn to pieces by contending factions and bold adventurers, and weltering in the chaos of ignorance and despair, were put into requisition by the wise and sturdy race of civilians of old. After consolidation comes progress. But the progress, though steady, is not yet bearing the fruits which the united efforts of the East and the West ought to ensure. Self-complacency of power, the sense of infallibility in the administration, blind worship of the fetish of prestige, reluctance to invite confidence by extending it, chivalrous though untenable defence of questionable actions of subordinates, impatience at advice, haughty aloofness, callous indifference to the careful study of the manners and customs of the people, inveterate prejudice and unreasonable hurry in the demolition of old landmarks without weighing their utility, are some of the mistakes which may well be avoided by responsible servants of the Crown and corrected wherever found by any well-regulated Government. The sublime indifference to the personal feelings and sentiments of the people which occasionally marks the hasty introduction of reform is a quality which, though awe-inspiring, is yet one which in a country like India should be avoided if a sound fabric of a rejuvenated Indian nation is to be built upon the basis of its old civilisation. The formation of public opinion must precede the introduction of a radical reform if it is to have an enduring effect. Moreover, indifference to public opinion breeds opposition

either open or covert, and what is more, it defeats the very ends for which the reform is introduced. Happily, there are not many instances of such indifference on the part of responsible officers. And the few instances, which may easily be recalled, may be traced to ignorance of the real feelings of the people.

The real specific for the removal of this ignorance is full, free and courteous intercourse with the people and with the subordinate servants of the Crown. It is paradoxical but none the less true that side by side with the unrestricted freedom of speech, there is a complete gagging of the mouth. If the educated class which has imbibed and adopted Western ideas is too ready to speak out its mind, the masses living in villages have not the courage to sufficiently express even their own grievances. The gag which stops their mouths from giving utterance to their thoughts, is their awe of the district officer. If it is a fact that the nation lives in the village, and if it is necessary that the nation's views must be ascertained, it becomes a positive duty to remove the awe and to loosen the tongue of the man in the hut or in the field. The subordinate native servants of the Crown who are more intimately connected with the people than the district officers, may be allowed and encouraged to express their opinions on men and matters without fear and without reserve. It is true that discipline must be maintained. But no discipline can be endangered which, while allowing full freedom of expressing an opinion, insists on unquestioning obedience to orders. Such a freedom vouchsafed to the subordinate servants of the Crown will open a vista of knowledge of various kinds which can never be the property of officers who cannot tolerate any difference of opinion. Intolerance in such matters transforms the whole class of subordinate servants into an army of self-seekers or sycophants. Humble flatterers soon develop into violent bullies. If once the subordinate servants are turned into flatterers, their bullying is bound to press heavily on the poor ignorant people whose logical knowledge is too little to enable them to differentiate between the effrontery of individual officers and the unfeelingness of the State. Estrangement between the nation in villages and the Government at headquarters is thus the consequence, for which, however, neither is responsible. These and similar matters are not beyond the power or resources



of statesmen to diagnose and remedy whenever and wherever found.

The elimination of mistakes or the introduction of the element of sympathy, or even the preservation of mental equilibrium under trying circumstances, is not in itself the method which can legitimately give a historical aspect to this auspicious event. This event has to be signalled by the initiation of a policy of courage and confidence which will arrest the imagination of the world, attest to the farsighted wisdom of the British nation and accelerate the process of a loving, confiding and indissoluble union between England and India. The epoch-making event of the expansion of Legislative Councils preceded by the equally historical event of the assumption of the title of "Empress" by Her Majesty Queen Victoria must, if possible, be succeeded by the introduction of a policy of far-reaching and beneficial results. To expect a further expansion of the reforms of Lord Morley before they have been tested by time is to exhibit impatience, which ought to have no place in dealing with the destiny of a nation. Between the exaggerated claims repeatedly put forward by Indian patriots and the extreme caution exercised by the administrator prompted by the forebodings of evil, there has been struck a golden mean which, however imperfect, need not be disturbed at so short an interval. But there is one very important subject which claims immediate and careful attention.

The most dangerous weapon in the hands of the opponents of political reforms is the apparent apathy of Indians towards social reforms. According to them there can be no political reform unless there is a corresponding social reform. Times out of mind the Indians have been taunted with their unwillingness or inability to put their own house in order while hankering after political rights. It is true that some of the criticisms airily passed against the social customs and manners of the people are based on ignorance, on the inability to examine carefully all the sides of the subject, or on that curious egotism which sees everything faulty that does not belong to its owner. It may also be that some of the social manners and customs of the critics themselves are as much open to adverse remarks as those of the Indians. It must, however, be borne in mind that recrimination is not justification. Exaggerated and

violent diatribes of irresponsible critics need not, therefore, diminish the ardour of the Indians in the application of the pruning knife where necessary. That the Indians have been wide awake to the necessity of reforms in social matters consistent with the spirit of the times, and that they have several precedents for making the necessary changes in the social constitution of their country, are facts which can scarcely be questioned. But the reformers of the day are greatly handicapped in the initiation and carrying out of reforms by two great disabilities, which their forefathers had not to contend with. Their enthusiasm, born probably of their love for their country and of their knowledge and experience of other prosperous countries, makes them forgetful of the patent fact that slow evolution rather than hasty revolution is the order of nature. This desire for hasty and wholesale reforms is at the root of much of the opposition which they encounter from the masses. Another disability arises from the fact that they have absolutely no support from the State in their mission of reform. The Government is foreign. It has committed itself—and very wisely—to religious and social neutrality. Except for the prevention of positive vice or crime, such as infanticide and dedication of girls to concubinage, the Government of the country rigidly adheres to its policy of non-intervention.

And yet it is a fact that, without direct or indirect exercise of the authority or influence of the State, no society has improved itself. The example of the social reformation of Japan has been dinned into the ears of those who clamour for political rights as a reminder that Japan improved socially before it obtained political greatness. The fact that Japan has an indigenous emperor as the head of Japanese society, whose laws, precept and example are followed by his own countrymen, is conveniently forgotten by the critics. The early marriages that are said to have more or less prevailed in the Elizabethan era in England were stopped not by the united efforts of the people but by the will of the sovereign. And to what does the purity of the English court owe its existence if not to the personal influence of the great and good Queen Victoria? France, Germany, and Russia have all their social laws enacted by their respective Governments enforced by authority and obeyed by the people. In every progressive country in the world social reforms are safely

accomplished by the working of the law, whether enacted and enforced by autocracy, democracy or oligarchy. That law is wanting in India. The reformers cannot make the law : the Government does not make it : the orthodox do not require it. Under these circumstances the warring elements of reform and reaction are wasting their energies in mutual recriminations, and even nullify the effects of association with a progressive nation. An acute observer will not find it difficult to perceive at a glance that whereas in political and public matters where the hand of Government is seen, efficiency, order and progress prevail, in social matters where the hand of Government is withdrawn, there is confusion worse confounded.

The brilliant and unprecedented success of British statesmanship that has patiently and steadily evolved order out of chaos in political and public matters has received just praises from all quarters of the globe. But the other view of the picture is not so bright. The condition of the depressed classes, the lot of the young widow, of the child-wife, and of the girl-mother, the multiplying social divisions and sub-divisions, the prohibition of sea voyage, the ignorance of women as regards the hygiene of the house, nursing, midwifery, and the rearing of healthy children, regulation of charity funds, the increasing number of beggars, polygamy and similar other questions with all their various ramifications loudly call for reform. But where is the agency which can successfully deal with these questions ? The passive sympathy of Government can do very little : the tactless zeal of the reformers can hardly cope with the solid phalanx of superstition and suspicion ; the orthodox party clings to its customs with dogged pertinacity, while the moderates, though numerically strong, are too weak to control either of the opposite camps. Social anarchy is thus the consequence.

Surely, it is not beyond the resources of British statesmanship to find out a *modus operandi* which, while strictly adhering to the policy of non-intervention in social matters, may yet conduce to the gradual removal of social deficiencies of the people. Akbar tried the experiment and failed. But Akbar failed because he died before his policy had time to fructify. There is no chance of a similar failure in these times, when the constitution never dies. Surely, what

Akbar did can be done, *mutatis mutandis*, by the British Government. But the Government has practically abandoned its right to social legislation. Why then should it not be delegated to the people? In ancient times the function of social legislation, as indeed of all legislation, devolved upon the sages whose rules and regulations were executed by monarchs and their officers. There are no such sages now. But if there are no sages, there are many accredited representatives of the people. If the representatives of the people specially brought together for the purpose are allowed to make laws and regulations for the removal of social abuses and for the reform of society, the shadow of social degeneration which haunts and dogs the steps of political progress will vanish. Then will the picture of Indian prosperity under British suzerainty present a bright and spotless front from whatever point it is viewed. It may be necessary to curb the zeal of the reformer, to goad the apathy of the indifferent masses and to whet the interest of the reactionary in the matter of social reform. This, however, can be done by bringing into being an assembly of wise and sober householders fully representative of the various classes and creeds and by the delegation to it of the powers of enacting purely social laws, subject always to the sanction of the Viceroy. The Viceroy is the representative of the Emperor. The Emperor is the leader of society in England. Why should not His Majesty fill the same position here? The unstinted homage and the faithful service which Hindus render to their Moslem rulers and the Mahomendans render to their Hindu rulers are proofs positive that caste-ridden and religion-ridden though the Indians are, they are yet accustomed to place their kings beyond the pale of sectarian strife and zealous partisanship. Who has ever found fault with or doubted the strict sense of impartial justice of the Judges of foreign extraction when they interpret and administer Hindu and Mahomedan laws? A Vicerey as distinguished from the Governor-General, if possible of the royal blood and representing His Majesty the King-Empror, may be trusted to command the confidence of the people when he acts as a wise and cautious counsellor in social matters and an unbiassed mediator between opposite parties.

A parliament of the people, formed for purely social purposes, may be composed of two chambers. The first chamber may be

composed of representatives elected by a large and varied electorate selected from the people of various classes and creeds. The second chamber may be composed of ruling chiefs with sovereign rights. An Act made for social purposes and passed by a majority of two-thirds in a house may be sent up to the other chamber. If a two-thirds majority in favour of the Act is obtained in the second house also, it may be considered as ripe to be sent up for the sanction of the Viceroy. The Viceroy can sanction or veto it at his discretion. If nothing more, even the educative effect of a bill discussed in two houses and vetoed by the Viceroy will be great indeed. Not only British India, but the British Indian Empire will be socially regenerated within a measurable period of time, if the coming of the King ushers in an era of social legislation by the people.

The difficulty of dissimilar customs of the Hindus and Mussulmans need not be unduly magnified. There are many questions, such as the removal of the purdah, polygamy and prostitution, and female ignorance, the regulation of charity funds, the reduction of the increasing number of beggars and others, which both Hindus and Mussulmans can cordially join hands in setting right. Besides, the solution of social questions which exclusively belong to either class may be left to the Committee of representatives of that class, assisted, if almost unanimously requested, by the representatives of the other class. The disinterested advice of comrades is not likely to be resented, even if rejected, if offered by gentlemen actuated by the patriotic feeling of elevating the society in which they move. Indeed, if rightly guided by high-minded statesmen, the representatives of the different classes of Indians will sternly refuse to taste or touch the apple of discord dangled before their eyes by mischievous jealousy to beguile them. Common partnership in the noble task of social reform may give rise to healthy rivalry, but it can never create estrangement between partners animated by appreciative sympathy for one another.

It is not the intention of this article to prepare and put forth a complete scheme for bringing into existence a parliament for social reform. Its chief aim is to suggest for the favourable consideration of those in authority a scheme which, while immensely benefiting the people of India, will compensate for the loss of direct lead of Government in social matters, and what is more, will stamp the

beginning of the reign of His Gracious Majesty with a brilliance that neither time nor space can efface.

The scheme is ambitious : it may be attractive to some, it may appear chimerical to others, and it may present difficulties in detail. But there is no difficulty which cannot be surmounted by perseverance, industry and watchfulness. Besides, the chimeras of to-day are the accomplished facts of to-morrow. Let it not be forgotten that there are about twenty-eight parliaments in various colonies to which the right of self-government is extended with a fearless confidence that can only be entertained by a nation so conscious of its strength and integrity as the British. Here in India the almost divine attachment of the people of India to the Royal House of England is an asset of no mean value. And after all, the institution of a parliament suggested as above will transfer the power from illiterate and obstinate patels and pundits to those persons whose representative capacity and sense of responsibility will move the machine of social legislation gradually faster. Moreover, the power of veto reserved to the Viceroy will most certainly act as a brake on any possible precipitation of the social legislative machine. It may restrain some of the so-called individual liberty and demand some personal sacrifice. But individual restraint and personal sacrifice are the corner-stones of a people's liberty and prosperity. It may give rise to a growl here and a growl there, mostly manufactured by vested interests. But the growl will soon subside and will be replaced first by reluctant acquiescence and then by ready adoption of the reforms suggested. Indeed, everywhere reforms are initiated and carried out in spite of the growls of vested interests.

The removal of the reproach of indifference in social matters, the liberation of the teeming millions of India from the inscrutable meshes of hoary and hazy custom, the equity of delegating the necessary powers to the chosen representatives of the people to work out their own social salvation, the expediency of giving full scope to the exercise of the budding intelligence of the rising generation in a subject of so absorbing an interest and the necessity of preserving equilibrium between social and political progress, demand that there should be some agency authoritatively to lay down a code of social rules having all the force of law. Such an agency, if representative, will command even greater respect than the

rulers of Native States. The Indians are still believers in the old adage that the voice of the *panch* is the word of the Lord ! The rules of castes which are more or less discredited in these times, are obeyed even though with reluctance. The decisions of the *panches* are accepted even when they are not satisfactory. What is there, then, which may conceivably be regarded as an inducement to the people to refuse compliance with the measures passed by their own representatives and the indigenous rulers of Native States, and sanctioned after full deliberation by the Viceroy, whose impartiality, wisdom and experience are a sure guarantee against hasty and ill-conceived legislation ? Indeed, the very alienage of the Viceroy and his freedom from partisanship will ensure a willing obedience for any measure passed with the stamp of his approval.

We are all loyal to the British Government. We are all devoted to the person of His Majesty the Emperor. It behoves us all—Englishmen, Mahomedans, Christians, Parsis, Hindus, civil servants and native patriots—to merge our differences in these times of general rejoicing, to resist the temptation of destructive criticism and with an eye solely to the necessity of making the present event historical, to help in the complete formation of the scheme adumbrated above. It is by the introduction of a scheme like this or the creation of a similar agency meant specially to reform and elevate the social condition of the people, that the brightest jewel in the British crown will shed its cumulative and imperishable lustre round the throne of His Gracious Majesty George V. Long live Their Majesties !

DOLATRAM KRIPARAM PANDIA.

*Nadiad.*

## OUR EMPEROR-KING, ALL HAIL !

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Sign of our Sovereignty, our Emperor-King  
 Moves in our midst with loud and wide acclaim ;  
 Because of Kingship joyous welcomes ring,  
 They ring because our King's name is our name.

He is ourself. In him all we are one ;  
 Honour to him is honour to us all ;  
 That which is highest in us, in his Sun  
 Shines, and reflects our light imperial.

Loyal to him we to ourselves are loyal ;  
 True to the Thought Divine that bids us live ;  
 True to the faith that makes his people royal,  
 So true to him with all that truth can give.

He reigns not over one race or one land ;  
 He knows no difference of creed or clime ;  
 My hand may touch the sceptre in his hand ;  
 The halo of his crown makes you sublime.

Hail him and hail the Lady of his throne ;  
 They live for us and all we live for them ;  
 They reign o'er us and with us, not alone ;  
 We share the splendour of their diadem.

ERIC HAMMOND.

*London.*



## THE POETRY OF THE CROWN.

“ And the crown  
And both the wings are made of gold, and flame  
At sunrise.”

—Tennyson.

“ One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.”

—*Troilus and Cressida*, Act III., Scene 3.

FOR the idealist the word Coronation has a peculiar charm, for royalty has power to stir the emotions. To him, whose eyes are directed to a lofty ideal, the crown and all the insignia of royalty are not mere gewgaws ; the King-Emperor is not simply the person of highest rank in Society, to whom we “crook the pregnant hinges of the knee” as a conventional act of deference ; the coronation ceremony and office of investiture are not pompous show and masquerade. They are symbols of realities that lie beyond the boundary of our senses. They represent the forces of the Past that have moulded the Present, and they direct our thoughts to the Future ; for, through the blare of sound which forms one part of the ceremony, we hear the in-rolling tide of Progress. Hereditary monarchy may draw our thoughts backward, but it also fronts the years that are to be.

Coronation seals to Royalty the inherited possession of an ideal, the ideal of Government—service. The King-Emperor is the Servant of his People. He serves by ruling.

Tennyson’s picture of the hall that Merlin built is full of suggestions. The statue of the King that stood above the zones of sculpture was crowned with gold and fronted *Eastward*, having peaked wings pointing to the Northern star.

In the lowest zone of sculpture beasts were slaying men ; in the second men were daying beasts ; in the third were men with growing wings ; over them, the King.

Brute force that coerces will and slays manliness in men is not regal authority. We do not crown a tyrant, but the personality of authority that has mounted up, age after age, on the heritage of great deeds and noble influence ; we give our homage to the Sympathy that sways our hearts because it beats in unison with them. And we give our homage, not merely to a symbolised Personality, but to a Person, the living representative of our ideal. The pure gold of the crown is as much a symbol of our sympathy with our King as of his with us. The jewels in it flash out our devotion to him as brightly as they reflect his zeal in serving us.

Tennyson tells us that when King Arthur's knights were making their vows, a momentary likeness to the King was seen in the face of each knight. We are swayed by loyalty to a will sufficiently in unison with our own to make our self-surrender a willing devotion to a larger will. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Neither East nor West bows to coercion nor confuses compulsory homage with loyalty. Each kisses the hem of the coronation robe of the Father of his people.

The nineteenth and twentieth centuries have given us in three English monarchs the majesty of Service and the graciousness of Sympathy.

Queen Victoria's realm was a large one at her accession ; it was larger when her tired hand laid the sceptre down and slipped itself into the hand of the Angel Death ; but the boundaries of her empire never exceeded the limits of her heart. "I will be good," she said, when in her childhood she learned the greatness of her vocation, and the "Great White Queen" will be known in history as "Victoria the Good." Her goodness is not so much the spotlessness of her reputation—though that never bore a fleck or stain—as her realisation of her people's claims and needs, a realisation that grew more vivid year by year, as year by year her power of satisfying them became more complete. As the heart of a mother enlarges with the increase of her children's demands on her love, so

did the heart of Queen Victoria expand and beat, in unison with the hearts of her liegemen and subjects.

"I will play the game," said Edward the Peace-maker, and he served in the Imperial playing-fields with unfaltering attention to the "game" and discriminating knowledge of all the players.

When the Angel touched him, and he, too, passed into a larger realm, his son, King George, whom India now delights to welcome, said, when announcing his father's death :

"I am comforted by the feeling that I have the sympathy of my future subjects, who will mourn with me for their beloved Sovereign, whose happiness was found in sharing and promoting theirs. To endeavour to follow in his footsteps will be the earnest object of my life."

And these three monarchs have been helped to fulfil their Ideals by their respective helpmates and consorts.

The radiance of the White Queen's life was dimmed by the shadow of widowhood in early middle age ; but the "Sea-King's daughter," who received England's rapturous welcome as the bride of Edward, Prince of Wales, lived to share the throne with him, and is now the loved and gracious Queen-Mother in our midst. And in Queen Mary we have the embodiment of a truly royal type. She inherited queenly instincts, and she has expanded her royal capacity by using her gifts of character and intellect for the good of her country and of the various peoples of that country's empire. Everybody who can remember Queen Mary's mother, the Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, cherishes the recollection of a truly royal princess, a nobly gracious woman. Whenever and wherever we saw her, we felt that we had been in sunshine—we English to whom the sun is so apt to veil himself that his broad smiles are cheering. The Princess's face beamed kindliness. It never bore an expression of assumed affability, of politely bored response. Her radiant face said, "How glad I am to see you, and how much I enjoy your gladness in seeing me !"

Princess Mary Adelaide never had the air of being resigned under tedious circumstances, or stoical under disagreeables such as bad weather or contretemps, but gracefully continued to meet a difficulty in such a way as to turn the humorous side outwards. We remember our place being near hers at a musical festival, when the avenue to

her place of honour in the large crowded hall was too narrow for her ample person. In spite of heat and fatigue and her obvious desire not to be unpunctual and delay the beginning of the music, she kept up a running fire of mockery at her own expense. When her embarrassed esquire deferentially tried to help her, she restored his self-possession by explaining crisply: "Oh! you must give me more support than *that*. The tips of fingers are not enough for *me*. And when I get up from my chair I shall want *both* your hands."

At that time Queen Mary was known to us as Princess May. We remember noticing in the freshness of those days of her budding womanhood mingling with the charm of youth, a suggestion of the power she has shown herself abundantly endowed with, in her maturer years, of facing difficulties and meeting emergencies with the calmness that ensures success and the presence of mind that averts evil. If the Duchess of Teck never forgot that she was a royal Princess, she also constantly bore in mind that her daughter might become Queen-Consort of England; and, in the watch she kept over Princess May's developing character, and in her careful direction of her training, the high duties of her possible future position were ever before her. Not the glitter but the responsibilities of royalty were set before Princess May. Not a jeweller's coronet but the band of gold forged out of loyal affection was what Princess May learned to wear.

In watching the resolute discharge of her manifold duties as Princess May, Duchess of York, Princess of Wales, in observing her ordered, purposeful life, wringing the full value of time out of every hour, making use of every opportunity for good to its full extent, we yield our affectionate homage not only to our Queen but also to the memory of the influence of her mother, the Princess Mary Adelaide.

It is not only in England that this influence is felt in her daughter's strong character and competent social example. As Duke and Duchess of York, our present King and Queen made a complete colonial tour, and as Prince and Princess of Wales they visited India.

It is well known how thoroughly they appreciated the cordiality of their reception by our Indian brethren and how greatly they

were touched by the evidences of the loyalty of India. It was the first visit paid by a Princess of Wales, for though King Edward was Prince of Wales when he went to India, he was unaccompanied by his Princess. This fact gives additional interest to the impressions made and received by the Princess. She reaped a rich harvest from the toil which it was her pleasure to take in preparation for the tour. She let slip no opportunity of gaining knowledge of India and India's peoples. It was remarked by a personage whose official position qualified him to judge, that the Princess of Wales had acquired a quite remarkable grasp of Indian affairs. It was, therefore, not surprising that conversation with the Princess of Wales should give pleasure to cultivated Indians. They were gratified as well as astonished by her knowledge of things in general and by her intimate acquaintance with details of special interest to themselves. With the largeness of mind that sees the importance of small things, she had considered before she left England what would be likely to suit the tastes of those to whom she meant to present gifts. No wonder that the recipients of these gifts were charmed by them ; their price was beyond money value ; they had cost time, thought and care, and were given with a tact that would make a mere nothing treasurable.

All the time that she was pouring out her sympathy to her new friends and acquaintances, her children at home were never forgotten ; wherever she went, she collected what she knew would please each child and awaken in each an interest for the wonderful eastern world, and teach something of its wonders.

The interest taken by the Princess herself in all that she saw and experienced evoked proportionate enthusiastic appreciation of her in her hosts and escorts. Our Indian readers know better than we can tell them that the Royal tour was not merely one of sight-seeing and official magnificence. They know from what the Prince of Wales said when he spoke of his impression at the Guildhall, London, after his return from India, that he had made this tour an opportunity for learning to know India. His observation had not been that of the geographical explorer and archæologist, nor that of the anthropologist, philologist, or any other scientific student, though he had taken a keen interest in the natural features of the country, its "dim, rich cities," their artistic wealth and historic

associations, and no class of men, no language had escaped his notice ; but he had observed as a seeker, a Royal Scout, tracking the way to India's heart. He had found the entrance to the path, and he told us the name of it—Sympathy.

An article in the *Indian Spectator*, June 24, on the Coronation in London, testifies to India's sympathy with the King-Emperor. Although his subjects in India could not be present in the body at the service at Westminster Abbey, their spirit was there. They knew that "their gracious Sovereign and his Consort would always give them their sympathy, and rule over them in a manner that should ensure to them justice and equality." The writer goes on to say that "Queen Victoria earned the epithet, *The Good*, King Edward the Seventh, the *Peacemaker*, and King George the Fifth is in a fair way of earning the title, the *Sympathetic*."

And when the Maharaja of Gwalior presented £8,000 to His Majesty as a Coronation Gift, requesting that the money might be allotted to charitable purposes, King George immediately sent a list of the funds and institutions, amongst which he had divided the princely gift, and said that he knew full well that "so noble an act of benevolence without a single restriction or condition, will arouse in all hearts feelings of respect and gratitude towards the Maharaja."

While King George was seeking the way to the heart of the people during his visit as Prince of Wales, Queen Mary, as Princess, was traversing that way and reaching the end of it. She used to seize every opportunity of visiting a bazaar, or village, where she could see the people in their ordinary workaday life, unconstrained by ceremonial and obligation to pay homage. Her visits gave pleasure to visitor and visited. The graceful ease and spontaneous courtesy of Oriental manners delighted the English Princess and unlocked her heart. *Their* subtle perception made the people know this ; and, sure of a welcome, they poured confidences into that heart through the ready, listening ears. It is a joy to English hearts to know that the trust of these people was not disappointed; their appeals for sympathy were not made in vain. The Princess's interest was not superficial, nor her solicitude assumed. Her pity was not the emotional sentiment that enjoys its own tears, it was the sympathy that shares pain and sorrow and trouble by taking means to assuage them.

The visible ocean may separate east from west ; but the ocean of pathos that underlies human life may be made into waters of unification, if ruled over by the Angel Sympathy. The great springs of emotion that are touched by the joys and sorrows common to humanity at large may bring together races of people of differing character and idiosyncracies, just as visible tides sweep floating masses and fragments into one solid whole. But emotional impulse cannot do this unless it is directed by the steady force of goodwill, by that secret energy of life, divine in its source and in its aim, the power of Sympathy, or Love, without which no potentate, however magnificent, can be a great emperor, endowed with which the life of any great sovereign—or servant—may become sublime. Sympathy is the potentiality of power, the power of Personality gives Royalty its right to be, it calls into being the loyalty that is the bulwark of a throne.

Perhaps nowhere is the magnetism of personality felt more strongly than in the midst of a great multitude gathered together because a popular royal personage is due to perform some function or other. Hundreds and thousands perhaps have not a chance of seeing him, yet, the moment his presence among them is made known, a current of emotion tingles through the crowds until the whole mass is ablaze with enthusiasm ; personal affection flames into popular demonstration at the least touch of personal experience.

Such demonstration gives us a little insight into the responsibility of a monarch who can awaken enthusiasm. He can hold the emotions of a nation in a leash, and his character can sway the character of his subjects for good or for evil. The white heat of emotion, stirred by a pageant, may be of momentary duration, but the stimulus it gives, quickens the life-blood of loyalty and makes for the growth of good feeling.

And, however much a certain class of mind may scoff at ceremony, seeing in it a mere show, there must always be a symbolism in the pomp and circumstance surrounding regal episodes to minds capable of seeing above the common-place. To them, the crown has "peaked wings," and is set with jewels reflecting the light of other days—the glory of tradition—and catching the first gleams of an opening day.

Our readers must be familiar with Dr. Reed's account of the

royal tour<sup>†</sup> in India, and may have been present at the entertainment given to the Princess in the Town Hall, Bombay. Surely, no one can fail to see the symbolism, the beauty within beauty of that scene. The soft light of candles brought the blent colours of flowers and embroideries to sight, but left a certain lucent shadowiness to suggest unfathomable depths of loveliness. The throne was of pure gold; peacocks on each side accentuated its purity by their colours, and they in turn appeared more radiant in such juxtaposition. Lest this splendour should be too suggestive of *vanitas vanitatum*, on each side of the throne a lady stood in shining raiment swinging a punkah woven of gold on crimson to show the human heart throbbing through the outward pomp.

Not less poetical were the initial ceremonies performed on the entrance of the Princess, of Parsi, Hindu, and Mohammedan origin. The Parsi waved a sugar sweet round the Princess's head with a prayer that her life might be filled with sweetness; then broke a cocoanut at her feet with a prayer that so might difficulties be broken up and dispersed from her path. The Hindu passed a lamp before the Royal guest with the prayer that light might always shine on her goings and comings. The Mohammedan cast gold and silver at her feet by the hands of a number of little maidens to remind her that the poor are always with us. The next feature in the reception was a shower of pearls thrown over the Princess who said, after she was seated on the throne, and had received the addresses prepared for her, that one of the chief objects of the tour was that she might see as much as possible of her Indian sisters, of whom the more she saw the more she felt sure she should admire and esteem. "If my first impression, so charming and so powerful, becomes fixed as I travel through India, I shall carry home agreeable memories of the sympathy which will bring us into a closer bond of mutual esteem, regard, and goodwill."

The Indian tour was an experience of completeness as the Prince of Wales (King George) showed it to have been in his speeches after his return to England. He and the Princess not only felt heart-touched, but they had had their minds enriched and their senses and artistic perceptions gratified. They took a keen interest in the Art and Industries of India. Both our King and Queen have practical instincts. King George is a true sailor



and admires to the full precision in work and exactitude in details. Queen Mary is skilful and dexterous in the use of feminine implements of handicraft. Carving, pottery, embroidery, and all the other arts and crafts yielded pleasure to the royal sightseers in proportion to the knowledge and interest they brought to bear on their examination. Anyone who knows King George's love of children and Queen Mary's compassion for the sick and suffering will not need to be told that the Prince and Princess of Wales in India missed no opportunity of giving pleasure to the little ones, or visiting hospitals.

When we think of the strenuous life of Royalty, with little leisure for the enjoyment of the tender graces of home life, it is good to know that our present King and Queen can snatch some moments of each busy day for home joys. A friend was telling us the other day her experience during Coronation week in London. Her concluding remark was : " After all, I like to see King George with his children starting for his morning ride in the Park and both he and Queen Mary driving with their children—an ordinary family party—better than any formal procession and state function." And we remember a little incident on the day when King Edward's body was taken to Westminster Hall, that suggests the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. King George was on the point of starting from Buckingham Palace. He was on his horse and only waited for a belated officer, when, rushing down the steps, came little Prince John, " Daddy, daddy, you haven't said good-bye to me ! " The King sprang from his horse and ran to the little claimant, taking him up in his arms and giving him the kiss he clamoured for.

The writer of an article entitled *Crowned*, in the *Saturday Review*, said that, to his mind, the most affecting moment of the Coronation solemnity was when the Prince of Wales (a boy of seventeen) " knelt to lead the homage of the nobles, and then, kissing the King, touched his crown."

East and West may be said to have met and kissed each other at the garden party at Buckingham Palace after the Coronation. King George and Queen Mary took special pleasure in doing honour to their guests who were representatives of India. Followed by

their boys in naval dress and Princess Mary clad in white, the King and Queen went hither and thither among their guests, with smiles and apt words of greeting. At the Indian tent they stopped, went in to shake hands with each Eastern guest and have a few moments chat with them. In Oriental response each potentate knelt and kissed the King's hand.

That King George observes and appreciates the signs of loyalty, made visible at a time when excitement stimulates the expression of feeling, his speeches abundantly prove. That he knows how full are the demands made by loyalty upon his subjects, his answer to the Eton boys' address testifies. He said to them :

"The British Empire requires at the present time hard service from all its sons. It requires the hardest service from those to whom most has been given. You will, I am sure, lose no opportunity of rendering service to the nation. These opportunities occur as often in times of peace as in times of war."

It would be unnatural if the excitement attending a Coronation did not evoke emotion on both sides, the royal and the loyal ; it would be base on the part of the people if the strenuous way in which King George and Queen Mary went through their part of the proceedings did not awake response in the hearts of their subjects. They kept the balance of proportion throughout. Religion struck the keynote, society received its due share, as hosts and guests our King and Queen were truly royal in "give and take" of magnificence and hospitality ; Music and the Drama received and gave homage, their Majesties spared themselves no fatigue in going to theatre and opera. Nor did they flinch from those functions in which Munificence is more dominant than Magnificence—on the contrary, the King initiated the fête to poor children and the Queen took thought for the sick, who could not go out to see great sights. Then there were little individualised actions that will live long in the memory of those whose lives they affected.

In the days of our youth we remember a venerable "singing-man," a vicar-choral in the Cathedral of Wells, the grey old city under the shadow of the Mendip Hills. We thought his voice old and quavering then, though reminiscent of sweetness. He was born in the Georgian period, and King George the Fifth heard that he had sung at solemn services when his predecessors had been

crowned, so he sent him an invitation to be present at his own. The recipient could not accept the invitation, but he felt that his hoar hairs had been crowned with distinction by his King. The other day a cripple boy died. Last Christmas this boy, Sidney Barker, took courage and a pen in one hand, and wrote to ask Queen Mary to come and see the little boys in the wards of the hospital in which he lay ill. A few days afterwards a lady was shown into the wards whose smiling face beamed upon him, and she went straight to his cot saying, "Well, Sidney, you see I have come." Before the Coronation Sidney wrote to his liege-lady again, "Although I shall be in bed, I shall be thinking all about it, and shall try and wonder what it is like." The Queen had sent him a Coronation medal, and he added, "I feel so proud of my medal and thank my dear Queen for it so much." The medal was not left unworn, nor his bed unflanked by portraits of Queen Mary till he died.

We doubt not that India will have a voluminous record of Coronation experiences to give England. West will not grudge East one sparkle in her crown of rejoicing. On the contrary, in the hope of adding brightness to the glory, Sympathy sends her smile of goodwill, a golden gleam across the waters.

"Oh, Angel of the East, one, one gold look."

JEAN ROBERTS.

*Oxford.*

## CHRISTMAS.

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This Day of Days—ah ! through the passing years,  
 We stretch our hands towards the fading light,  
 And listen for the music of the spheres  
 Where angels clashed their cymbals that still night,  
 Over glad Judah's hills—on Bethlehem's height.

The place of bread, there Ruth had gleaned the corn,  
 When rich grapes clustered on its rugged side,  
 Emblems of Him, the Saviour to be born,  
 Near David's well, with its life-giving tide,  
 It thus the threefold blessing typified.

The busy khan is noiseless—hopes and fears  
 Are lost in dreams of such profound delight ;  
 The sufferer feels no pain, and grief no tears,  
 For these, they know, the King, in swathings white,  
 Holds Love first court—in beauty infinite.

The blessed Mary, Mother of the Lord,  
 In rapture sees the shepherds at His feet ;  
 That wondrous star shines on the Babe adored.  
 The Eastern monarchs come in joy to greet  
 That greatest One—so humble and so sweet.

Their precious gifts in rich profusion lie,  
 The gold, with frankincense and myrrh, to show  
 The King, the Priest, the Victim doomed to die ;  
 From the celestial signs they read it so,  
 And here they kneeling wait—the rest to know.

They worship Him—there is no need of speech—  
In silence blest they now His face behold ;  
And from It beams a radiance upon each  
Into the heart—this mystery to unfold.  
The Eternal Shepherd He, they of His fold.

The world is sleeping, but the soft wind brings  
The echo of that song the seraphs sang,  
With various harmonies from many strings,  
In Hebrew words the angelic message ran :  
Glory to God ; peace and goodwill to man.

Man has not peace ; but yet above there sings  
The Heavenly Host. ' And doth not Wisdom cry,  
Sweeping the circle of great Saturn's rings,  
And all that pass the Sun in orbit by,  
Glory to God ; glory to God on high ?

VIOLET DE MALORTIE.

*Oxford.*

## WHEN THE WORLD IS OLD.

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"I formerly thought that when a tendency to produce two sexes in equal numbers was advantageous to the species, it would follow from natural selection, but I now see that the whole problem is so intricate that it is safer to leave its solution for the future."—(*Darwin.*)

**J**ABEZ SMITHSON, after dining with some friends who were scientists and philanthropists in a small way, started to walk home. It was a fine winter's night, and the moon shone brightly; so in the best of spirits he stepped bravely along a country road, through a long avenue of trees, smoking a cigar and thinking of a forthcoming event that made him whistle and sing. For he was shortly to marry a very charming young lady—though whether after what occurred during this moonlight walk he will now ever achieve such a consummation, is very doubtful indeed.

His thoughts were something like this. He wondered to himself how so lovely a young woman could ever have accepted his proposal! How many richer and otherwise more fortunate men there were! And how few women like her—how lucky he was, and so on. When suddenly his thoughts were rudely interrupted by the strangest and most unexpected sound.

It was like the flight of birds and the whirring of machinery combined. Right above those trees it came, and then down, and there straight before him, with waving arms and dangling legs, descended from the sky on the road directly in front, the strangest figure. A little hunchbacked old man, with merry, rubicund face, and long arms that still kept working like a windmill.

•

" Bless me ! " the curious party exclaimed. " What a time it has taken ! Those 'meteors really are a nuisance. That's the worst of a journey to the earth at this time of the year ; and it is so long since my last flight, I had almost forgotten them ! Dear me ! Why, here 'is a human being—I beg your pardon"—suddenly cutting his soliloquy short, and addressing the astonished human being, " Hope I did not startle you ? "

" Well, not precisely," said Smithson, who prided himself—especially in bright moonlight—on his nerve. " At the same time, I must admit I was surprised. Pray, how—how did you get here ? "

" Oh, that's nothing when you know the way."

" But where did you come from ? "

" From the moon of course, that is, just immediately, but I have done a lot of travelling in these parts lately, and really cannot remember all the places visited the last fifty years or so, and as it is about four hundred months since I last came to the world, it seemed time for another call."

" Oh, indeed," said Smithson, who now examined the stranger more particularly, wondering much meanwhile if he himself were really awake or dreaming. However, a few pinches, and an inspection of his cigar which glowed brightly after he had drawn in his breath more furiously than usual, convinced him that whatever this strange visitant might be, he, Jabez Smithson, was alive and awake, capable of feeling pain, and liable to choke if tobacco smoke went the wrong way.

The oddity before him was clothed in glistening material, such as Smithson had never seen. It shone with metallic lustre, fitting somewhat closely, but rose and fell in folds, whilst the little creature expanded and shrank with every breath. And every now and then, a rapid vibration seemed to pass beneath the texture, as of some fluid hidden beneath. At times all was very bright, at others duller in hue. And those arms never kept still, they worked round and round continually, so that Smithson concluded the shoulders must be furnished with ball bearings, and he wondered whether the apparatus was protected by patent in the moon—or elsewhere,

" You see, things are progressing in the world pretty fast now,

and it is very interesting to me. Of course we know perfectly well what will happen to you funny people here eventually, but the process of evolution—as you call it—is distinctly interesting—so here we are again.”

“ So I perceive,” said Smithson. “ You have evidently been here before—for by the way you can speak our language perfectly.”

“ Why, yes, of course, though I can hardly recall ever carrying on a conversation with a human being. But frequent visits to this planet have enabled me to study most of your languages. And English is what I prefer listening to. It is much nicer than Chinese. And that old Egyptian was horrid. I used to think it must have made their teeth ache—the way they pronounced their words you know—but of course you don’t, as you never heard it.”

“ Oh ! I am glad you prefer English.”

But here the Englishman’s teeth began to chatter and his voice failed him.

“ It isn’t altogether preference. Of course, we know, and you don’t, that very soon it will be the language of the world—there will be no other.”

“ Why, how *can* you know ?

“ Know what will happen, do you mean ? ”

“ Yes.”

The old fellow laughed merrily, but ended with a gesture of contempt.

“ Why, what do you take me for ? ”

Here he suddenly gave a kind of shake, and kicked out with both his small legs at once, and to Smithson’s horror and amazement, instead of being the little pigmy he had looked down upon, the speaker shot up to a huge stature, and Jabez quaked with fear at his feet.

“ Come down,” he cried, “ I like you better the other way very much ? ”

The giant tapped his head and in a trice was his original size once more.

“ There,” he said, “ can you do that ? No, of course not. Well, you see, I can, and many other things too. We don’t have to keep the same size like you’ people. And as for the future, why, instead of being poor creatures who’ hardly dare



hazard an opinion about the weather for one day—if I couldn't tell you what was going to happen any time during three thousand years or so, I'd swallow the nearest comet neat ! ”

“ Indeed ! ” gasped Smithson.

“ Certainly. Now then, what would *you* like to know ? ”

This was rather a large order, for Smithson wanted to know a good many things.

In the first place he wished that it might be fine on his wedding day, he also would much have liked to ask if that marriage would prove a happy one ; and he was even imaginative enough to wonder what might be the future of his descendants. How interesting to know all that !

“ Well ? ” asked the little man, as no answer was forthcoming.

“ There are so many things a man would like to know.”

“ Precisely.”

“ You see I am going to be married, for instance ! ”

“ *Are* you ? ” said the other in a tone that seemed fraught with considerable doubt.

“ For God's sake don't say I am not,” cried Smithson in great alarm.

“ I didn't.”

And then the old hunchback burst out laughing.

“ I don't see anything to laugh at.”

Smithson for the moment forgot his peculiar powers, and to see this diminutive creature apparently making merry over the most sacred and important part of his life was exasperating.

“ Of course you don't—I can quite understand. But then you cannot see what I do. At that particular moment I was looking ahead a good many hundred years, and what I saw in fact, looked so very different from what you were picturing in your imagination, that if you could only have the same view, my laughter would appear quite excusable. You are going to marry—is it possible ? ”

And here he had an uncontrollable fit of merriment.

“ Look 'here,” said Smithson, who now felt it a point of honour to become nettled—“ if you don't stop laughing and explain yourself—”

“ No, no, my friend, don't ! You might put me in a passion, and that would be awkward for you.”

Smithson was further impressed when the old gentleman again kicked out his little legs, and immediately rose some thirty feet in the air, where he resumed his natural size ; and then, after turning round a few times, descended in front of him once more.

"There ! do you see *that* ! It is another trick of mine, and I can assure you there are plenty more where it came from."

"I beg your pardon," said Smithson very humbly. "But you know we mortals are rather prone to take offence about such matters. I should be so much obliged to you, though, if you could just tell me what so amused you."

"Well, that's more polite, any way. Now look here, what you ask for is almost impossible. Because do you see, you have not got a synchronous anachronistic teinoscope."

"No, indeed."

"Well, you see, I have, and a very good one it is ; just new," holding a small stone like a crystal to his eye. "It is sighted up to 3942 years of your time, and taking a great interest in the population question of this world, I have come down here to experiment with it. There is a new invention just out in Mars, I believe, by means of which you can get a distinct view of some things up to 6000 years—or more. But so far, I understand, it has one—to me—fatal objection—the intermediate aspects are often cloudy and unreliable. It may be very well as a toy, or for showing what the possibilities of the instrument are, but for all practical purposes it is useless. I am simply a scientific observer of eventualities, and require accuracy in my instruments at least. My deductions are often sufficiently inaccurate," he added with a wink, "but what I see, I see."

Wagging his head he then presented the teinoscope to Smithson, saying: "Well, perhaps you might try your hand, only it requires a very steady one. You must, too, keep your mind closely fixed on each scene as it comes before you—or—or you'll get mixed."

This was all very well, but Jabez felt a trepidation very natural to any one using such an uncanny thing for the first time, and his preliminary attempt was something like a failure.

He looked—and was amazed.

Before him stood, raced, flew or danced, every form of plant and animal life.

At first all seemed in inextricable confusion. But presently he was able to see the separate objects more clearly—both large and small—and very small indeed some were. Gregarine and infusorian, coral zoophytes and jellyfish, sea anemones, barnacles and shrimps—a pieropod, sluggish tortoises and playful lizards—snakes of every size and birds of every plumage.

At times all seemed blurred and incomprehensible; at times—though whether through his management of the instrument or by its automatic action he could not be certain—the minutest and hugest became plainly visible—and now and again presented a rehearsal of all terrestrial life from primordial to kainozoic and later times.

Protoplasm followed by proto-Lacillus, protozoan, amoeba, synamoeba, gastrula, hydra, medusa, worm and fish, birds and reptiles, marsupials, mammals—and all the monkey tribe grinning and chattering in a horrid realistic way.

He had a view of the Palaeozoic period from Permian to Laurentian; of the Secondary from Cretaceous to Triassic; of the Tertiary from Eocene to Pliocene—a view of much that was beautiful and much that was hideous, strange, weird and terrible.

An Ichthyosaurus swam close by, and made him jump, a Plesiosaurus stretched out its head—but retreated, and just in time as it seemed. In turn he was interested, entranced—terrified. Evolution, sexual and natural selection—all was apparent; the ghastly struggle for existence through all time, the survival of the fittest. How they varied, how they fought, how they loved, how they multiplied! It was terrible.

But the greatest shock he received was from the sight—it was but a glimpse—of the Quaternary age.

Here were animals and creatures familiar to him, but also mammoths, huge woolly elephants and great bears, and fighting with them and other things for their very existence, nude men and women, whose lives and deaths made his flesh creep. With a yell of terror he all but dropped the synchronous anachronistic teinoscope.

“Great Sirius!” cried its owner, seizing his hand. “Don’t do that! Why, you fool of a human mammal, whatever are you doing!” And again he laughed—and that laugh was now bitter and contemptuous.”

"Why you laugh I do not know," said Jabez Smithson, who quickly lost his terror, and became enraged. "If all you have come down to the world for, is to make fun of us Lords of Creation, the sooner you go back to the moon or Mars with your beastly anachro—"

"Lords of Creation ! you crass katabolic specimen of your too prolific bipeds ! You've been looking in at the wrong end of it. Turn the thing the other way round. Like all your race, you *will* study the past and glorify the present. Look through the future, on and on into the æons—and if you are not frightened *then*, you are no man ?"

Thus instructed and compelled against his will by that cynical laughing sorcerer at his side, he looked once more.

"See ! see," cried the scorner, whilst, with demoniac laughter that served as a pitiless running accompaniment, he acted the part of a showman, interjecting sadly appropriate remarks, as a series of scenes were vividly presented to the astonished man.

In endless procession came men and women, rapidly passing down the length and breadth of a gloomy valley. Above, the sky was dark—and only occasional patches of sunlight fell on the way. It appeared as if these multitudes were travelling in almost parallel lines. But the ranks of the men had their faces ever turned towards those of the women—they fought with one another for positions nearest to them, and these in their turn as a rule drew back from the pugnacious hordes. The valley, though, was narrow, and there was no escape for the weaker sex. And so, thus hemmed in, many were captured—some willingly and happily, but more against their wills, compelled to join the men, and submit to them in all things.

"The more the merrier !" cried the cynical showman.

And then as if from the very earth, there swarmed children male and female, and these caused much discomfort in that already too crowded vale of misery.

And here Jabez Smithson noted that whilst more boys appeared at first, they seemed sooner to weary—sooner to die ! He was fond of statistics, and would have liked to make calculations.

"Count away !" screamed the voice in his ear, "it will do you good."

"They come and go too fast," said Jabez.

"I'll help you, man. You will find by counting, if you work my arithmometer correctly—there, I quite forgot—it was left behind in Saturn—so I must tell you from memory. For every 100 little girls brought into this sad scene, there are 104 little boys, but soon as they grow up, the proportion changes, and there are in reality alive 106 females for every 100 males. Perhaps you know, my Lord of Creation, that out of every million boys, in 21 years from birth there remain some 675,000; whilst a million girls will leave more than 700,000 to go on this rough and toilsome journey."

Jabez felt a strange foreboding.

"We notice too that should a mother die first, the father survives  $9\frac{1}{2}$  years, but widows will live  $11\frac{1}{2}$  years!"

"Is it possible?"

"Statistics prove it, man—they can do without them," cried his tormentor.

Then again he looked and saw that though at first the women were hard pressed, and even when willingly submitting, had to bear the discomfort and mostly the care of rearing their offspring—in fact the worst of the journey in all respects—they, by degrees, partly as with exasperation they asserted their rights, and partly because at the lower end of the valley the way was smoother and more suitable for their tender feet—by slow degrees, were able to press the men back, so that now the ranks of both sexes moved along the other side of the valley.

Now upon that side grew trees bearing various fruits, and these the women had rarely reached. The men formerly from their position were able to pluck all that was necessary for life, and held out the food as bribes to the unfortunate women. But now they had pressed nearer, and touched and tasted what was once forbidden fruit, without such aid—offered though it might be with entreaty!

"No, thank you!" cried the voice.

And as time went on the women kept more together—so did the men.

For besides tasting and plucking the fruits, the former had learned and loved independence, they wearied of male interference:

they were too much occupied to care for those feeble children—and so there were fewer boys and girls.

And then again, as time went on, and the men could not for the crowd get near the trees, they even were pressed to the other side of the valley—and grew weaker for want of food and want of exertion. And again, it appeared, as fewer mated, there were still fewer children. The way grew easier; so the women could more quickly pick the fruits, and by reason of their greater numbers too, left less and less for the men. And females now multiplied quite alarmingly. It seemed to happen thus.

Those men who still could secure partners in the journey were wise. They saw that their sisters had success, and families of boys were looked upon with dread—but girls were nurtured with increasing skill and solicitude. They, therefore, too, exercised much care in choosing wives. The mothers by “selection,” natural and sexual, though how it was, none could say, any more than we quite know how these things are in a measure responsible for each species of bird and animal—were chosen from families whose offspring were most often girls. Pedigrees were kept and studied with this end in view, and scientific discovery assisting—the tendency rapidly increased. Boys were rare.

It was a terrible mystery to Jabez Smithson, but there before him thrived increasing multitudes of women, and there as rapidly decreased and dwindled away the *Lords of Creation—the men!*

Philanthropists cried aloud for reform—but it was too late! Polyandry was tried but to no purpose; all that Science and even Art could suggest was resorted to.

For things were now reversed, and like the spiders studied by the American naturalists, the males “vied with each other in making an elaborate display not only of their grace and agility, but also of their beauty before the females.”

But all to no purpose; without parthenogenesis the race was doomed. The balance of sex had been disturbed. Lower and lower fell population. The world was getting old very fast.

Woman's triumph had come—all her wrongs were righted.

But as Jabez Smithson gazed attentively, he saw the procession diminish very rapidly indeed, until in a misty distance only one frail old woman appeared, staggering, tottering with uncertain

steps, finally to be lost in the dark perspective of that narrow valley. The attenuated figure was gone, the last of the race had passed away. Malthus himself could not complain, for all on earth were dead.

Poor Smithson was so affected he dropped the synchronous anachronistic teinoscope.

"I thought as much," cried the owner. "There is nothing like showing men their real position and dependence on women to give them a scare. But bad as you are, I feel sorry for you, and although you've injured my teinoscope by your clumsy manipulation, I forgive you. Yes, I see, I must take it back to the nearest planet for repairs. I suppose you do not care to accompany me, as long as there are any women in the world—so good-night!"

With this parting shot, and loud sardonic laughter, which echoed through the trees, he vanished at the setting of the moon, and Jabez Smithson was left alone.

FRANCIS GELDART.

*England.*

## OUR EMPEROR.

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**T**HERE have been kings and emperors of various kinds in the past. Some whose careers adorn the pages of history, others who have proved so many curses to humanity.

We read in history of kings deified and apotheosised, whose faces were looked upon as visions of the Almighty, whose persons were held sacred, who were supposed never to err, whose word was law, who were adored, and even after they were no more their effigies and representative idols were worshipped and are often worshipped in the present age.

Kings who were regarded as personifications of the Deity, his vicars on this terrestrial globe. They were looked upon as sources of infinite good, the embodiments of all that is divine. Super-human attributes were believed to be possessed by them.

Kings who rose to the dignity of kingship by reason of their personal valour and prowess, arch warriors, mighty men with colossal physical strength, who were dreaded like Titans : these sons of Mars wielded tremendous power over the clans or the tribes they sprung from and subjugated their neighbours.

Kings who, for love of military glory, overran continents with a desire to conquer the whole world, whose armies would not let grass grow under their feet, who enslaved millions wherever they went, whose names are emblazoned in the annals of history as monsters of devilry.

The world has seen kings whose names pass as proverbial emblems of blood-thirstiness and tyranny, their deeds make the hair stand on end ; for instance, making a suspected minister eat his son's liver cooked as a meal, drinking the blood of the vanquished, treating human skulls and human skins as trophies of war. A king



has been heartless to such a degree as to fiddle when a city before his eyes was being burnt and the inhabitants roasted in the flames.

There have been kings also who had double personalities : they pretended as messengers of the Almighty and preached sermons on religion and ethics, and at the same time were steeped in voluptuousness and dissipation, having sometimes a thousand women in their harems, whose households were veritable abominations where every pie of the exchequer was spent on feeding and enriching their minions who played havoc with the people whose blood was sucked to fill the coffers of the state.

The world has seen malignant, malevolent and vandalist kings who appeared as devils in human form, who mutilated every idol and every statue they saw, destroyed every temple they came across, set fire to libraries and other places where the knowledge of ages was stored, who devastated every country they passed through, and in the passage demolished every work of art. These evil spirits put back the world's progress by centuries. They regarded all human knowledge to be injurious to humanity, and in fits of frenzy inflicted unspeakable tortures on those who pursued science and philosophy. One shudders at the description of the deeds of these diabolic spirits on God's earth.

Divine retribution has visited all those who have troubled humanity, the tyrants with their coadjutors have perished, leaving posterity to record their evil deeds as lessons to the survivors. The law of Karma could not be trifled with.

But we must not forget that there have been kings, beneficent souls who carved edicts on pillars and stones for the moral edification of their subjects, who followed in practice the same self-discipline, self-control and self-denial which they preached to their subjects. Precepts were accompanied by example, making the world happier. The money realised from the subjects was spent in works of beneficence of a variety of descriptions. We know of Emperors whose meditations descended down to posterity as sublimest codes of morality. We have had kings who proved as ideals for man : purity of domestic life, filial obedience, fraternal love, fidelity to their spouses are on record to be held up as models. The world has not been wanting in kings who were lovers

of art, encouragers of science, who civilised the people by education, organised society, made humane laws, held all life sacred, protected person and property, whose names are remembered with reverence and love. These benefactors of the human race left the world the better.

We have, moreover, on record instances of crowned heads in the zenith of glory becoming sick of earthly luxuries and satiated with all that riches, influence and power could procure ; they renounced the world and became its teachers, peripatetic mendicants chanting hymns calculated to impress the public mind with the inanities of life and the impermanence of all that is earthly. Whose precious words, emanating from pure love, are engraven imperishably and indelibly on the hearts of the people.

Examples may be multiplied of various sorts of kings who have walked God's earth. The world, the progressive world, has out-lived all. Slowly and steadily better sense has prevailed, what was regarded as laudable at one time is now regarded as reprehensible. The whole code of morality has undergone change in all particulars. The minority who were tortured for the vindication of truth, justice and morality, have come out triumphant. The people proved too strong to be crushed and enslaved by autocrats. Governments too have, with varying difference of detail, become popular all over the world. Science has converted the whole human race into one family, the whole world as one household. Religious intolerance is a thing of the past. It is the happiness of his subjects which every king is now bent or forced to promote ; the power of harm and mischief has been snatched from every tyrant.

What the subjects want now is

- (a) A strong yet sympathetic Government, whether the ultimate head is a King or President of a republic.
- (b) The head of Government should be scrupulously moral, whose personal character should be such as to be held as an ideal for the subjects.
- (c) A beneficent head of Government, whose purse, energy and time should be spent in the amelioration of the condition of his people, and whose heart is moved at any misfortune of his people and who is ever ready to afford relief to the distressed and grieved.

Let us now inquire whether our Emperor who is going to be crowned in December next in the imperial city of Delhi fulfils the characteristics noted above. I, for one, would say that he does so eminently. Let us, one and all, do him the homage due to him and loyally pray for long life to him and to his beloved Queen, his help-mate in all that is good and beneficial for their subjects all over the world.

SHEO NARAIN.

*Lahore*

## FROM AN ODE OF HAFIZ.

زاهد خلوت بشین دروش به میخانه شد  
از سر پیمان گذشت بر سر پیمانه شد

Last night a cloistered hermit to the House of Wine repaired  
And clean forgetting all his vows to taste the cup he dared.

شاهد عهد شباب آمده بودش بخواب  
بار به دیوانه سر عاشق و دیوانه شد

The mistress of his youthful days came to him in a dream  
With frenzied love his gray hair once again did he redeem.

مذبحه می گذشت را بزن دین و دل  
در به آن آتفا از همه بیگانه شد

A youthful Magian passing by robbed him of heart and creed  
Pursuing that Beloved he was estranged from all indeed.

آتش رخسار گل خرمن بلبل بسوخت  
چهره خندان شمع آفت پران شد

The Rose's fiery cheek burnt what possessed the Nightingale  
The Candle's smiling face consumed the Moth who was so frail.

گر به شام و صبح شکر که ضائع نگشت  
قطره باران ما گوی یکدانه شد

Thank God the tears at dusk and dawn I did not shed in vain  
Into a matchless pearl was turned each drop my eyes did rain.

نرگس ساقی بخواند آیت افسونگری  
حلقتم ارراد ما گردش بینامه شد

The Saqi's Nargas eyes have cast on me such magic spell  
Into revolving cups transform the beads I nightly tell.

صوفی میجلاس که دی جام و قدح میشکست  
دش به یی جرعه می غافل و فرزاده شد

The Sufi who breaking cups and flagons yesterday  
Last night a single draught of Wine brought him to Wisdom's way.

منزل حافظ کنون بارگه کبریاست  
دل بر دلدار رفت جان بر جانانه شد

Now Hafiz sojourns in the high abode of Deity  
His life returns to Life, his heart with his Sweetheart shall be.

U. S.

*Mussavee.*

## ROMAN CATHOLICISM—ENGLAND'S COMING RELIGION.

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THE Hindus have one religion and many castes. Reversing this state of things, England has many religions and one caste, for our class distinctions have of course nothing in common with the strict Hindu ideal on the subject. Our faiths are numbered by the hundred ; most of them assert that they are based on one book, the Bible. The fact that though thus based they differ so fundamentally is now arousing a certain shame in the religious consciousness. Formerly, among a large section of Christians there was pride in this fact ; it was even held that Divinity had intended such different renderings of the truth and that each soul was the better for standing alone. Now, however, it is being realised that the English soul is not so superior to those of other nations as to do without other guidance. A new desire for union has sprung up ; some are asking for consolidation among the Protestant faiths, but more are looking towards Catholicism. Every year there has been a steady increase of converts to Catholicism, while Catholics, though they may become indifferent, seldom return the compliment by taking to Protestantism. Thus England is becoming surely, though perhaps slowly, a country of real and nominal Roman Catholics, and it seems only a question of time before her return to Romish rule becomes as much a political possibility as Ireland's does now.

What is the reason for this trend ? Before dealing with the various causes, sociological and otherwise, one must understand what Roman Catholicism is. Roman Catholicism is the one sect of Christianity which Hindus can understand. To use a plain word, it has drama in it. There are fasts and penances, pilgrimages and ceremonials. Time and eternity are linked

together by the intercession which the living make for the dead, and instead of the one Protestant God, a lonely President, we have God the King and the Court of Heaven, saints, martyrs, confessors, all familiar personalities to be familiarly addressed, in ascending scales of merit. This faith should appeal to the Hindu mind which also understands that real simplicity of faith is obtained through non-simplicity of ritual. The Protestants (speaking of the larger section of them at least) believe that ceremonial is not only unnecessary, but even injurious. Every man is his own priest; every man reaches the inner life not by preparation but by some special act of God directed specially towards himself. Thus, in the Protestant religion there is no priesthood. There are ministers of religion who sometimes call themselves priests, but they are merely lecturers or social entertainers and exercise no spiritual authority over members of their flock, unless these members happen to be quite poor people.

Protestantism took its rise in England during the Tudor period and was due to two causes. The first was the newly awakened sense of nationality. England was one at last, no longer torn by internal strife; also it was beginning to feel that any connection with the continent was weakening and not strengthening to the young country. It was freeing and striving to free itself from all such continental control, from Spain (an ultra Roman Catholic country) which threatened it especially. It was feeling with pride, no longer with humility, its insular position. Why should it not also possess a religion of its own? This sentiment combined with certain historical facts, the rule of a wicked King for instance, to cause the downfall of Rome in this country. Beneath all outward history, however, there is the history of the human mind, and there was one sociological fact which perhaps had little influence at the time, but which certainly helped in later days to make the change permanent and to prevent any return to Catholicism. Putting it crudely, Protestantism in those early days was seen to be a cheaper religion than Catholicism. A faith which denies the need of ritual and which proclaims that the soul is saved through justification by faith without works or ceremonial is necessarily, to put the matter crudely, less expensive than one in which ritual and almsgiving are absolutely essential. New England at this period,

and still more a century later, was beginning a new busy commercial life. Her genius had turned away from the cloister and the study, and was in the counting-house and the ship of adventure, which was really commerce in another form. For this new life an easy, simple non-ritualistic faith was desired, and as the commercial spirit increased, so also did Protestantism. Commercialism and Protestantism (that is to say, a non-ritualistic faith) are in fact almost inevitably bound together. We see the apotheosis of the Protestant spirit in the American whose altar is a bible-text on the wall from which he gets a sacramental blessing in a moment. He must take his religion like everything else in tabloid form, and with a rush. It is well known that the American, who lives this life, is the most difficult type to convert to Catholicism. He attributes this to his manly independence. It is really due, however, to the sociological fact that he leads a busy life, generally unsettled, and liable to ups and downs. The same facts are noticed in England. Tradesfolk and commercial people generally are Protestant; Catholic converts are made among the professional people, or people sheltered from industrial upheavals, whether such upheavals are to their benefit or the reverse. It is a well-known fact, for instance, that among the poorer classes domestic servants are the most inclined to Catholicism. The factory worker or odd job worker has no time to consider a ritualistic religion. His type of avocation threatening change, replete with industrial struggle, prevents him from feeling the desire. The religion to attract him then is one in which much will be accorded him in return for but one effort of mind or soul.

As it happens, however, there have lately arisen other tendencies which minimise the effect of this modernism. One of these is our new-found interest in the so-called "dark ages." We now discover what Protestant bias prevented us from learning before—that these ages had a light of their own, and that their religious superstitions were few and harmless compared with the superstitions of rationalism to-day. In particular we are discovering that many individual rights, even democratic rights, were more common in the middle ages than now. The poor man was better looked after. The monks in a simple way settled industrial troubles in a manner which we, with all our knowledge of economics, have as yet failed

to do. With the destruction of the monasteries and the rise of Protestantism came the Poor Law, which was cruellest when Protestantism was strongest, that is to say, in the early part of the nineteenth century. Even to-day the cruelty exists. It is literally true that a certain percentage in the grim prisons of to-day are thus incarcerated for the simple reason that being hungry they asked for bread. As our litterateur Chesterton puts it, they asked for bread and were given not merely a stone but stones all round them. The prison solitary system and the Poor Law system, both calculated to do great injury without corresponding benefit, are the result of Protestantism. We are always talking of amending these results, but they hold us now in too tight a chain, it is feared, ever to be broken by ordinary legislation. Only a complete change in the mind of the nation, a different spiritual outlook, will really give us back our rights and our privileges.

It is difficult, of course, for the backward among us to realise that national hope is in the Catholic religion and, on the higher plane of life, in that alone. Eastern nations, however, may understand this, for have they not often found that when they forsake ritual for some so-called simpler creed, not only is simplicity of heart lost, but retrogression instead of progress is the result? Till quite recently English minds have been rather lured away by the creed of Rationalism and Humanity. It is literally true, however, that a man has only to embrace the creed of humanitarianism in order to become inhumane. Strange ideas are in our air and so little does our psychically stupid race comprehend the power of thought that none are aware how we jeopardise our liberties by encouraging such notions as matters of debate. One notes, for instance, a recent speech at the Guildhall when was enunciated the horrible creed of eliminating the unfit—the unfit being, of course, the poor. This idea is as yet no part of politics, but it is not realised that an idea exploited as a mere literary *tour de force*, tends after a while to be taken seriously before those who half unintentionally promulgated it, are quite aware of the mischief that they have done. Bernard Shaw's talk of the superman, treated just as a literary joke, has helped on the absurd idea that by legislation, especially marital legislation, we can produce some superior race not cursed with Adamić sin. Hence



there is a more callous view of poor humanity than was formerly the case ; in Protestant eyes, poverty, by mediæval Catholics placed as a virtue, is now ranked as a crime. To have failed on the material plane is the same as to have failed on the spiritual plane. A woman, for instance, who is too sick and poor to work hard enough for her children, will see them taken away from her to be brought up apart, her motherhood ignored. Hospitals in former times were places for the cure of bodies. There might be ignorance, but at least the sufferer was the person to be considered. Now too often he is regarded as mere " clinical material " as the medical phrase goes. To this day, for instance, hospitals are erected in the noisiest centres of London, because this is more convenient for the doctors ; that is to say, patients are kept ill or die through noise or close air because the study of science which was inaugurated for the benefit of the suffering is now more important in itself than the cause for which it was instituted. Humanity is sacrificed to humanitarianism, and for vague unprovable good to the next generation we advocate the despoiling of our own. Now Catholicism has a certain ideal of morale which substantially has never altered since its inception. Such ideas as those mentioned are utterly abhorrent to its spirit ; those who enter Catholicism believing only in its dogma, find themselves inoculated as by magic with its spirit of loathing for such interference with and debasement of humanity. The realisation of this strength in Catholicism is drawing towards the older faith those clear-sighted individuals who see the real danger in the modern trend. Again, the growing wish for union against those evils creates a desire to swell the ranks of the Roman Catholic Church. For the Anglican Church is too much divided in itself to have any force. It began with the ideal of nationalism, but so many have seceded into other sects (there are now about three hundred faiths in England where in the days before Anglicanism there was but one) that its chief reason for existing is proved to have failed.

Another factor that increases the trend towards Catholicism is the discovery of its justice towards women. Women's Rights are to the fore at present, and in those time-excursions that are now made to mediævalism women are discovering their lost privileges firmly embedded in the sands of the middle ages. The Woman's

Age of India is, I believe, situated much further back in time than it is in England, but probably educated Hindus are better acquainted with their own history than we are even yet with ours. Most English readers are quite unaware how much the non-Catholic legislation of the last three or four centuries has deprived women of their rights. An enlightening instance of this occurred the other day when a Roman Catholic, on a quibble, deserted his wife, taking away her children. The Protestant press thereupon discoursed on the evils of Catholicism, the interference of priests and the consequent break-up of homes. A suffragist pointed out, however, that it was the modern non-Catholic secular law which gave a man power to act thus to his wife and practically leave her deserted and penniless. Under the Catholic *régime* a woman had her dower, while she had a greater chance of inheriting money and lands from her father; the old entails, of which but a few now exist, allowed the daughter to claim title and estates if there were no sons. The entails of later days cut her off entirely, so that a male heir with perhaps little of the real descent in his blood, would rule in defiance of what is natural right. Divorce, again, was in Catholic days forbidden equally to man or woman, showing a great fairness to women, since it is true that while unfaithfulness only may mean lack of conjugal devotion in the man, in the wife it must mean so. In India there was a time when the learned woman was esteemed and took precedence. On a par with this were the Catholic mediæval times when learning was as free to women as to men. Only the rise of Protestantism prevented the opening of the universities to women when the new system of learning came into vogue. For three centuries women have been shut out of their rights and have just now won them back partially and at great cost. Since religion is rising again, it is well for us that it is taking the Catholic and not the Protestant trend.

Protestantism, under the pretence of exalting woman as a wife and mother, has done its best to destroy her personality. One sees this in the saying of its apostle Martin Luther, that the Rights of Women were three children before twenty and seven afterwards. One sees it in the horror of the average Cabinet Minister if any Suffrage Bill purport to enfranchise the spinster more than the married woman. He calls spinsters the "less worthy portions of the commu-

nity." To exalt the wife and mother seems well, but there is a subtle danger in it. An interesting example of this occurred when Laurence Housman, a well-known litterateur, speaking at a woman's club the other day, gave a brilliant exposition on the modern woman. Laurence Housman is an enthusiastic suffragist and believes himself our advocate. Neither he nor his supporters, however, seemed able to think of woman except as man's companion. That she should be raised to his side was honour sufficient. It was left to a Hindu gentleman present to extol Woman as a personality and to praise the Woman alone. India is popularly associated with the ideal of woman as a submissive chattel only, so that it came as a surprise to find the Hindu with the superior view-point. It is the view-point of the Roman Catholic also that to be the companion of God is better than to be the companion of man. The worship of maternity sounds very idealistic—it is part of the Humanity creed of the rationalists to-day—but there is danger in it, for after all it is not the human but the divine in us that should be worshipped. God became Man, but we have never heard that Man ever became God.

On broader grounds than these, however, Roman Catholicism is appealing to the people so that a "wistful wonder" is replacing the old bigotry. The truth is that the English cannot live without an enthusiasm; for some centuries their enthusiasm was politics, but now that is failing them. We have talked in our hypocritical fashion of the Game of Politics, always flattering ourselves inwardly that we unnecessarily belittled ourselves, that there was seriousness underneath. Now the Game is proved to be only a Game after all, useless, expensive, and, worst sin of all, dull. Power has fled from the machinery of Government; the party system renders reform almost ineffectual; and power is given into the hands of cabinet ministers, who change prison systems, interfere with magisterial decisions, and altogether act as autocrats in their own departments. As someone has pointed out, the infallibility of the Pope is nothing to the infallibility of Lloyd George. The Pope has to be careful and "use his infallibility sparingly," as not only he but all later Popes must adhere to his edict. A cabinet minister's "infallible" statements may contradict themselves continually, and the populace have no remedy. As a result, the children of those

who professed a nominal religion and an enthusiastic political creed are now reversing things and professing a nominal political creed and a genuine religion. Enthusiasm and even interest are leaving politics; the enthusiasm must go somewhere and it is going to religion. England certainly does not now deserve its old title, "The Island of Saints," but there is still the religious spirit which only wants what it has not had under Protestantism—training and outlet.

There are many grave dangers in the modern world to-day. Family life is menaced as it never was in older times by the growing disinclination for parental cares; industrial troubles again threaten us, all the more because they invite the false remedies of socialism and invite anarchy. Against these and other evils this ever new, ever old Church presents unfailing remedies. Roman Catholics, however, fail a little in certain directions. They do not perceive that they must be as anxious to alter the present state of industrialism as socialism. It is our present industrial conditions that foster protestantism and non-religion generally, because they lead to a condition of mind in which it is impossible to take an interest in religion. The most simple-living priest, secure in his order, yet does not understand poverty though he is pledged to poverty; for modern poverty does not consist in doing without things; it consists in not knowing whether one will have them or not. It is computed that about thirty or forty per cent. of the persons in London are bound to irregular means of livelihood and cannot depend upon their own merit to keep them in their position in life. Such persons, seeing themselves in an ill-managed world, tend to become agnostic or to take up one of the "simple" faiths, notably that in which God is a Universal Provider on whom one draws a cheque. This belief, as might be expected, comes from America. Such faiths arise from the unsettlement of modern times, and from the absence of legislation which would make the position of all who work more secure, and give real leisure, which is leisure not from work or even overwork, but from the perpetual canker of care and uncertainty. The Pope in his mandate against modernism should remember that this modernism which ordains not that Adam shall work in the sweat of his brow (which is according to God's law) but which ordains that he shall

not work at all but become a drifter and a waster, is also something which his Church, for its own sake, must fight against.

CONSTANCE CLYDE.

*London.*

## ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR.

Oh, sing to her a farewell dirge and bear  
Her hallowed bier with blithesome hearts ; she gives  
Us joys for e'er to cast away our care :  
In her our monarch's crowning glory lives.  
Oh, sing a farewell for her glorious death.  
The haughty hall and lowly hamlet ring  
With sounds of many a loud rejoicing strain ;  
As when the clouds of summer at one breath  
Shower the thirsty earth and merriment bring  
Unto the anxious heart of many a swain.

Oh, what if winter hath thy garment torn,  
Or blanched thy locks with unrelenting snow  
And raging winds ? Just cause have we to mourn  
Thy loss, Departing Year. What if clouds glow  
Awhile and run within thy heavens blue ?  
She has her beauty still ; she is not dead  
But lives for ever ; like the Phoenix rare  
Which springs unseen in glory bright anew  
From out her sacred smouldering ashy bed  
She reappears in fresh-born beauty fair.

Oh, speed to that imperial city where  
Immortal kings reigned, still immortal made,  
Adored by ancient bards of fancy rare ;  
Where the dread conqueror threatening long delayed  
His grim inglorious march. But now no noise  
Of hideous contest's cannon-roar doth mar  
Her life of peace. Past is the louring gloom ;  
The city-rings with long-forgotten joys ;  
Her towers and domes all shine diviner far  
Than art divine. Her royal gates unbar ;  
Oh speed, thou never hast a mortal's tomb.

Departing Year, thy beauty never fades ;  
The curling mist upon the crystal lake  
Glistens in morning's crimson-coloured shades  
Of brightening light ; the verdant meadows wake  
With early-kindling flowers ; the cuckoo sings  
Her notes from groves and valleys far and near ;  
The summer rose and jasmine blossoms fill  
The air with odours sweet ; and autumn brings  
Her nights of moonshine-showers ; thus every year  
Renews her harmonies and wonders still.

V. VENKATARAMANA RAO

*Madras.*

## HOW TO SATISFY THE DEMANDS OF INDIA.

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**I**N the last century the religious world was far from having the monopoly of the missionary spirit. That is, if we understand by the word that spirit, animating many excellent men, which assumes that everything which has reached its possessors, either in doctrine or in practice is the best, if not the only guide for other races, however different their antecedents and evolution. Many men of that time of whom their country is justly proud were utilitarians, bent on practical ends without much reference to the spiritual element in human life. But, no less than their religious contemporaries they were earnestly disposed to extend to foreign countries the advantages which they deemed themselves to possess. And this spirit of propagation was especially directed to the newly acquired regions and races of India, the enlightenment of whom on European lines was generally regarded as an imperative obligation. Especially was this the conviction at the India House, where the influence of James Mill was all-powerful. So far back as the Governorship of Lord Cornwallis the form of missionary spirit which we are considering was applied to Indian finance. Under the native governments from time immemorial, the general doctrine in those oriental lands with which Europeans were in closest contact was that the legitimate source of public revenue was the surplus produce of the land; and it was that doctrine which Strabo, the Greek geographer in the last century before the Christian era, enforced in the words "all the land is royal." The despot—by whatever name known—might have many irregular sources of profit, and might plunder his subjects so far as they were unable to resist; but this was always

regarded as tyrannical ; in ordinary times the royal revenue was to be derived from the land. To the early English rulers of India this was anathema ; the land in England and Scotland was all private property with the exception of parks and forests specially set apart for the King's use. Hence it was regarded as essential to good government that in all British possessions in India a similar rule should prevail. A landlord there must be for every estate ; and where should that landlord be found except in the person of the *Zamindar* ? In those days of backward scholarship it was not noticed that this was a Persian word no more implying that the *Zamindar* was the owner of the *Zamin* than did the word *Thanadar* imply that the official so-called was the owner of his *Thana* or Police Station. This mistake was the origin of the famous permanent settlement of Bengal under which the farmer found himself suddenly clothed with full proprietary rights, subject only to the payment of a quit-rent or land-tax fixed for all time to come without any reference to such vicissitudes as might hereafter affect the value of money. The proprietary right thus acquired naturally became subject to mortgage and sale, in either of which cases a stranger was generally introduced who had only too little regard for the interests of the tenants by whom the cultivation of the land was actually carried on : and a widespread danger to the humbler classes was thus caused by the benevolent intentions of the Government. The evil went on increasing as the transfers became more usual ; but was not until the Viceroyalty of Lord Dufferin that a partial remedy was found in the Bengal Tenancy Act (Act X. of 1859).

Another instance of mischievous, though benevolent, activity was afforded by the educational policy of Lord W. Bentinck inspired by his principal adviser, the famous T. B. Macaulay. It was the opinion of these statesmen that oriental literature and culture—of which they knew nothing—were wholly worthless ; the echoes of the controversy thus aroused have hardly died away ; but it seems sufficient to point to the consequences that have followed from the resolution to give no education in schools or colleges supported by public money except such as ran on English lines. It seems now generally allowed that the disaffection now prevalent amongst a section of the class claiming to be educated has its origin in this policy more than in any other single source.



But of all these innovations the most obviously pernicious was the policy of annexation by which the larger part of the country was destined to be brought under direct British management. We need not suppose that the directors of the East India Company were actuated by any sordid desire of advantage to themselves or addition to the dividends of their shareholders: it was only the missionary spirit at work again. So great were the blessings of direct British administration that no opportunity ought to be neglected whereby European persons and principles should be substituted in government for those indigenous to India. Censure has been somewhat unfairly levelled against Lord Dalhousie, as if this policy had originated with him. This it did not: nevertheless it was his misfortune, if not his fault, that these extensions of direct government became very numerous during his tenure of office: on one ground or another a number of states, some of them larger than many European kingdoms, were added to the company's territory.

Some of these annexations, being the direct result of military conquest, must be subject to the usual criticism that waits on war: but there was another principle underlying many of them, namely, that which went by the name of the "doctrine of lapse." By Hindu law a childless man was required to adopt a successor by whom his funeral ceremonies should be conducted and who should carry on his position to the next generation. But in British Indian politics this rule was not recognised: a dying man might adopt an heir to such property as he possessed; but no sovereign rights could be thus conveyed. Amongst the last measures of this sort which Dalhousie had to carry out there are four requiring special notice by reason of the startling revenge which each of them called forth. The Hindu principality of Jhansi and the Mogul satrapi of Oudh fell in on account of the incompetence of their respective rulers; but the cases of the King of Delhi and the Nana of Bithur involved peculiar features of humiliation and affront which were bitterly resented. The Prince, whom we styled "King of Delhi," was no other than the representative of the house of Tamerlane by whose head the country had been ruled for two centuries, and in whose name the coinage continued to be struck down to the reign of King William IV. It was to this now aged potentate that in 1856 Dalhousie caused a message to be communicated informing him

that at his decease the family would have to evacuate the Palace of Shah Jehan and live elsewhere as private members of the community. The case of the Nana was very similar : his adoptive father had been Peshwa or President of the Maratha Confederacy which had usurped the power of the Emperor and formed the principal power in India when we appeared upon the scene : no objection was taken to the adoption in regard to private property, but the Nana was not allowed the empty title of Peshwa upon which his heart was so set that he went to the expense of sending a Mahomedan envoy to London to pray for a reconsideration of the case. This man returned unsuccessful about the same time that the affront to the royal family of Dehli took place ; and it is probable that he acted as the agent of the two offended courts of Dehli and Bithur in sowing the seeds of mutiny in the Bengal army. It is further to be noted that when Sir Hugh Wheeler and his feeble force were brought to the point of surrender at Cawnpore the Nana rejected their offer with the remark that he would have no negotiation with any who had been associated with the policy of Lord Dalhousie : and the entire party was presently put to the sword.

Every one at all conversant with British Indian history must be aware of the general outline of the revolution which followed the tragic events of '57. When Parliament had assumed the direct responsibility of Indian affairs, the newly constituted office was entrusted to a new cabinet minister, and, amongst other organic changes, the policy of annexation and the "doctrine of lapse" became as obsolete as the Court of Directors from whom they had emanated. Indeed, as years went on it almost appeared that a complete reaction had set in, native states being treated with the utmost consideration, an erring Gaekwar being removed from the throne of Baroda to be succeeded, not by a British official, but by a more eligible member of his own family ; the state of Mysore was restored to its old Hindu dynasty ; and the Maharajah of Benares was clothed with executive jurisdiction on the enlightened initiative of Sir J. D. Latouche.

It is even within the bounds of possibility that other native chiefs may be, from time to time, similarly preferred ; -so that the old principle may be reversed and it may become the rule that no fair opportunity should be neglected of restoring Home Rule to an

Indian Province, of course, subject to the advice of a British Resident as is the case with such states as still subsist.

It would be most unjust to deny that much good was done, and intentionally done to the people of India under the old *régime*. Delivered from foreign invasion and intestine anarchy, provided with the means of irrigation and facilities of transport, they have largely developed their resources, their commerce, and their population. But it may remain a question whether all this good has been done in the best way. No great human undertaking can be free from blunders ; and it is the part of wise and conscientious rulers to discover their errors and provide a remedy. Let us hope that such a course may be pursued in the present instance before the expiry of the accepted time and while there is still a fair prospect of wholesome reparation.

The early Victorians certainly meant well, and were not at all disposed to be ashamed of their doings. Indeed, they could seldom contemplate these without falling into an orgie of mutual admiration. But it has now become plain that this satisfaction was far from being shared by the Hindus. Nor is this wonderful if we consider that Hindu civilisation was formed before the Christian era, when Teuton and Celt were still clubbing each other in primeval jungles, or fishing for their dinners out of beech-bark canoes. We are now beginning to realise this ; our grandmother is old but she knows how to suck eggs, and is most likely to be harmless when most left at liberty to walk in the ways with which she has been familiarised by the practice of countless generations.

H. G. KEENE.

*England.*

## THE CONQUEST OF SOMNATH.

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*(Concluded from our last number.)*

LAHORE, weakened by his father's wars, was easily subjugated ; and Multan soon followed. The confederate forces of Ujjain, Gwalior,\* Calinger, Canauj, Delhi and Ajmere melted before the fierce vigour of Mahomed at Peshawar. The temple of Nagarcote, whose spoils inflamed his iconoclastic zeal, was his next victim. The Raja of Canauj submitted without a struggle, and was honoured by the friendship of the conqueror ; but Muttra proved too attractive a prize to be left uncoveted. The destruction of these temples worked a powerful fascination upon his grasping and ambitious mind. It gained him and his ferocious Turks the unbounded wealth with which generations of Hindu princes had enriched their sacred shrines ; it gave him the renown, always the highest in Moslem annals, of being a Breaker of Idols ; it ensured him immortality in a measure which would satisfy even the wildest freak of his imagination. The more he destroyed, the more his passion grew. North-western India was wholly his : the Punjab occupied, Canauj friendly, Calinger and Ajmere humbled. Often on many a fatal field other powers had disastrously felt the arm of the conqueror. The whole of India, wrapped in undisturbed security for centuries, saw with startled awe and confusion this meteoric torrent of barbarous warriors whose only vocation appeared to be to conquer and destroy.

The holy temples of Nagarcote and Muttra had fallen, their wealth was plundered, their shrines were desecrated, their devotees sold for Rs. 3½ per head as slaves in the market of Ghazni ; but the insatiate zeal of the destroyer remained unquenched. Rumours came to him from Hindu slaves and mercenaries that there existed a

still greater shrine—the greatest at which his wealthy neighbours worshipped—far away in the distant corner of the flourishing kingdom of Guzerat, laved by the waters of the Arabian Sea. The sacred Ganges, at a distance of over 1000 miles, supplied to it her holy water; a thousand priests had dedicated their lives to the deity's service; ten thousand villages furnished their annual income to its support; the temple was decked with gold and jewels to a degree of profusion that would have astounded even Sinbad in the very Valley of Diamonds. Such fabulous magnificence fired the pen of the Sultan's poets and the hearts of his fanatic warriors. The iconoclast himself yearned to crown his career by accomplishing its destruction.

Khwaja Hasan Maimandi, the first civil luminary of the court of Ghazni, voted against this hazardous enterprise. He evidently shared the opinion of that old lady who, some years later, epigrammatically rebuked the Sultan, for conquering what he could not govern. But the restless monarch could not brook this pacific advice. He called his brother-in-law Salar Salu, the commander of his forces and the conqueror of Kabul and Ajmere. The brave soldier could not have been better pleased than at the prospect of such a glorious conquest; but unable to join himself on being nominated viceroy in the monarch's absence, offered the services of his son Salar Masud. This young prince was a very conspicuous figure in the military circle of Ghazni. His short and heroic life spread a halo of romance around his name, and it was he who, nine years later, earned the appellation of "Prince of Martyrs" by falling bravely in battle against the combined forces of Hindu kings. The regular army of the Sultan, 54,000 strong, chiefly consisted of those intrepid centaurs—half men, half the winged steeds of Arabia—who had overrun the whole world, and who in Egypt, so late as a century ago, baffled scientific warfare directed by the superhuman genius of the invincible French general. These veterans who had won empires on the Caspian and on the Ganges, were aided by all whom the lust of conquest or the zeal of religious war inspired. And this vast host, commanded by the Sultan in person, started on this indefinite enterprise with defiant self-confidence somewhere in the September of 1024 A. D.

Multan, which, after stubborn and repeated conflicts, had

submitted to the Sultan, was the first place where he rested. 30,000 camels were prepared with provisions to supply this huge army during its weary march across one of the most dreary places in Asia. From Multan to Ajmere extends one vast, unfruitful waste of clay and sand; sudden whirlwinds blow across it with a blinding, poisonous fury; the scorching sun of the tropics glares down with unsoftened fierceness, blighting every growth of even rugged nature; no water, no verdure affords the meagrest hospitality either to men or beast. Only a few spots of scattered green relieve the barrenness of what the Hindu graphically names the land of death. Elphinstone's "Account of the Kingdom of Kabul" paints the grimness of this desert path with shuddering reality. Across this desert, fiery as Gehenna itself, with destruction yawning at every step, marched this reckless host unmindful of even the bare claims of nature, jubilant with the hopes of coming victory or the promised houries of paradise, swayed only by the master who, untiring and fierce as the wind which inexorably rushes over the untrodden wilds of nature, goaded it on to the ends of his ambition.

It is a pity that Mahomedan historians are silent on this terrible march. The resistance which the conqueror encountered, though not sufficiently effective, was obstinate enough to shed immortal glory over the Rajput name. That spirit by which, a couple of centuries before the period dealt with here, all the powers of India had gathered round the banner of the invincible Khoman to rescue historic Cheetore from Mahmud Khorasan Put, was gone. Mahomed's incessant inroads had prostrated many and enfeebled not a few of the Rajput powers. Powerful monarchs, like those of Canauj and Lahore, had sought the shelter of his friendship at the price of independence. But the Rajput, proud as the proudest French aristocrats, heroic as any Greek that gave his life for his city and his gods, with his divine parentage lost in the mazes of mythology, was not one to give up his independence without a heroic struggle. At the splendid bravery of Goga Chohan the fame of even Leonidas pales. This stern champion, surrounded by his 45 sons and 60 nephews, alone in his desert citadel, barred the path of the Moselm army. The conquerors of Khorasan and Multa shrank before this insane intrepidity. The last drop of Goga's blood dried where he stood in defence of his fatherland, overpowered by

outnumbering hordes. . The triumphant conquerors swept over the reeking corpses of these desert warriors, leaving them at most, "to point a moral or adorn a tale." The place where Goga fell has been consecrated to his memory and is known as "Goga Dev ka Thul," the place of divine Goga.

The next seat of resistance was Ajmere, which, though it had yielded to Salar Sahu, still retained its independence. The whole of Rajputana centred its strength there to stem the coming inundation. Beer Balun, the Chohan king of Ajmere, led the allied powers. Driven from the capital, the Rajputs obstinately held out from the citadel of Gorh Beetli. The Moslem fought for lust and conquest and for their very safety in a hostile land; the Rajput battled with stern heroism in defence of his country and his faith. The patriotic Beer fell fighting. But his followers stood their ground; and the Sultan, dreading a defeat which might disappoint his forces, and mar his ultimate purpose, wisely retreated. On his way back he vented his disappointed ire on Rao Lakhun of Nandole. This brave conqueror of Gujarat and Mewar, who had hurled defiance in the face of the father, was compelled to bend his knee before the son. Nandole was given up to plunder; and when the army left it, its magnificent palaces and temples lay in ruin and in smoke.

From Nandole to Gujarat was but a single step. The lovely scenery of Mount Abu would have captivated the rough sons of the Afghan fastnesses. And the army forgot its dire experience of the desert in the smiling plains of Gujarat stretching before them. Gujarat then, as now, formed the richest and the most attractive province of Western India. Its fertile lands, through which large rivers meander to the sea, its happy climate, free from insalubrious extremes of heat or cold, its proximity to the sea, made it from earliest times the centre of international trade, the home of learning and of luxury, the all-desired centre of foreign enterprise. Proverbially it is called the El Dorado of India. But the excellence of the soil enervated the people and led them from earliest times to seek the comforts of ease, however ignoble, rather than the troublous cares of independence.

In prehistoric times it was made the seat of an Aryan empire, which under Shri Krishna, the original of the mythical demigod, rivalled Hastinapur in pomp and prowess. It was included within

the vast empire of Asoka ; was in all probability conquered by Naushirvan the Just, the great Iranian Monarch and brought under the vigorous sway of the Scythian Kanishka. Every neighbour in the days of its glory panted to possess it. Arabian pirates often descended upon its shores. Omar contemplated the conquest of Broach, which formed the entrepot for the commerce of the East and the West, in fact the Venice of the age. And if the wealth of Gujarat excited the greed of conquerors, its learning and the patronage of its munificent sovereigns drew to its capital the scholars and travellers of all nations. Arrian the Greek long resided at Broach. Houen Tsang has recorded with admiration the beauties of its old capital Vallbhipur. Iranian fugitives, unable to follow the faith of their fathers in conquered Persia, sought the hospitality of this tolerant land. Arabian travellers visited the court of Van Raj, the first great king of Gujarat. And a few years after Mahmud's invasion, the Nubian geographer El Edrasi paid his court to the greatest of its kings, the heroic, the noble Sidhraj Jaysingh.

Anhilwar, its capital, before whom the Mahomedan conquerors presented themselves, was founded by Vanraj in memory of his beloved shepherd godfather. It was his bravery that dragged Gujarat into political prominence. After a century and a half, his sceptre passed into the vigorous hands of Mulraj of the Solanki branch. It was during his long and able reign of 56 years that it began to assume its legitimate importance in the political world. His wars added Saurashtra, Cutch and Lath, while his lavish patronage of religion brought even the learned Brahmins of classic Benares to come and settle in his kingdom. At our period of the history of Gujarat, his great grandson Bhimdev presided over the destinies of this kingdom. Whether he thought himself too powerful or could not credit the report of such an insane invasion, the Mahomedan army found him quite unprepared. Leaving the capital to its fate, Bhimdev fled.

But the rich Anhilwar was not Mahamad's goal. He left it undisturbed and marched on to Somnath, overcoming the resistance which was offered to him on the way. After a journey of full three months, carried on through every hazard and every difficulty, this dauntless conqueror set his eyes on the object of his wildest ambition. If Anhilwar was the capital of Gujarat, Somnath was the



principal seat of religion which the munificent devotion of a dozen kings had adorned with every conceivable grandeur. The oracle of Delphi or the Vatican of Rome attests to the wealth of ancient Greece or modern Europe. But the Hindu delights to enrich the house of his gods on a scale of splendour which has no parallel. The Somnath of reality shamed the most splendid dreams of the Sultan. A deep ditch surmounted by heavy granite walls protected the town. Towers of massive gold, minarets of a thousand temples built of the costliest materials, reflected, in a thousand resplendent hues, the brilliant rays of the sun. A thousand yellow streamers, emblems of the self-abnegation of the god *Shiva*, fluttered to the western breeze. And the whole town, clothed in blinding refulgence, like the magic palace of some Arabian tale, stood out with picturesque effect, against the blue serenity of the Arabian sea behind, whose waters washed the very steps of the temple. The invaders must have gaped with unutterable amazement at this magnificence.

The guardians of the temple were not unprepared. 20,000 doughty champions, headed by young *Bhimdev*, the hope of Gujarat, had gathered for the defence. The besieged were exultant. They were the terror of the surrounding principalities; they had never met the savage Mahomedan warriors face to face and they laughed to scorn the audacious enterprize of the invaders. They had full confidence in the omnipotence of their guardian deity *Mahadev*. They invoked the aid of this terrific Lord of Destruction and awaited the Moslems with defiant contempt.

It was Friday, the Sabbath of the Mahomedans. Religious fervour ran high among the besiegers. The spirit which had inspired the warriors of the Prophet on their first conquest of Mecca animated the heirs to their name. The veteran archers cleared the battlements with fatal aim. The belittled valour of the barbarous foes was found to be the unerring self-confidence of accomplished masters; and an indefinable terror struck the hearts of the Rajputs. Their confidence was gone. Their god appeared no longer propitious. Their enemy was not the rash tyro they had expected. And their courage waned. They rushed back to the temple, prostrated themselves, prayed, wept, sought the goodwill of the god. The Brahmins, the professional devotees, the rigorous ascetics, invoked

the potency of every charm, of every sacred syllable. Faith was soon restored. Somnath had heard the prayers, and victory was promised.

The time which was thus lost by the beleaguered powers was employed by the soldiers of Mahomed in scaling the walls. But barely had they placed their feet on the walls when the reinvigorated Hindu forces threw themselves upon them. The besiegers were massacred; smashed, hurled down from the battlements into the ditch below, sent by hundreds to meet the houris at the gate of their Prophet's paradise. Not a Mahomedan remained on the walls when the close of the day ended the struggle.

The impulsive Hindus went mad with joy. And on the next day, when the attack was renewed the forces of Islam fared still worse. The conquerors of central Asia were unceremoniously pitched down from the walls. The day ended as it had begun: and the Sultan, baffled and despondent, spent his weary night in devising new plans of attack. His wonderful genius had prevented the slightest disorganisation among his troops. And he awaited the day with impatience, ready to make a final struggle.

From joy the Rajputs had passed to a state of over-confidence. With unpardonable short-sightedness they allowed themselves to exhibit a weakness which the superior generalship of Mahomed was not slow to detect. To have driven the besiegers from well-manned battlements was one thing; to confront the grim veterans of Islam under the leadership of the greatest general of the age in open battle was another. The Rajputs forgot the fate of Lahore and Multan and Thaneshwar. The allied defenders of the temple drew out their forces and offered battle. They fought with a tenacious bravery which even the experienced eyes of the Sultan had never seen before. Line after line wavered; even the valour of despair could scarcely support the Moslems. The fresh forces of Rana Bhim spread consternation all around. The invaders were yielding, had almost yielded. Hope was fast vanishing. The fate of the battle hung in the balance.

Mahomed bethought himself of a stratagem, always successful with Mahomedan armies. Throwing himself on the ground before the very face of his tired soldiers, panting with defeat and despair, he called on Allah and his blessed Prophet. Rising with sudden

energy, he leapt on to his charger, dragged a timid Circassian general and raised the Moslem battle cry: "Allah-hi-Akabar!" The mechanical confidence which cheers the devoted soldier when following the fortunes of his invincible general revived the lost hopes of the Islam warriors. To leave their master in a 'foreign land was a disgrace. They precipitated themselves on the Hindu forces, who had barely enjoyed a moment's triumph. The conflict was tremendous. Both sides sustained it with unflinching vigour. Bhim performed prodigies of valour. More than 3,000 Mahomedans lay gasping on the field. But the Rajputs, weaker both in number and experience, began to give way. The nearest escaped to the fort to reach the shores first. General dismay ensued; and 5,000 Rajputs sought the shade rather than fly dishonoured.

Mahomed pursued his flying foes to the very heart of the temple. About 4,000 of them escaped by the sea, others were taken as slaves or put to the sword. The multitude of spiritless priests, the endless string of musicians that danced before the idol, the nameless hangers-on which usually surround such places—all a crew of pampered drones—quietly evaporated without striking a single blow in defence of the shrine which had fed and sheltered them so long. The conqueror, cool even in the very heat of a hard-won victory, placed guards round the temple, and went in himself. All that devotion or superstition could procure was gathered in that wealthy shrine. 56 pillars of teak and lead upbore a superstructure which the most cunning hand in India had erected. If Mahomedan historians are correct, no other metal but gold was used in the temple. One single lamp refulgent with costliest jewels illumined the dark chamber where the idol was kept. The idol stood five feet above the ground and two below. It was a *Linga*, a spherical black stone—circular emblem of eternity. To Mahomed it was a stone the pretext of whose destruction alone had enabled him to achieve his aim; and to destroy it was a necessity. The Brahmins promised him vast sums if he spared it. But he was too consummate a statesman not to know what effect such a mercenary transaction would have upon his devout soldiers. He must have also thought it much better to gain the fame and wealth both, as the temple was in his possession, than to barter immortality

at a price smaller than the loot of the temple would give him. He gave the famous reply : " I desire that, on the day of resurrection, I should be summoned with the words, ' Where is that Mahomed who broke the greatest of the heathen idols ? ' rather than by these, ' Where is that Mahomed who sold the greatest of the idols of the infidels for gold ? ' " and saying this, he shattered the idol. The pieces of the sacred stone were sent to Mecca, Medina and Ghazni to be trodden upon by uncounted generations of the faithfuls. The temple was sacked. The avaricious instincts of the plunderers had their fullest gratification in the treasures of the shrine. The riches, when collected, were such as to amaze even the Sultan, who had made the plunder of cities the sole occupation of his successful career.

The heroic Bhim had fled to the fort of Kunth Kot in Cutch, one of his own provinces. The Sultan had achieved his aim and had now full leisure to turn his dreadful wrath upon all those who had crossed his path. He marched against the King of Gujarat with a small portion of his victorious army. The impenetrable marshes which surround the forts of Cutch proved a serious drawback. But something more than common nature was required to deter the Sultan's adamant purpose. After hard efforts Kunth Kot surrendered ; but the unyielding foe eluded his grasp.

Mahomed had now attained his supreme ambition of being called the premier iconoclast in Moslem history. Somnath lay a heap of irretrievable ruins ; the sacred idol of religious Hindus served, in shattered pieces, as stepping-stones to the mosques of Mecca and Ghazni ; the untold wealth which devotion had heaped and sanctity preserved was now his own ; and one of the most beautiful provinces of India looked up to no other master but himself. With his army flushed with this extraordinary triumph, he returned to Anhilwar. The capital of the Solankis, with its pomp and luxury, fascinated the Persian instincts of the conqueror. No greater tribute to its charms is recorded in history than the fact that the man who had left without a sigh the capitals of most of the empires of Asia refused to leave Anhilwar for his own capital, embellished as it was with the spoils of half the world. Its climate, its environ-

nments, its riches were worthy to enliven the old age of even such a restless monarch as Mahomed. But the weary veterans, now that the object of the expedition was achieved, pined for the bleak fastnesses of Solaiman. The homesick Amirs of his court insisted on the Sultan's return. Much against his own wish he had to yield.

As stated above, Mahomedan politicians did not know the science of ruling distant provinces unless they were brought within the fold of their faith. And Mahomed cast about for a suitable puppet prepared to pay handsomely for the throne of Gujarat. Bhim, of course, was out of the question. The process of selection is enshrouded in mystery, confounded as it is by a barbarous distortion of names in which foreign historians generally delight to indulge. The Sultan's selection fell on a discontented prince of the ruling house, a weak and voluptuous uncle of Bhim, whom the righteous feelings of the people had compelled to seek the seclusion of an ascetic's life. This was Durlabhsen who promised an annual tribute which equalled the income of both Kabul and Khorasan.

Internal affairs thus settled, Mahomed, after a year and a half's happy residence, reluctantly turned his back on this land, resigning with a heavy heart the enchanting prospect of making it the centre of an empire which might embrace Ceylon and Pegu, the inexhaustible store-houses of pearls and jewels. But the way by which he came was impassable. Deesuldeo, the son of Belundeo of Ajmere, had combined with the fugitive Bhim. Preparations were made on a large scale to arrest the return of Mahomed, and revenge the loss of a hundred battles. But the Sultan was too wary to be caught in the trap. He measured the strength of his weak forces, tired and diminished with incessant warfare, with the determined energy of despair which actuated the enemies, and prudently preferred the sandy plains of Sind to the bloodthirsty anger of the Rajputs.

The desert of Sind proved more inhospitable to the retiring troops than the first *Ran*, when the buoyancy of enthusiasm had laughed at the blighting inclemency of nature. Fever and thirst paralysed them; even the unsuccessful opposition of the Jats told heavily upon them. To drag their weary way through these un-

known wilds required a greater effort than any they had put forth till now. Once an ardent worshipper of Somnath revenged the destruction of his deity by misleading them into a waterless district. He paid for his revenge by his life; but the despondent and weary soldiers suffered frightfully. A longing impulse to reach home alone impelled them onwards. At last Multan was reached, and the vast and formidable army which had started for foreign conquest, exultant with brimming confidence, returned victorious and laden with spoils but thinned in numbers, drooping in spirit, perhaps disappointed to find that fireworks, in history as in life, end in nothing but smoke and ashes.

The death of the great conqueror in A.D. 1030, after a further conquest of Jats and Persians, rich, honoured, famed as the greatest warrior and monarch of his time, needs no mention. With him passed one of the foremost of that glorious race of Moslem conquerors to whom the conquest of a world was a mere pastime, whose reigns figure in history as ill-told chapters of some extravagant romance.

Gujarat only awaited the return of the Sultan to regain its independence, its wealth and its importance. The puppet Durlabh sen went the way he came. Rana Bhim, the heroic defender of the shrine, had only to appear before Anhilwar to be hailed as its undisputed master. His wise policy soon restored his kingdom to its previous glory. On the very site where old Somnath stood arose another superstructure of purest marble, magnificent enough to efface the slightest trace of its recent demolition. And the resourceful country soon provided materials to the capable hands of the great Sidhraj to create a splendid empire. But the invasion of Mahomed was ruinous in its lasting effects. The mystic awe of India was gone. That august nation which moved in history as a living enigma, inspiring a distant respect as the repository of incalculable riches, and still more incalculable knowledge, was a mystery no more. An easy road was paved for its conquest. This invasion rung the death-knell of Hindu autonomy and brought about a speedy decline of national wealth and character. Amid this decline began the dawn of another glory, which remained unassimilated for centuries. Now, only the light of the West gives us the promise of another

radiant life to the dear, old, glorious India when all her sons will  
know,

"They are happy to have looked on her,  
And feel it beautiful to die for her."

KANAI LAL M. MUNSHI.

*Bombay.*

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## FLOWER MYTHS.

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### XVI.—THE GOLDEN PRIZE.

When Paris threw the apple  
To Venus on the Height  
Of Ida—it went rolling  
A golden ball of light,  
Past Juno—past Minerva—  
To Aphrodite's feet  
With soft caressing touches  
Like those of kisses sweet !

Since then upon the greensward  
A yellow flower springs up  
Gold-lined within, and burnished  
A Liliputian cup !  
Where graze white Lydian oxen  
Upon the mountain side—  
They spread in glowing patches,  
Or gleam where moonbeams glide,

In some forgotten orchard  
Whose hoary branches bear  
Pale-blossomed wreaths that faintly

Still scent the evening air, .  
And weirdly loom while swaying  
With night winds to and fro—  
Like Phantom arms uplifted  
And now descending low.

As up and down they waver  
Before these dreamful eyes,  
I see the elected Goddess  
Who bends to catch the prize,  
While Juno and Minerva  
Flashing resentful glance,  
(Like summer lightning playing)  
Transfix me by mischance—  
Now up the orchard sweeping  
In the dim uncertain light  
They turn, in wrath ascending  
To their Olympic height. •

MARGARET EAGLES SWAYNE.



## IN THE SACRED CIRCLE.

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A SERIES OF ARTICLES DEDICATED TO ALL PROSELYTISERS.

*Concluded from our last number.*

### V.--THE CHURCH

**T**HERE has always been a church, a religion, a worship craze. The word church is here being used in a very broad sense to embrace all the systems of religious thought rather than in its original meaning to denote that body of men whom the Christian faith calls, and lays claim to, for the bride of Christ.

The world has never at any time been without some knowledge of God and worshippers to please and propitiate Him. In every age and clime, the instance has been the same, a continuity of ideas and observation leads directly to the worship of an Almighty Father of souls; even the barbarian, without the proofs that civilisation affords, is of the same conviction. Some instinct tells him that worship is right and necessary, that life is everlasting. Religion then is not a growth of civilisation. The rich in knowledge and the poor in spirit all feel the need of God. All seek after his likeness, and all pin their faith to some superstition that is to them very God of very God, begotten not made. Even a bit of stick or stone has been made to serve this purpose very well in lieu of anything better, and devotees have been known to find as much comfort and inspiration in such strange semblances of the divine, as Christians do in their loftier lines of thought. A great writer says truly that there is no such thing as an atheist. The so-called atheist does not deny God. What he denies is man's image of him. The most irreligious man believes in something, and that something is to him, God. It explains his existence, and that which cannot be explained; the recognised, but not understood, the known, but not comprehended; the altogether mysterious thing, that is the unchangeable and the same,

whatever we may think of it. We fear and wonder, because we do not know it, and when this fear takes shape and form, behold, we have a religion. And so we see it descending through the ages, saving and destroying, comforting and distracting, changing its form, but never its face, pointing to light and leading to darkness, because man knows not the light, and does not recognise it. No one can interpret it, and none denies its power. Man clings to it because he knows that his safety depends upon it, and fear is his guiding principle.

All religions are curiously alike in their errors. They all teach fear. Whether it is the jealous God of the Jews, or the proselytising one of the Christians and Mahomedans, or the numberless deities of other races, the doctrine preached is invariably the same—rewards and bliss for those who worship their God, and pain and death for the unbeliever. Then we find then a flat contradiction of the things that make for peace. In the West, as well as the East, persecution combats liberty, and light compromises with darkness to make that reasonable allowance for human weakness which we have come to think is indispensable to our state.

It is evident that the time is not far off when, to quote St. Peter, judgment will begin at the house of God, that is, when an investigation into the spirit of religion that controls the life of our great churches will decide whether men should not walk the Way of Life together without seeking to knock each other down. For in the beginning, the church was by holy institution the representative of the people. That they may all be one, was the ambition of the Christ. For this he laid the foundations of perfect living and thinking in laws that all could keep. It was a representative body of men, who afterwards lost sight of the fact that truth is progressive, and not the exclusive privilege of one sect.

It does not seem a right thing to criticise such an institution as the Church. The reverence she has taught us to have for her, makes any attempt to convict her of error seem like treason against the Most High, but as a matter of fact, the sacredness pertains properly to the whole body of the Church, not solely where it has been centred by custom, and the agency of the directing body, on the government, the priesthood, usually understood when the word church is used. One thing is certain; the confusion of beliefs in the world to-day is the result of the lamentable old-time error that set boundaries to the truth, hedging it in with doctrines, contrary to the word of God. It shows itself in the restlessness and scepticism of the age, and in the church's powerlessness to

control her flock; and these bold spirits are not the vicious or the indifferent, but good and thoughtful men, philosophers and philanthropists who have dared to understand the Vision, and are seeking outside the Church's gates, the way to the full measure of the stature of Christ. That creed is open to criticism that requires faith in the death, rather than in the life of its Founder, and compels a following after the man, rather than his principles.

What proof can the Church give that this was the mind of Christ? What has become of the gifts placed in her hands, for the healing of the nations, the powers of which Christ said, "The things that I do, ye shall do also." They have not been withdrawn. They were not gifts specially granted to the Church. Witness the jealousy of the apostles for the man "who casteth out devils in thy name," whom they forbade, because "he followeth not with us." This man realised the truth. The powers are ours from birth, not gifts except in the general acknowledgment that all things are gifts from God. Christ did not create them; he but proved their existence and showed us how to use them, and the Church was to have been the interpreter of the power. More ignorant than many that she has thrust out of her gates, she still stands where she was when Christ let go her hand in the flesh, and we are there with her not very convincing witnesses of our faith in the eyes of heathen nations, some of whom have obtained the promises, have come from the East and the West to sit down in the kingdom of the One God.

"My thousands attain Nirvana's height, and pass on to the astral sphere;

While vainly there speaks in Western lands the voice that men fail to hear."

How shall we account for this, or explain away the fact that "I am in all religions as the string in a garland of pearls."? It is true that the loftier religions of the East contain not only all the greatest truths of Christianity, but they expound them with a greater measure of intelligence than our over-confident Fathers were able to do in the day of their visitation. Hinduism as a whole has been debased by the ignorant and clothed in error that prevents the average mind from contemplating it with any degree of seriousness, but in the West, religion, cradled in Jewish jealousy, and nourished with pride, has assumed a contradictory aspect far more absurd in the light of common-sense than any monstrosity of ignorance can be. What can we say of a Christian system of thought and life that has led

great and good men to state, that under it, it is impossible to carry out the law of Christ as he directed.

But Time is marching on, and drawing after it, the things,  
That, trammels from our infancy,  
In coming years shall leave our spirits free.

Dogmatic Christianity has had its day. It will never again deceive or attract the millions who are hungering for the truth. Many of its views and theories are no longer tenable. "Many of its doctrines are passing into the region of doubt." The candle Christ lit was meant to grow into a great flame, not into many candles of the same size and shape. We have passed the flickering light from hand to hand, but when any attempt is made to turn it into one great flame, the Church frowns and protests. "Don't do that," she cries, "or you will blow it out."

The question that thrusts itself forward from time to time when church conservatism is broached is: Is she right, and broader-minded people wrong? Or are they right, and she blind with pride? There must be a flaw in the system somewhere, for after preaching the Gospel for 2000 years, and with a vivid recollection of what Christ claimed for it, we find to our astonishment that two-thirds of the world is still totally heathen, and that of the remaining one-third, the greater part are Jews and Mahomedans. If God's plan is not faulty, then we have balked his design with our bigotry, our superstitious awe, our idolatrous love for ancient régime. Religion is still the essence of things, more than it ever was in the past, but in the light of increasing knowledge, it is not altogether the fairy tale it has been. The priests of the Jewish church jealously believed that they knew all about and could perfectly interpret their scriptures, and they bitterly persecuted the Lord for trying to enlarge their understanding, because what he taught was not according to their traditions, and destroyed the foundations of a faith that believes that oral teaching handed down from generation to generation can remain unsullied. Christ did not belong to the church of his day, for his doctrines were revolutionary to its cherished traditions, yet he taught for the benefit of intolerant churches, that he who is not against us is on our side, thereby teaching a truth that the Hindus recognise in the Bhagavadgita, "The ways men take on every side are mine."

"Search the scriptures," says Jesus to the pompous Pharisees whose wisdom could find no mention of such a heretic as he appeared to be, "for they are they which testify of me." How can ye believe, he asks, who

seek honour one from another, and not the honour that cometh from God only?

It is not to be supposed that our churches are in the same state of doubtful grace that that old synagogue of the Jews was, in the time of Christ, but they do not teach us all they should, nor the original law. They have kept back the kingdom just 2000 years.

Let us take the interpretation of Faith, for instance, as expounded by the Church. Faith, she vaguely teaches, is the great essential; without it we cannot believe anything that we are required to believe or attain to any great measure of light. And every other thing she says about it, man can read for himself in the Bible. She has not expounded the main thing about this great need. Man has had to find out for himself after centuries of puzzled reflection on the lifelessness of the system compared with what Christ promised, that it is faith, not only in the guarantee of God, or Good, but in *himself*, that is going to save him, and that he must literally work out his own salvation.

“ Within yourselves deliverance must be found,  
Each man his prison makes.”

In many respects, Hindus are wiser than we are. They know that our Lord's method, theirs also, is the only way to check the curse of the law, and to make it easier they often withdraw entirely from the world and everything that creates desire, that disinterestedness may be complete. But whoso saveth his life is in danger of losing it, says Christ, so we are commanded to stay in the world, but *Resist not Evil*, for the act of resistance generates force which is evil of necessity, and multiplies evil just as the legendary monster multiplied its heads as fast as they were cut off.

When we examine our institutions and beliefs, and our manner of fulfilling the law in the light of what our Lord bade us do, we cannot but be struck with the truth of his words uttered long ago, that float to us still from the depths of a waiting heart on Calvary, where the perfect example of what it is possible to do, gives the lie day after day to the sophistry, the selfishness, and the greed of our passions, which, like ravening wolves, rend and tear to pieces the shreds of truth and love and pity, that we can only boast of when our passions are at rest.

It is not impossible to do as the Master did. He used no powers that we have not, and lived under circumstances as trying as any of ours. He could truly call himself the Way, the Truth, and the Life, for he proved that his way is the only way, his truth the pure truth, and his life the only life to lead, if we would work out our salvation and hinder

no one else. (The latter is as important as the first.) And so he saves us, not by dying on the cross to propitiate a jealous God of the Jews, but by showing us how to live the life. It cannot come to harm lived under such conditions, for from the moment he took our nature upon him it became everlasting, for the God mysteriously mingled in our being cannot die.

## VI.—DEATH AND HELL.

Beyond the far horizon pearly limned,  
With shades that mix and fall apart and fade,  
And come together and depart again.

The steps of every wandering soul are stayed.  
Here life protesteth not its victory,  
And time resolves into Eternity.

The moats of sweet oblivion lie deep  
Around the towers of Truth. No phantoms rise  
To mock the strength of creeds so little worth,  
Their witness barely serves or testifies,  
To still the questioning heart, the anguished call,  
The helpless beat of hands against a wall.

Here Will makes nought. The fierce desire of souls  
Flame but a moment in that vasty deep.  
All gone the sense that memory controls.  
The eyelids lift, and close again in sleep.  
Too deep for human strength, the chilling sense,  
Of that which altereth not—the Law's indifference.

No stir of sound or sense. The nerves of Life  
Throb dully, dying. In this dead domain,  
The vapours lift a space, and in the dark,  
A fleeting vision that comes not again,  
Reveals One patient, brooding by the pit,  
Marvelling in silence on the strength of it.

Comes there no change? Behold! a single ray,  
In purple splendour borrowed from the dawn  
Of something even now upon its way,  
To vivify a faith yet scarcely born,  
Sets Hope aflame. Eyes lift, and voices call.  
The form divine still stands immovable.

"Death," they say, "has lidless eyes." The dead never sleep. They are more alive than we.

The face of a very evil-looking Mongol, carved in stone, seen somewhere in the East, comes to my mind with fresh intensity every time I think of this saying. The face is not a mask. Travellers have been known to marvel at its humanness. Malignant intelligence breathes from it, and the alert open eyes seem to note and understand all that goes on about it; and the thought grows horrible, when, standing in front of it, one comes under the spell of the mysterious inscrutable silence of the stone, and almost believes that it is, as the natives say, living in some curious way.

Putting aside the evil expression of the face, with which this chapter has nothing to do, it is the *aliveness* of this personification of death that holds the attention of whosoever goes to look upon it, and it gives impetus—if that is needed—to the conviction that there is no death in all the world. We are alive, always alive. It is not even "a sleep, and a forgetting." It is just a change of state renewed again and again, until the soul is thoroughly purged of the taint of evil, and fitted to enter its kingdom in that highest heaven whither we are all bound. This is more or less the conviction of every man. Why then do we fear death? Do men now believe in the awful punishment of fire and pitchforks and devils that the Church promises in such abundant measure to all who do not obey her voice? Hardly. These are fairy tales, the fantastic folly of a coercive age that knew not the spirit it professed to teach. There is no such hell, and man is convinced of it in his heart.

What then is the root of our fear? It is hard to say definitely. We are creatures of impression, and our fears are often formless. It may lie in the germ of the old superstitious theories that have been accepted and handed down from generation to generation till they became grafted in our hearts. But however much such superstitions may influence us, it is chiefly the mystery of death that terrifies. The silence that lies between the quick and the dead, complete, impenetrable. Mystery is awful! To know that we shall live, without knowing what will be our fate in that state, or what that state is, is more awful than to know that we shall die, for the latter is at least an end, and our present state is not so free from sorrow and pain that we can assure ourselves that the next will be any better. It is no wonder that we fret. Still, for our comfort let us remember that the fear of death has grown largely from association with fearful ideas. We have made it the

extreme penalty of the law. It is the interrupter of life's plans. And St. Paul calls it the Last Enemy. We can but wonder what he meant by that, for by it only comes the Glad Release.

It is a curious fact that dying people are never troubled with haunting questions about the end. Those who have been at death's door know that, although perfectly conscious of their state, they only felt tired of life, and glad to be done with it.

In that solemn hour, the fear of death, and the Bogie of the Beyond, vanish with all the other illusions of the flesh. The awakening soul realises how little it has to fear from a God of perfect love and understanding, and goes with confidence to meet its fate.

Hell is rarely mentioned in the Old Testament. The prophets knew little of it in the modern acceptation of the term. They threatened backsliding Israel with woe upon woe in this life only. Their denunciations never ran into a future life, except in the sense that they involved future generations. The Church certainly derived her belief in Hell from some words occasionally used by our Lord, but they can be read to mean a very different thing from that supposed by the early Christians who could not at that stage of their development grasp the full meaning of the utterances of Christ. Anyway, the idea of an account kept against a certain day of judgment and everlasting punishment for the wicked and unfortunate—for the Church does not make much difference between them—is a very human conception of how the world should end up, and we may well doubt its authenticity.

But there is a hell hereafter, just as there is one now, for all who have risen from base to better things. Generally, hell exists not so much for the wicked, as for the repentant or awakened. Memory is the curse, and out of it we shall be visited with anguish unspeakable. We shall indeed reap the fruit of our sowings here in conditions fitted for our further advancement, but we shall see with clearest vision all the evil that we have originated here, and this will be our hell.

Let no man deceive himself. We do evil that we wot not of. Our powers are creative, and thus a curse to all but the wise and good. Under the Law the very thoughts that pass from us leaving no trace in the memory, go forth, and sooner or later crystallise into cause first in the outer world, and then effect, and bless or curse the generations of innocent unborn who shall come after to an inheritance more sorrowful perhaps than ours. We are preparing it now, the environment in which they shall live, the circumstances that shall be their despair, the passions that shall be their ruin, and all the conditions under which it



will be impossible for their lot to be any other than it will be. This is what men call Fate, but it is not from the hand of God, and there is no power that can alter it. This is how the sins are visited, and this is why we sometimes pray in vain. Not for our good does He deny the petition; He cannot alter the law that has gone out of his mouth. It is terrible to think that God himself cannot here deliver the innocent who come under the condition of the law made malignant, so when hereafter, we shall stand face to face with facts as they are, freed of the veil before our eyes, and the limited knowledge of the flesh, and see the heritage of suffering, and failure and despair, that we have prepared for others, who must wearily drag out their lives under the burden of a curse not deserved, the prey of a law that could have brought gladness and success, then, it is possible that there may be weeping and gnashing of teeth, the awful agony of a soul in pain.

"I said unto them, Ye are Gods." This is a terrible warning, for man is, in the extent of his power, scarcely realised yet, a god. That power is limitless. It stretches away in ever-widening circles; it sows its million seeds on every side. "How knowest thou what argument thy life unto thy neighbour's creed hath lent."

There is a Law that causes everything *to go out from us*. It sows itself elsewhere. We cannot injure ourselves to anything like the degree that we can injure others, therefore are we doubly cursed when what goes out is evil. It matters not to whom it goes; we increase the burden of the world's woe, and the number of those who weep in darkness.

*Whatsoever* a man sows that shall he reap.

M. L. F.

## RASILI : THE STORY OF A VILLAGE GIRL.

### CHAPTER VII.

THE Raja stayed with the Rani till evening. Her love for him found expression in some subtle manner and held him in thrall. He was wholly subdued, wholly conquered. Her selfless devotion came like a glimpse of sunlight in the darkness of his surroundings. He was sorry for having wasted his time away from her. He wished to lead a better life and feebly resolved to send the flatterers away. But no sooner was he out of her presence, no sooner had he stepped out of the Zenana, than his good resolutions melted in thin air. The Musahibs gathered round him, and began to ask about his health with a great show of anxiety. They did not at all like his staying so long with his wife.

"What has occasioned this unnatural flush on your honour's benign countenance ? " asked one.

"May never a hair of your body be twisted," said another.

"May the everlasting life of Khizar be yours," said a third.

The Raja was about to make an abrupt reply when his friend Kirpal Singh, a young barrister, came in and greeted him affably.

Kirpal Singh was quite a young man. The spirit of the West still vibrated within him, and he longed for life, for enjoyment. His sojourn in England had swept away all parochial ideas which he had imbibed with his mother's milk. He returned home a European in ideas, feelings and aspiration. His sojourn in England had given him a new zest for life, and opened up a new world to him. Now that he was back again in his own country, he found the social life of his own people stale and directly opposed to all his ideas of life and social pleasure. He had neither the patience nor the strength to take things as they were, and work for the gradual improvement of his

social surroundings and endeavour to mould Indian Society nearer to his ideal.

On his return he had rented a fine bungalow, furnished it in English style, and called on English officials and notable Indians. But titled to no social amenities. The official world entirely ignored his existence, the Indians returned his call and enquired about his health and asked the price of little nicknacks in his drawing room, took a mental note that he did not observe the rules of his caste and remarked to themselves "when a crow follows the swan it loses its bearings," and left his house never to return again.

He was like a man who had no place in his country, like a washerman's dog which belongs neither to the house nor to *dhobighat*. Manfully he struggled to lead an isolated existence. He sought comfort in the society of books. It was of no avail; the animal spirits within refused to be satisfied; the craving for healthy social intercourse and open out-door amusements grew stronger and more urgent. The monotony, the sameness of it all, palled upon him and he became an inveterate smoker. He smoked almost all day, but his bright sunny heart longed for freshness, life and gaiety.

At last in sheer despair he threw off all reserve, and sought the company of his compatriots and tried to find amusement in the old, old ways again. At first their manners displeased him, their spiritless talk jarred upon him; he turned his eyes away as they spat out the betel juice on the floor or repeated the same story over and over again. But what interested him was that they listened eagerly of his adventures in far-off London, and he liked to repeat his stories. Slowly he got used to his new surroundings, and began to find amusement in the passive life of the East. He goaded his friends to adopt some kind of club life and succeeded in creating a semblance of it, meeting in the evening at the house of some friend and spending a few hours together in idle talk which interested nobody, or listening patiently to the music of a screeching gramophone. In any case he had some one to talk to and amused others by bursting out into song and dance himself.

"What has gone wrong?" enquired Kirpal Singh as the Raja conducted him to his sitting room. "No dance, no song, no beating of drum on the evening of Teej too. Is it thus you celebrate the jubilee of the Rain-God?"

"The Rain-God has gone to sleep," said the Raja, "and we with him."

"How can he ever wake," answered Kirpal Singh, "unless we tempt

him by dance and music, more enchanting, than that of his heavenly fairies?"

"I was just thinking," said the Raja, "how nice it would be if I dismissed all the men-servants with their hideous bearded faces and employed, instead, a dozen young girls, all bright and beautiful; no one older than fifteen, fresh like dewy flowers of a new spring morning; gay beyond all measure, and dressed as flowers to represent jasmine, rose and violet, scented with the perfume of the flower which each would represent. How they will brighten and perfume the whole place as they flit about like living fragrant flowers? What joy it would be when a fairy answers your call and like a delicate tendril bending before the wind, comes and waits for your orders? What bliss would it be to ask for a glass of water and take it from her delicate fingers shaped like the petals of a lotus?"

"It will be a paradise on earth," agreed Kirpal Singh, "and for myself am prepared to sell my soul to find admittance to such a celestial abode. I wonder how it will please the Rani Sahib," he added, with a twinkle in his eyes,

"I am not a henpecked husband, like you, to be afraid of my wife," said the Raja. "She has got the house, and can rule over it. She can have everything of the very best, most delicious dishes to eat, finest clothes and precious jewels to wear. She can exercise her sway over the zenana, but she has no right to expect her husband to be a slave to her. You English-knowing people have strange notions and wish to raise your wives into queens. You are welcome to set them up as goddesses and kneel before these human idols. I cannot stoop so low and lace the boot of my wife, as I have seen some Englishmen and their Indian disciples doing."

"It is easy to make fun at the cost of others. I wonder how you would feel if you had a house to rule, which held you a prisoner and afforded you no glimpse of the outer world. Would you be perfectly contented with such a lot?"

"I am not a woman that I should remain shut up within four walls all day."

"Who cares for poor Indian women? Your good wife may torment herself to death, what is that to you? You can enjoy yourself and gather around you a number of the frail sisterhood."

"You don't expect me to bring my wife out and throw all good manners and modesty to the winds."

"I expect not," said Kirpal Singh, heaving a deep sigh. "Poor India

Thy children are doomed to lead incomplete lives. They who could inspire thy sons with noble aspirations and light the fire of pure enthusiasm in their hearts rot in the dark recesses of the zenana. The fairies who could create a home for thy sons and weave round it a halo of brightness and glory are doomed to everlasting gloom. Thy sons seek pleasure away from home, in the false smiles of the frail ones and pay the penalty of a wrong action by losing their own manhood and nobility. Poor good wives who could change the whole sphere of life, fade like hot-house flowers within the four walls of the courtyard."

"A truce to your long-winded oration," said the Raja. "You will forget moralising if you see the girl that I have seen to-day. She is only a barber girl, but oh! so divinely beautiful."

"It is bad of you to have all this pleasure to yourself," said Kirpal Singh, who wanted to have some light-hearted talk. "Why don't you call her here?"

"What impatience!" said the Raja.

"Ask me or not, I am your guest."

"She is a respectable girl. It is not an easy thing to see her. It is a very difficult affair, Sahib."

"Why difficult, Maharaj," interposed Pandit Shri Nath, the spiritual teacher of the Raja who was in attendance, painted like a Durbar elephant, his broad face all besmeared with sandalwood paste; he had even sanctified his big paunch; the marks of holiness were visible through the thin muslin shirt he wore.

Shri Nath was a superior person. He had well-cut Aryan features and a graceful figure, but for the huge protruding paunch which now entirely overshadowed it.

"Bravo! Panditjee!" said Kirpal Singh with a laugh and in a mocking tone. "Nothing can be difficult of attainment when the holy countenance of a Brahmin shines favourably upon the project. Truly the Brahmins are useful even in these profane times. They not only hold the keys of heaven, but do their best to give a foretaste of heaven on this earth."

"You will some day know the worth of a Brahmin," said Shri Nath sarcastically. "A voyage across the Kala Pani, and learning to talk 'Git Pit' does not necessarily make one's brain a store-house of wisdom."

"An ass does not become wise and learned merely by carrying a load of books," added the Raja.

"On the other hand, smearing the body with sandalwood paste

and living only on rich cream and good milk does not conduce to spirituality," retorted Kirpal Singh.

"It is the food of the Gods. It calms the mind, it clears the brain and increases Satva Gun," said Shri Nath.

"If Yoga is nothing but perpetual sleep, it can be so easily attained. You have only to eat cream and grow fat and eat again, helped by a dose of opium mixed in a fluid of green and dewy hemp and then to sleep and snore in a state of blissful Samadhi, till the time comes for the renewal of the dose."

"It opens the door of heaven," said Shri Nath. "What can you know of such things? Your whole life has been passed in aping the Firangies. What do you know of the meaning of life? All your life is spent in sighing for England. Why do you not whitewash your face and go to your Mutbana Mulk, 'the land of adoption,' as you call it."

"To make me white and give me money enough to travel depends entirely on the genius of your holiness," said Kirpal Singh good-humouredly.

"What do I not know?" said Shri Nath proudly. "I can conjure stars from heaven. There is nothing visible or invisible which is not known to me. Your English friends are proud of their telegrams and railways, but our people knew how to send and receive direct thought waves. They rode on air. You had only to put a small pill in your mouth to rise into the air and dart through space more rapidly than the rapidity of thought."

"I dare say the ancients knew some things," said Kirpal Singh, "but I have only come across bullock-carts. They bear ample evidence of our inventive genius. They are perfect."

"Are they not?" inquired Shri Nath. "They are more comfortable than your railway carriages. There is no hustling and imprisoning of men in a bullock-cart. You can sleep undisturbed and move and stop as you wish. It is the only mode of travelling suitable for a gentleman."

"It is much too slow," quoth the Raja. "There is nothing more wearisome than a bullock-cart. It is like travelling for nine days and doing only two miles and a half. These Englishmen have done wonders. They have found some sheets of Plato's book. The only thing they have failed in is to restore a dead man to life. I am sure they will not rest till they have found the secret of life."

"Have any of their things added to our happiness?" asked the Punditji. "They have no idea of peace, their minds are restless like

quicksilver. They flutter in the mist of delusion and have no glimmer of light."

"Have you penetrated the mist," asked Kirpal Singh, sarcastically.

"Have I not?" replied Shri Nath with a strange gravity in his tone. "I am a Brahmin; even those who worship the Brahmin have knowledge. If you wish to cross the sea of delusion and find eternal peace, dedicate all you have, your wealth and everything, your mind and body to the Brahmin."

"Let the Brahmin set up an example of self-renunciation himself before he expects others to follow him. The things of the earth are not holy ones," said Kirpal Singh.

"As a lotus floats on the surface of the lake, and the water does not wet it, as a lamp placed in a safe corner is not blown out by the wind, similarly a Brahmin, though surrounded by sense objects and making use of them, is not touched by them," said Shri Nath. "Even when he appears to be acting, he is not acting; it is only the sense organs performing their functions. The self within stands apart and untouched."

"How splendid," exclaimed Kirpal Singh. "You can do anything and say it was only the body that was acting. What a system you have created which befools the clever men, by its subtle reasoning and engages the rustic mind in endless ritual and ceremonial. The Brahmin stands apart, a superior creature, self centred and wise. For him there exists nothing but self; what a noble doctrine! That is why you wax so fat and talk so eloquently of 'self.' Poor simple folk minister to your wants, and you live on the fat of the land. The doctrine of the self is truly a wonderful one."

"Don't make fun of the divine teachings," said Shri Nath in an angry tone, but he was too much of a courtier to displease a friend of the Raja, and added more gently, "The wines of England seem to have driven out the little sense you inherited as a Kshatriya. You have forgotten your highest duty; the truest Dharma, to serve, respect and protect the Brahmins."

"Serve the devil!" quoth Kirpal Singh.

"I don't mind what you say," said Shri Nath. "Tulsi Dass has said, 'Never take ill what an ignorant man says, let his words pass as flows away good and bad water through the drain.'"

"Maharaj!" interposed the Raja to change the topic "can you summon the barber girl by your magic?"

"Nothing more easy," said the Brahmin, "I know a Mantra. If you breathe it over a betel nut and throw it on the person you desire, he or she will follow you submissively all his life."

"Teach me the Mantra," said the Raja who was fool enough to believe in anything. .

"Maharaj," said the Brahmin, "it is a dangerous thing. One has to recite it for days and days under frightful conditions. Ghosts surround one from all sides, they come as wolves and tigers and in many dreadful forms, but they cannot cross the magic circle. God only helped me to stand the ordeal. A friend of mine forced me to teach him the Mantra. He began its recitation in the prescribed manner; on the third day he was so frightened that he ran out of the circle and died on the spot."

"Let us see how your magic works in the present case," said Kirpal Singh. "This will be a test."

"You will find me true to my word," said Shri Nath. "It will only cost you a few rupees to propitiate the Deva before I can make use of him."

"You can have as many rupees as you like" said the Raja, "I don't care for the money. It only soils your hands when you touch it."

"Your generosity is known from one end of the world to the other," said Shri Nath. "You are the Raja Karun of our times."

"It is foolish to sell one's life for money," said the Raja.

"Though the good old times are gone when 400 elephants used to swing their trunks at the door of my master," said Shri Nath, turning to Kirpal Singh, "even now in these bad times, he has a heart which is not equalled by kings. By the grace of God he is a king himself."

"I wish I were a king," said the Raja, "I would gather lovely girls from all parts of the world like beautiful flowers to adorn my house."

"You are Shri Krishna of the present day," said Shri Nath. "You can have crowds of Gopies dancing and swinging with you and turn this earthly abode into a heaven of Indra."

"I wish I had the power to do so," said the Raja with a sigh.

"Maharaj," said Shri Nath, "you have everything; a few more girls, and the garden house can be transformed into a heaven."

"I will make this barber girl the queen of my garden house," said the Raja, "I will gather round her a number of beautiful girls and then pass my days in bliss."



"That will be the shortest road to ruin," put in Kirpal Singh. "In everything that we do, we must go to the extremes; no normal, natural life seems to suit our temperaments. I love to enjoy life. As you know, I am fond of pleasure, but such extravagance only raises in me a feeling of revulsion and disgust."

"My friend," said the Raja, "we will see what feeling it awakens, when I invite you to spend a day in my garden of fairies."

"Maharaj," said Shri Nath. "I am sure, once admitted, he will never think of leaving it."

"I am not a Brahmin to echo the sentiments of my friend," said Kirpal Singh. "There are a thousand ways of spending the time pleasantly. I can see no pleasure in a crowd of women degraded to a state of slavery. What good can the Raja do to anybody, if he always spends his time with women and allows his servants to ruin his property and his good name. In any case I do not call it manly."

"God has created woman for the service and pleasure of man," said Shri Nath. "Even Indra spends his time with the fairies. A Brahman and a Kshatria can do what he likes."

"Indeed! That comes of being born in the land of Gods," said Kirpal Singh. "God seems to have made special laws for high-caste people, or perhaps high-caste people, being the law-makers, have taken special care to be above all laws."

"You scoff at everything," said Shri Nath, "but even your Gurus, the Firangies, call this a land of spirituality."

"Is it? I find no spirituality anywhere," said Kirpal Singh. "We have words, words, and nothing more."

"God has a thousand names," said Shri Nath. "I recite all the names every morning. I know all the systems of philosophy. These high teachings are above you. The duty of a householder is to follow the path of Karma and Dharma and worship the Brahmin. You can never know the truth without a Guru."

"I bow from a distance to the Brahmins. They cannot deceive me," said Kirpal Singh. "I too once wished to find a Guru, and God knows how earnestly, how devotedly, I searched for him; that was before I went to England. I met many a one who claimed to be a Guru. I was often taken in by a fair external show to find fraud and falsehood within. There was no truth in them. I have given up this empty pursuit. It is useless to look for a perfect man. Even if such a person existed, one could not know him, unless one were perfect oneself."

As for opening a current account with heaven through the kind offices of the Brahmins, I have no faith in such things."

"Have you never met a true Yogi?" asked the Raja. "I once met a man who could work wonders. He wanted nothing and was as simple as a child. He disappeared as suddenly as he had come."

"I have never met a true Yogi," said Kirpal Singh, "I have met one or two persons who are supposed to work miracles. Their life did not attract me, though their talk was flowery, and often illuminative."

"Even Firangies are beginning to believe in the reality of such things," said Shri Nath.

"I don't care if they do," said Kirpal Singh, "I will be convinced if you can bring the barber girl here by your magic."

"It cannot be done in such a hurry," said Shri Nath. "I must perform Havan and propitiate the Devas. It takes some time for a raw fruit to ripen. You must wait a little while."

"I thought you had simply to breathe over a flower and throw it over her to make her follow you," said Kirpal Singh.

"That is all that I have to do," said Shri Nath, "but I must do it according to the prescribed formula, manner and way of doing it."

"And what is that? May I enquire?"

"I cannot tell you," was the curt reply.

"Why are you wasting time?" inquired the Raja. "Why don't you proceed with your incantations?"

"May I take fifty rupees from the Treasurer?" asked Shri Nath. "I want so many things for the Havan, and I must propitiate all the unlucky stars."

"You can take as much money as you like," said the Raja carelessly.

The Brahman rose, waited till the Raja saluted him, then poured a deluge of blessings and walked out with the dignity of a coloured elephant. He went to the Divan, and asked for the money.

"What is the Raja doing?" enquired the Divan.

"He is sitting and talking with Kirpal Singh," said Shri Nath.

"Kirpal Singh will spoil his Dharma," said the Divan. "He will ruin him. These parasites never leave him alone."

"What can one do?" said Shri Nath. "I do my best to lead him to the right path but he thinks of nothing but wine and women. His expenses know no bounds."

"Yes, yes," said the old Divan. "It is the beginning of the year, the rent has hardly been realised, and yet it has all been spent."

How are we to get through the year? This is a famine year too Maharaj, why has God sent famine and plague to our land?"

"Because there is no Dharma in the country," replied Shri Nath. "It is written that when injustice and unrighteousness are unchecked, the kingdom is visited by famine and plague. Our rulers have no respect for the Brahmin and the cow. Our Lord gave the empire to them, but they are not grateful or considerate."

"When do you think famine will go and peace and prosperity take its place?" enquired the Divan. "The distress is appalling, men and women come to beg, worn out with hunger. They can hardly articulate a word. I have never seen such distress before, and I am an old man now."

"When it rains, Divanji," said Shri Nath wisely. "People have forgotten their duties. Even you have not performed a Yagya for a long, long time."

"I will do so now," said the Divan as with shaking hands he very reluctantly drew out the money from the box, and put it under the sheet of his mattress on which he was seated.

"This is a bad year for you, Divanji," said Shri Nath calmly. "I consulted your horoscope and find that the eye of Saturn falls unfavourably on your line of life."

"I am a poor man," said the Divan. "Do what you can to save me. What should I do?"

"An image of Saturn made in gold and given to a Brahmin can only set things right," said Shri Nath.

"This is a bad year for every one," said the Divan, "but our Maharaj does not seem to know it. Only the other day he gave service to a beggarly barber and his young daughter."

"Is she very young?" asked Shri Nath.

"She is like the moon," said the old Divan. "She often passes and repasses this way. She must have passed through many troubles. When they came here, her father had not a rag to cover him; so weak, was he, that he could hardly walk; but now it is all changed. He has grown healthy and strong. As for the poor girl, she goes in silk *Saree*, and an embroidered skirt, which the Rani Sabib has given her."

"God has strange ways," said Shri Nath. "He takes away from those who have, and gives to those who have not, and yet people prefer to lose a rupee instead of spending a pice."

"Here are fifty rupees from the Raja and a few more from me," said the Divan. "Please get the image made and propitiate the stars."

## RASUL

"May peace be yours," said the Brahman, putting the money in the folded knot of his dhotie. "You need have no fear now."

The Divan bowed low before him. Shri Nath blessed him and slowly walked away. .

*(To be continued.)*

JOGENDRA SINGH,

*Shevi Dist., Cutch.*

## EDITORIAL NOTE.

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“If paradise be on the face of the earth, it is here, it is here, it is here”—such was the inscription which a Moghul Emperor caused to be carved in marble in his Diwan-i-Khas or Hall of Private Audience at Delhi. Ever since the Garden of Eden was deserted, no paradise on the face of the earth has permanently been located in one and the same place. The Indus breeds warriors, the Ganges breeds philosophers, the Jamuna breeds lovers of wealth and luxury. Paradise after paradise has sprung up on the banks of the Sable River, and one after another has been deserted. From at least the time of the Pandavas the tract of land of which Delhi forms a part has been the scene of imperial sway and imperial doings. But large gaps have existed in its history. Hastinapura rises with its gilded domes in the mists of antiquity about fifty miles north-east of modern Delhi, if local tradition may be believed. Was it the capital of Bharata, the only Emperor who has given a name to India, which is therefore known to Hindus as Bharatavarsha? Anyhow it was the capital of the ancestors of the Pandavas. The whole royal family could not reside there peacefully, and the Pandavas removed to the present site of Delhi, cleared the wood there and built the city of Indraprastha, the name by which a part of Delhi is known unto this day. To the Hindus of those days it must have looked like a paradise. The name indicates the splendour of the city, and the Mahabharata relates how “the Pandavas, with Krishna at their head, beautified the place and made it a second heaven.” The poet has supplied the necessary details—trenches wide as the sea, walls reaching the skies and white as the rays of the moon, innumerable gates, each furnished with panels resembling the outstretched wings of Garuda,

streets wide enough to prevent all possibility of accidents, countless mansions filled with wealth which Kuvera might envy, and pleasure-gardens of which the fullest use was made by the ladies of the city. Krishna, the ally of the Pandavas, was not far off; he was at Mathura, another paradise with different associations, and, as history has proved, with a different destiny. On the banks of the Jamuna the Wizard of Brindaban played his wonderful lute, and the music of that primitive instrument still lingers in the ears of the Hindu, whether it was men or women that heard it in the past. Indraprastha was deserted by its very builders, because, it is said, a fly ventured to alight on the food of Yudhishtira. The Pandavas got tired of the world after the great fratricidal war, and possibly the place proved unhealthy in consequence of malaria and mosquitoes. From at least the middle of the fifteenth century B. C. to the middle of the eleventh century A. D. Indraprastha practically disappears from the pages of history. As the Jamuna is given to the mischievous habit of changing her course and submerging towns and villages, and more so in former times than now, it is quite possible that Indraprastha, built perhaps mostly of wood, was gradually swallowed up by the river, and its memory was revived when Delhi was built or rebuilt by Anang Pal in 1052 A. D. Asoka set up one of his pillars at a distance; it was removed to Delhi by a Moghul Emperor and converted to Islam by placing on the top of it a ball and crescent of gold. Neither the Greek historians nor the Chinese travellers heard of Indraprastha or of Delhi, but they heard of Mathura, a centre of religious worship. Thus religion survives when regal pomp vanishes—the great lesson which India teaches through her forgotten cities, as through her well-remembered sages.

Muhammad of Ghazni invaded India a dozen times; he sacked Kanuj and Mathura among Rajput strongholds, but Delhi did not deserve his attention. His son Masud came up to Sonapat to the north of Delhi and plundered it; yet Delhi was not rich enough to tempt any invader. A few years more and Delhi emerges out of centuries of obscurity. Prithvi Raja, descendant of Anang Pal, was a hero of Rajput romance. His fame spread far and wide among the kings of northern India and he was filled with the ambition of resisting the constantly recurring invasions of Afghan plunderers. By this time a dynastic revolution had occurred at Ghazni, and it was

Muhammad Shahab-ud-din of Ghor that was challenged and once defeated by the Rajput warrior. The invader returned with a larger horde and Prithvi Raja was killed on the battlefield of Thaneshwar. The Princess Sunjogata entered a funeral pyre in the true Rajput fashion and "Delhi was given over to such hideous devil's work as even that long-suffering city has never seen before or since." With the blood of Prithvi Raja's subjects was watered the seed of the Mussalman Empire at Delhi. The first Muhammadan king of Delhi was Shahab-ud-din's favourite slave Kutb-ud-din Ibbak. He has immortalised himself not merely by founding the Mussalman Empire at Delhi, but by erecting the Kutb Minar, which is said to be the finest pillar in the world. It was built by Hindu architects with the spoils of Hindu and Jaina temples. From the commencement of the Mussalman Empire, therefore, Hindus and Muhammadans may be said to have co-operated with each other. Ibbak's successor Altamish, another slave, brought down to Delhi the idols and the statue of Vikramaditya which he had seized at Ujjain and solemnly smashed them at the door of the mosque which had been erected at the foot of the pillar. Whatever one may think of the birth of these kings and the blood shed by them, they were patrons of art, and the tomb of Altamish has been pronounced to be "certainly one of the most beautifully ornamented buildings of any age." He was succeeded by a weak and dissolute son, who entrusted the reins of government to his mother. She was also originally a slave and luck had not improved her. She caused every one of her late husband's women to be murdered and began to get rid of her son's women in the same manner. The scandal was so atrocious that the viceroys could not tolerate the reign any longer; they deposed the king, imprisoned his mother and raised Altamish's daughter, Saltana Rezia Begum, to the throne. In the words of the historian, she was an able princess in whom the severest critic could discover no fault "but that she was a woman." A fault was soon detected in her; it was her undue familiarity with a slave. One of the viceroys revolted, killed the slave, and himself married the queen, with the result that her generals put both of them to death. Rezia was the only Mussalman queen that ever reigned at Delhi. Delhi knew some very good kings as well as bad ones in those days. Nasr-ud-din Muhammad was a pious man of simple habits; he lived with one

wife, and made her cook for him. The last of the Slave Kings was a weak young prince, who was murdered by a Khilji, and a new dynasty commenced. Alla-ud-din of this dynasty extended his dominions far and wide, and in the words of the historian "his pomp, wealth, and power were never equalled by any prince who sat before him on the throne of Hindustan." The last king of this short-lived dynasty was a profligate; indeed he is said to have dressed himself as a dancing girl and performed in the houses of the nobility. He was murdered by a Hindu renegade whom he had made his favourite; and Khusrū, in his turn, gave such mortal offence to Muhammadans by his reversion to Hinduism, his open contempt for the Quran, which he used as a seat, and his prohibition of the slaughter of cattle, that he was deposed and put to death by Ghiyas-ud-din Tughlak, who thus founded a new dynasty. His death was compassed by his son, who had been left viceroy at Delhi during the father's absence in Bengal. The son invited the father to rest in a pavilion on his return from the distant province. The pavilion was so constructed that when an elephant pressed against one of the pillars it might give way. The elephants approached, the structure fell on those seated within and crushed them to death. This parricide was the notorious Muhammad Ibn Tughlak, whom every schoolboy remembers because of his various mad projects. One of these projects was the abandonment of Delhi, where, as elsewhere, a terrible famine raged, and the removal of his capital to Deegiri. The subjects had to obey and leave the metropolis "a resort for owls and a dwelling-place for the beasts of the desert." Madness is said to be closely allied to genius, and it must be mentioned that this potentate was a man of culture; he established hospitals and almshouses for widows or orphans on a very liberal scale, and introduced a well-regulated postal system throughout the country. He was succeeded by Ferozē Shah, who is remembered as one of the most enlightened kings of Delhi. Besides abolishing judicial mutilation and vexatious taxes, he ordered the cutting of "the first canal of the many which now water the plains of India," and thus became the father of the Irrigation Department.

For years past the Moghuls were now and then entering India and were being driven or bribed out of the country. In 1398



Tamarleng saw his opportunity. "I ordered," as he has recorded in his autobiography, "a thousand swift-footed camels, a thousand swift-footed horses, and a thousand swift-footed infantry to bring me word respecting the princes of India. I learnt that they were at variance one with the other. The conquest appeared to me easy. Resolved to undertake it and make myself master of the Indian Empire. Did so." Tamarleng did in India what Chinghiz Khan and others had done elsewhere. In one sentence Mrs. F. A. Steel conveys a vivid idea of what happened on the march of the marauders: "Not a village was left unburnt, not a male left alive, not a female unravished"—that is, if a female could be found alive. If the cry "The Turk!" was not followed by a rapid flight from a town, it was sure to be followed shortly by the Rajput cry "Johar! Johar!" Women and children were put to death, lest worse should befall them, and the warriors emerged sword in hand and died fighting. The puppet on the throne of Delhi fled on the appearance of the enemy at the gates of the city, and Tamarleng proclaimed himself Emperor. Five days the conqueror spent in feasting; on the sixth, when some of his ladies were going to see the Palace of a Thousand Pillars, their escort somehow came into conflict with the people. The Moghul decreed the punishment that the people were to be one and all put to death—and they were. "Johar! Johar!" went round the cry. Women and children were slain, houses were set on fire, and Hindu and Mussalman perished. Tamarleng's work in India was done, and he went home, never to return: "For two months Delhi was a city of the dead, and for thirty-six years India owned no Government either in name or in reality." One more dynasty followed before Babar founded the Moghul Empire in India. It was a king of this dynasty, Sikandar, that conceived a dislike for Delhi, and, on the recommendation of a commission, removed his capital to Agra. Until the time of Shah Jahan, Agra remained the real capital of Moghul as well as Afghan, but the traditional capital was not shorn of the honour, and every coronation took place at Delhi. If Tamarleng found that the princes of India were at variance with one another, Babar was actually invited to come over to India by a brother of the reigning king. No invitation could be more welcome. Babar was the first conqueror of India who was helped by his artillery. The days of bows and arrows were numbered,

and Babar opened a new chapter in the civilisation of India. He has recorded a poor opinion of the civilisation of Hindustan in his time. In his eyes the people were not handsome, the buildings had a uniform look. "They have no good horses," he wrote, "no good grapes, or musk-melons, no ice or cold water, no good food or bread in their bazars, no baths or colleges, no candles or torches—never even a candlestick!" He enjoyed life immensely. Not being a believer in re-births, his maxim was: "Enjoy freely, O Babar, for life is not twice to be enjoyed." Somehow he was not proud of his Moghul ancestry. He loved to call himself a Turk, but the ancestral name stuck to the dynasty and the Empire founded by him.

Babar's son, Humayun, was for a time kept out of his heritage, but he managed to regain it. The greatest and most successful of the Moghul Emperors was Akbar, who had an independent policy of his own in consolidating the Empire, and who aspired to found even a new religion. Physically and mentally he was a remarkable man; his policy, however, did not find many supporters among his own co-religionists. Akbar resided chiefly at Agra and Lahore and paid only occasional visits to Delhi, which in consequence became almost a deserted place. During one of his visits he narrowly escaped assassination. The arrow, shot by the servant of a rebel noble, caused a wound, which quickly healed. Jehangir tried to continue his father's policy, but he lacked his father's ability. His son, Shah Jahan, removed the capital back again to Delhi and embarked on a programme of building palaces. He was the first Emperor to sit on the celebrated Peacock Throne, which had taken seven years in the construction. A paralytic stroke disabled him in his later days, when he was kept a close prisoner by his ambitious son Aurangzeb. The Alamgir was a direct antithesis of Akbar, and he alienated the sympathies of the Hindus. In his time the Empire began to show signs of dismemberment, owing partly to the rise of the Mahrattas, and after his death the history of the Empire became one of steady decline. His sons were at enmity with each other, and so were his grandsons. Two adventurous "King-makers" placed one puppet after another on the throne, and before many years elapsed the Emperor was in the hands of some of his feudatories who controlled the imperial politics. Muhammad Shah was

short-sighted enough to invite the Nizam more than once to his court and insult him, because he was aiming at independence. The Nawab of Oudh was not more submissive. The two feudatories wanted to teach a lesson to the Emperor, and they sent a joint letter of invitation to Nadir Shah of Persia, who was only too glad to avail himself of the opportunity of plundering Hindustan. His march was not seriously opposed by any provincial Governor, for the feudatories on the way had been won over by the conspirators. The invader assured the Emperor that he did not care for empire but only for an indemnity. Nadir Shah would have been content with treasure, but some foolish person fired a musket at him as he was entering a mosque, and he ordered a general massacre. Over a hundred thousand innocent men, women, and children were butchered in the city on a single day; the total number of human beings slaughtered by him in India is estimated at two hundred thousand. The value of the booty with which he returned to Persia is estimated at eighty crores of rupees; it included the Peacock Throne.

The subsequent political history of the Empire is an intricate maze. One Mussalman noble after another tried to clutch the reins of power; attempts were made to play off the Rohillas, the Jats, and the Mahrattas against one another, and their services were employed whenever necessary to further a plot. In the middle of the eighteenth century the Dekhan, Oudh and Bengal were practically independent; the Panjab was lost and the rest of India was under Mahratta sway. The Emperor himself hoped to strengthen his position by calling in the aid of Ahmad Khan Abdali, who was only too glad to have such an opportunity of plundering the people. The Afghan had no intention of securing a permanent footing in India. The defeat which he inflicted on the pretended coalition of the Mahrattas and Jats—the Jats deserted and Holkar left the field—was a great blow to the Peishwas. It probably gave a new lease of life to the Moghul, but it was a short lease. To free himself from the domination of the Rohilla Ghulam Kadir, Shah Alam sought to place himself under the protection of Scindia. The Mahratta was for some time unwilling to risk a conflict with the Rohilla, but Ghulam Kadir blinded the Emperor and so shamefully ill-treated his master that the Mussalmans themselves welcomed Mahratta interference. The

Rohilla was defeated, disgraced, and put to death, and the Emperor became practically a prisoner and pensioner of Scindia. From this humiliating position the East India Company released him, and he became a pensioner of the Company. The tutelary Emperor having become involved in the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857, he forfeited even the show of the Imperial title which he had inherited, and every trace of the Moghul dynasty was wiped out when Bahadur Shah was transported to Rangoon.

If a brief survey of the history of Delhi presents to us a picture on the whole lurid and dark, its bright side should not be altogether forgotten. Luxury enervates soldiers, but it is also the foster-mother of art. In the halls where women's voices resounded and the wine-cups jingled, poets also sang and philosophers discussed. Not a few rulers, notwithstanding their inability to organise their forces against the enemies of order, were anxious to protect their subjects, to promote their material and moral welfare, and to be acclaimed just and generous. If Babar could come to life again, he might possibly claim that, notwithstanding much in the history of the Moghul Empire of which he could not be proud, the Mussalmans have raised the standard of life, improved the fine arts, and taught new ideals; and the name of Delhi is associated with much that the Mussalmans achieved. As Lord Lytton said at the first Imperial Durbar, "the successive dynasties whose rule in India the power of the British Crown has been called by Providence to replace and improve, were not unproductive of great and good Sovereigns; but the polity of their successors failed to secure the internal peace of their dominions. Sapped by incessant bloodshed and shaken by intestine broils, the great house of Tamerlane crumbled to decay; and it fell at last because it has ceased to be conducive to the progress of the East." Delhi has ceased to be an imperial city, but the progressive West does not contemptuously brush aside the past. The spirit of culture which is so anxious to preserve the ancient monuments of an alien nation is also visible in the respect which is still paid to the once imperial city by holding great Durbars within the confines of the Rome of India. As Mr. J. Talboys Wheeler has said, "Delhi is seated near one of the most ancient sites in all India. It is associated with nearly every era in the history of the past—Rajput, Muhammadan, and Mahratta. Its streets and bazaars have crown

up in historic times ; 'their story is told in written annals.' If some of the Moghuls found it too hot, the Briton cannot be expected to take kindly to it in ordinary times. But in cold weather no other site in India can lay a higher claim to be selected for an Imperial Durbar than the ancient and historic spot where the Pandavas took counsel of their friends and feudatories, where the Mussalman Emperors enjoyed life and planned the direction of the affairs of a continent, and where His Britannic Majesty will within the next few days meet Princes and peoples who never were more secure, more contented, more happy, more hopeful of the future, and more devoted to their Sovereign than under the British Raj.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

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By the time this issue is in the hands of the readers Their Imperial Majesties the King-Emperor and the Queen-Empress will have landed on the shores of India. • Being the first advent to India of a reigning British Sovereign, the occasion is one of unique and historic interest. The visit raises the status of India in the Empire, though not constitutionally, yet in that popular sentiment out of which constitutional changes are often gradually evolved. India is no longer a neglected dependency, or a part of the Empire loosely attached to the United Kingdom. Royal visits to the colonies and dependencies set up what may be called a circulation of the sap in the tree of Empire ; they make all conscious of the organic unity of the Empire. Different parts of an organism perform different functions, and some are considered more essential and important than others. Hence, centuries ago the allegorist represented the priestly caste in India as having sprung from the mouth of the Creator, the warriors from his arms, the industrial classes from his thighs, and the servile castes from his feet. The Empire is trying to reach the ideal of equality, yet the stage of differentiation is not past. Unequal as may be the members of a body in importance of function, they are all necessary for healthy, vigorous, and a completely useful existence. The attachment to the common Sovereign is the life-blood of the whole system. The visit of Their Imperial Majesties to India enriches the vitalising fluid that circulates throughout the Empire.



• The unique character of the event is recognised, not only in India, but evidently in other parts of the world as well ; for it has attracted visitors from the new as well as the old hemisphere. Months of assiduous care and labour have been devoted to the necessary preparation for the various parts of the programme which will make the tour as full of opportunities for Princes and peoples to come in contact with their Sovereign as it will prove, we may hope, enjoyable to Their Imperial Majesties. In Bombay and Delhi, in Nepal and Calcutta, numerous heads and hands have been

busy perfecting the arrangements to make the machinery of the Royal march and of the crowded programme work smoothly, and to make every event in the programme effective and worthy of the occasion. India has yet to learn much from the more advanced parts of the Empire in the art of public decoration and in the application of science to the production of spectacular effects. Yet whatever may be defective in external appearance will be made up by the fulness of the heart and the earnest and enthusiastic loyalty which has inspired the efforts to make the reception worthy of the occasion and of India's place in Empire. We respectfully offer a loyal and affectionate welcome to Their Imperial Majesties.



The stir caused among Indian Mussalmans by the Turko-Italian war was temporarily accentuated by alarming complications in Persia. On the advice of Great Britain Persia has decided to offer the apology which Russia demanded for what was taken as an insult. The insult consisted, it seems, in attaching property in which Russia had an interest. But the real reason why so much was made of the incident seems to have been that Russia is not pleased with the agents whom Persia has been employing within the sphere of her influence. Russia will apparently have to be placated in this respect also. The Turko-Italian war is dragging on its indecisive length. Its duration has indeed not been long, but the period of quiescence which had followed the first outbreak of hostilities and the early energetic action of Italy has been rather wearisome. No single power is willing to intervene and offer to mediate without the co-operation of others, and the latest intelligence is to the effect that Italy is thinking of bringing matters to a crisis by despatching a fleet to the Dardanelles. The only interest that the war possesses in India is due to the sensitiveness of the Muhammadan population to the fortunes of their co-religionists in other parts of the world, and especially of the Sultan of Turkey in virtue of the spiritual position which he holds. There were a few meetings of protest when Russia threatened Persia with a rupture of political relations. The educated and the more discerning classes realise the incongruity of treating the conduct of Italy or Russia as a grievance against the British Government because of the common Christianity of all Europe. Here and there, however, ignorant fanatics may be carried away by misguided sentiment, as when some Moplahs in Cochin, when they read some paragraph about the war in a newspaper, began to assault Indian Christians in the streets. It was evidently a temporary ebullition, throwing more light on the psychology of certain sections of the population than on grave and general possibilities in India of political storms in Europe, Africa, or in Western Asia.

The rebels in China have not made the rapid progress which was apprehended a month ago. The Imperial Government has been making abject concessions, but perhaps the rebel forces and leaders are not united, and the general public are inwardly satisfied with the promises made by the Imperial Government. Yet the central authority suffers from paralysis. Manchuria is reported to have declared its independence. The Republican movement is said to have affected Tibet, but what precisely has happened in that land of mystery is not known. It is possible that the Dalai Lama will be able to take some advantage of the situation in China. He is, at any rate, believed to have returned to his native land. Yuan-shi-Kai has scored at least one victory, and the drooping spirits of the imperialists are apparently beginning to revive. Yet the lack of vitality in the centre of the Empire seems to forebode a revolution, if not the dissolution of China. A few foreigners are said to have been murdered, and the action to be taken in consequence is believed to be under consideration. There are so many great Powers in the world nowadays that none ventures to take an independent line of action to secure or assert its individual interests.

The importance of questions of provincial interest in India is overshadowed by the approach of the forthcoming Coronation Durbar. The scarcity prevailing in parts of western and northern India occupies the energies of many officials and private individuals who wish to participate in the blessed work of saving animal life. The preservation of cattle causes just now more anxiety than the preservation of human life, which latter is sufficiently protected nowadays in a period of drought and scarcity. A question of general interest to Indians in all provinces is that of denominational universities. The attitude of Government towards this question is well-known. It is essentially a question of money; there cannot be much difficulty about the details of management, for the more essential among these details will be controlled by Government. The zeal in the collection of funds for the Muslim as well as the Hindu university seems to have somewhat abated latterly. It was found hopeless to scrape together twenty-five lakhs in time to settle all other questions before the Royal visit. The movement will hereafter proceed at a leisurely pace, for most people show no alacrity in parting with thousands and lakhs for the satisfaction of a need which is more sentimental than acute.



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